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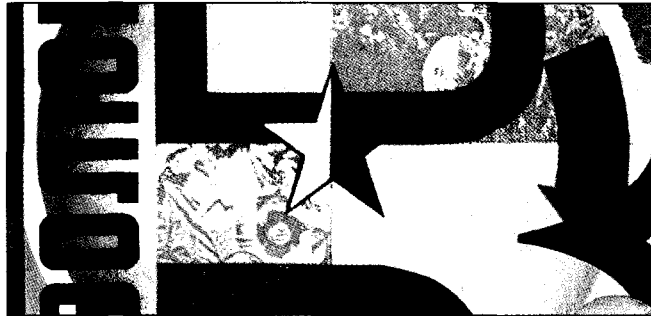


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THE CHIEF OBLIGATION of an anniversary is to recur, and as the years pile on, the number of such recurrences inevitably expands. With this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* we mark three anniversaries. The first is that of the Bolshevik Revolution, which began seventy-five years ago this month, and whose consequences have come to seem far less epochal today than they did even quite recently. In a reflective essay the historian Abbott Gleason takes a fresh look at what the Bolsheviks brought forth in 1917, and asks whether the word "revolution" really applies to it. The question is not an idle one. Understanding how the Soviet period does and does not reflect the central tendencies of Russian history over the long term is unquestionably one key to understanding how Russia will evolve out of its present crisis—if it does.

The second anniversary is the approaching 250th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth, which will be marked in many ways during the coming months. Indeed, the observances have already begun, with a major scholarly conference at the University of Virginia in October. Whether the word "revolution" properly applies to the legacy of Thomas Jefferson is not in doubt.

Jefferson was, of course, the quintessential man of parts—not only drafter of the Declaration of Independence and

President of the United States but also architect, naturalist, humanist, musician, agronomist, educator. The roundedness and depth of Jefferson's learning is an aspect of his character that most Americans know at least by repute—and the one to which John F. Kennedy alluded in his famous toast at a dinner honoring Nobel Prize winners: "I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House, with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone." But Jefferson was also a human being, who confronted moral quandaries—sometimes, as in the case of slavery, confronting them in ways that today are difficult to comprehend. Douglas L. Wilson, a historian and the author of *The Atlantic*'s January, 1991, cover story, "What Jefferson and Lincoln Read," examines Jefferson in the light of what we today call the character issue. And he warns against the dangers of "presentism"—of reading meaning into history through the lens of a modern sensibility. Wilson's article in this issue is the first of several that we hope to offer about Jefferson in the coming year.

The third anniversary we mark is less momentous than the other two, but to those who work at this magazine it is noteworthy nonetheless. With this issue *The Atlantic Monthly* turns 135.

—THE EDITORS

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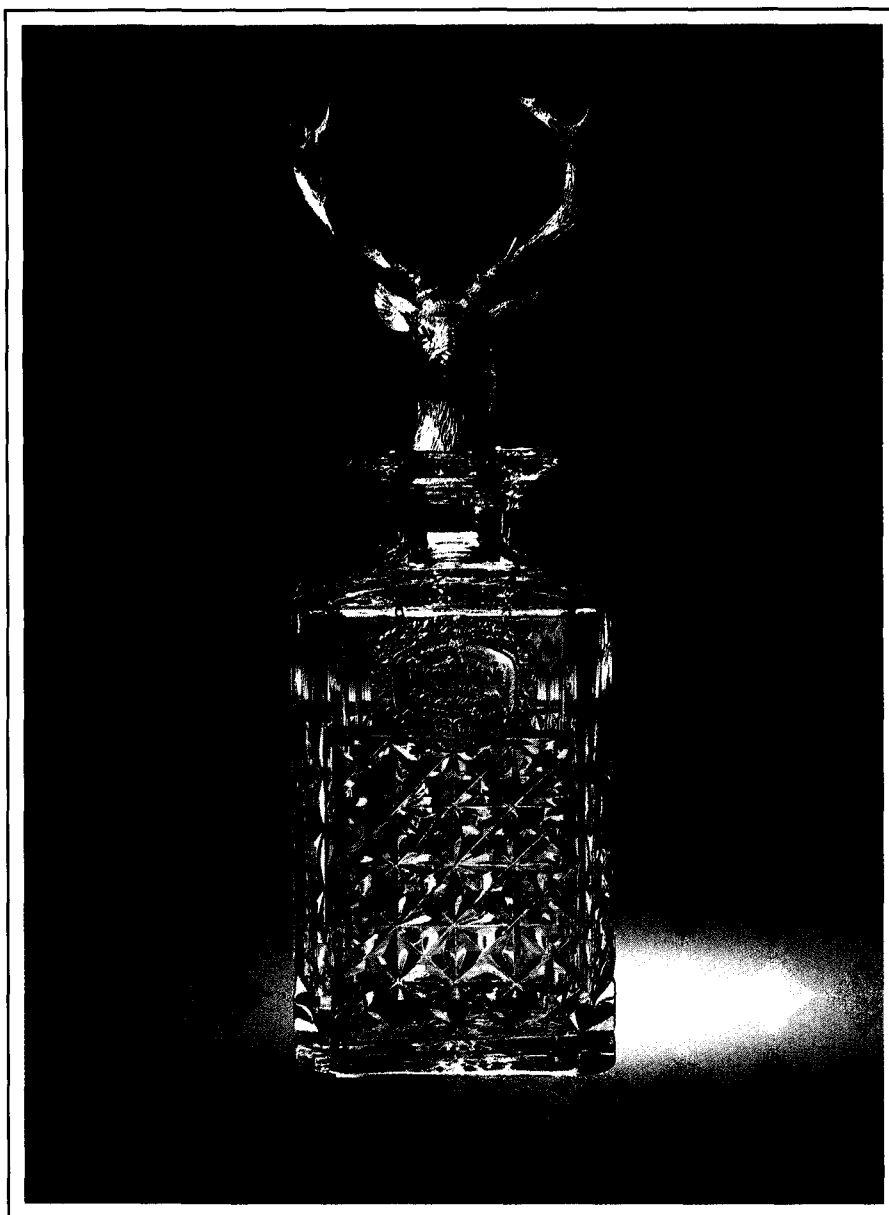
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



REFORMING POLITICS

Michael Lind's essay in favor of proportional representation ("A Radical Plan to Change American Politics," August *Atlantic*) raises interesting issues, and proportional representation surely would, as he says, promote the development of third parties. But his proposal could be devastating to the effectiveness of the House of Representatives, without solving any of the problems that bedevil Congress at the present.

Lind fails to identify the essential problems of the House. What does he mean when he says that Congress does not "work"? In fact Congress works assiduously, holding hearings and passing bills. Since George Bush was elected, the House and Senate have passed many major pieces of legislation, but the most important of them have been successfully vetoed by the President, and his veto threats have prevented the passage of many other major pieces of legislation. This is not desirable and effective legislative compromise; it is a situation in which the House and the President have opposite legislative agendas. If all the work that Congress does comes to naught because the executive branch has different priorities, then demoralization and deadlock are certain. A less drastic remedy is to change the party controlling Congress or the White House.

The House does need reform, but the reform it needs is in the opposite direction. Members of the House must be led to think of the national interest, not the interests of the narrow groups that contribute to their election campaigns, and not the latest polls indicating the tilt of their constituents at a particular moment. The deeper problem may be that the electorate does not think of the national interest, but proportional representation will hardly make that problem go away. The framers of the Constitution intended members of the House to exercise their

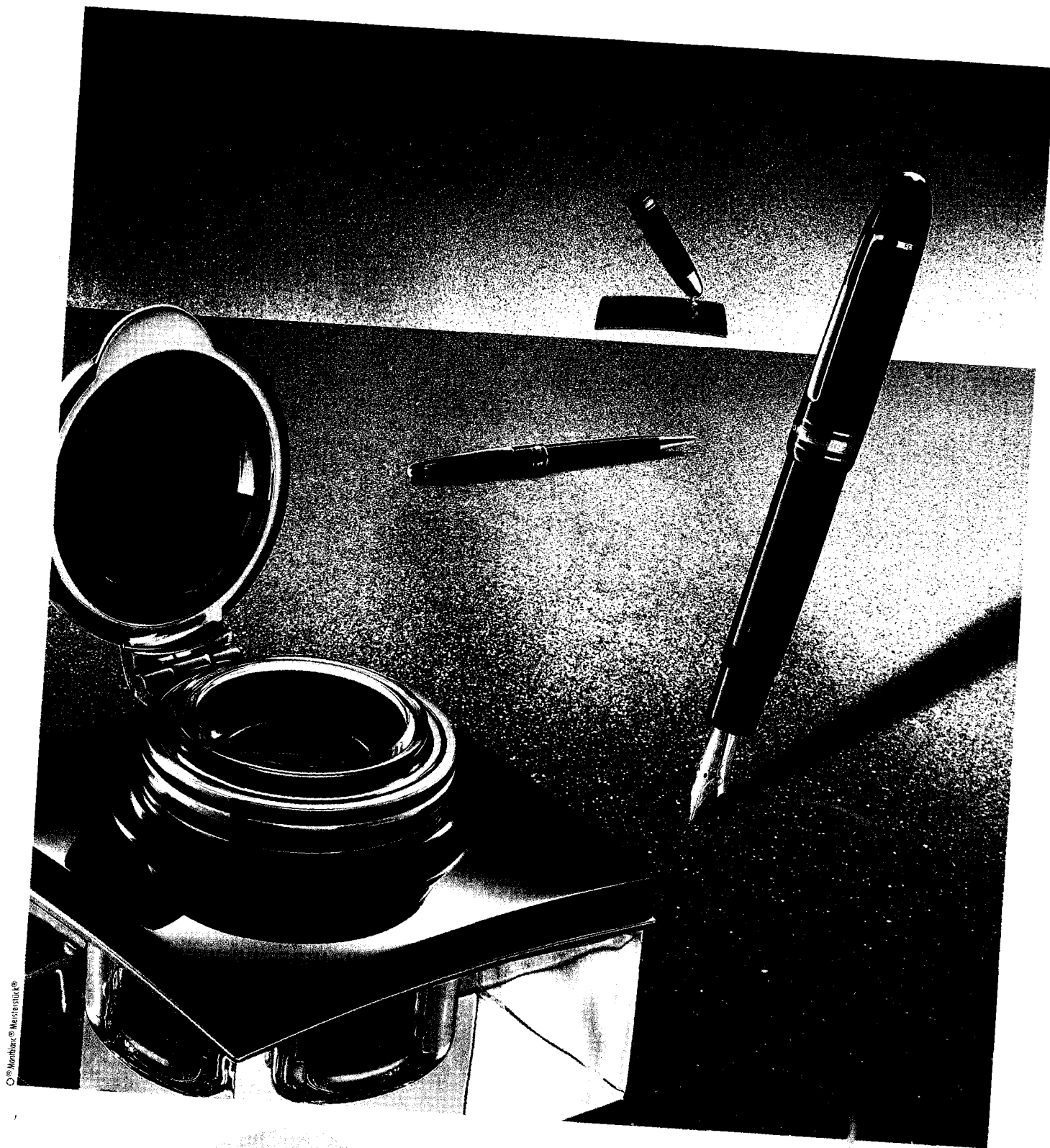
judgment, not to be mouthpieces of prejudice or factional interest; for this reason, they refused to require representatives to be bound to "instruction" from their constituents. Factional interest led our country once to civil war, and all the proud legislative accomplishments of a quarter century ago to which Lind points were not, as he seems to think, the result of an invisible hand guiding factional interest to a fortunate outcome. Moreover, in an era of increasing prosperity every faction can get something for itself without taking away from another, but in the current economic climate the legislative and electoral mathematics of proportional representation would be relentlessly subtractive and divisive.

Lind thinks that it would be better for the legislature if divisions in the American populace were unmasked, and if various interests fought out matters with all cards on the table and all policy preferences, even prejudices, clearly marked. I doubt he is right.

PAUL WOLFSON
Washington, D.C.

Michael Lind misses the reason why the House ought to return to expanding: because representation is a right that belongs to the people, not something granted by the government. That is why he misunderstands the faith the country's founders placed in selfish motives—what Madison called "factions." People who act in their own interest find common cause with others, to the greater good of the greatest number—the roots of our republic. When the House fixed its own size at 435, it essentially amended the Constitution by statute, and replaced Madison's factions with a different, zero-sum dynamic that eroded the plus-sum politics the founders established.

All the worst abuses of political technology have occurred since the House stopped expanding, in 1911—broadcast advertising, targeted mass mailings, sophisticated polling, and focus



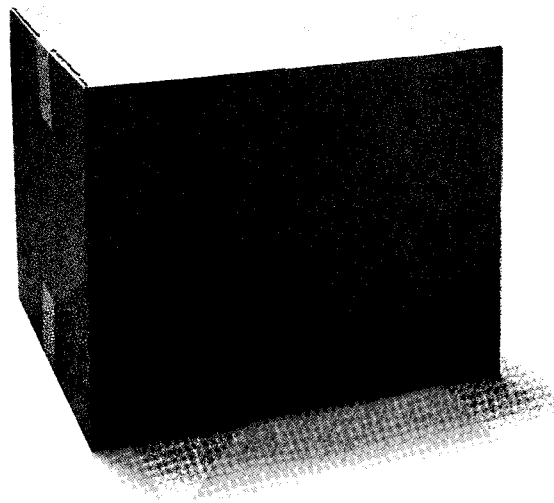
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groups. But the reason these are abuses is not that those whose candidates lose elections are disenfranchised. It is because the 435 candidates who win have a common interest. Rough edges are smoothed over, to accommodate the greatest interest of the most members. Incumbency prevails over partisanship—witness the congressional budget process, in which every member, Republican and Democrat, can please any constituency with votes *for* spending, *against* taxing, *and* to cut the deficit on any issue.

That is where Lind's argument skims off into never-never land. How would proportional representation strengthen accountability?

An approach to congressional reform that is both more likely to achieve practical results predictably and more likely to be put into practice:

By all means, promote expanding the House. But base the argument on people's practical interest, not abstractions about "fairness." Restore the principle that population compels representation, even to the point of tripling U.S. representation to restore the ratio of population to House size which prevailed in 1910. If intellectuals can't grasp the implications for self-interest, take a concrete example: African-Americans. Right now, if a congressional district can be drawn with an African-American majority, it must be—even though such districts bear no relation to actual communities. Lind argues that proportional representation could solve that. It can't—first because it isn't going to happen, and second because segregation by redistricting is a function of the size of the legislature, not of assigning power to those who win elections.

Moreover, precisely because of arguments about fairness, structured exactly the way Lind structures his argument for proportional representation, many African-Americans—and Hispanics, and soon God knows who else—see this kind of proportional assignment of congressional districts as empowerment. But it's more like moonwalking—seeming to go forward, toward expanding, independent influence, but actually going backward, toward meager handouts. Base the argument on effective self-interest, and the choice becomes obvious: it is more powerful to be decisive in many districts forming fluid majorities than to



be dominant in just one as a permanent minority.

Second, allow representatives to vote from their home districts. That would require only a simple rules change when the House meets in January. Voting from home would break the Beltway's stranglehold on political opinions. Edmund Burke argued in 1774, "What sort of reason is that . . . where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?"

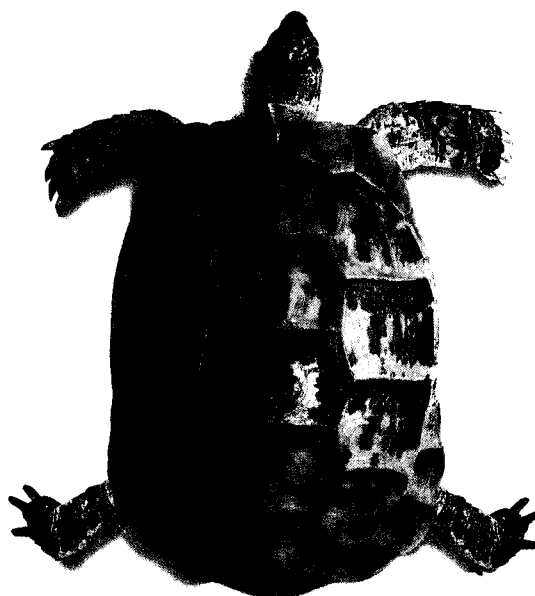
That was before television, radio, and telephones. The fact is, the only practical reason to require members to vote in Washington is to embellish or obscure whatever they do sufficiently that their re-election can be bought with campaign contributions. Why shouldn't our representatives vote from home, surrounded by their constituents, instead of in Washington, surrounded by lobbyists?

PAUL DONNELLY
The Empowerment Experiment
Hyattsville, Md.

Does Michael Lind really think that a House of Representatives where pro-business Republicans constitute the largest party will be able to deal with glaring social and economic inequities? Can he seriously think that cumulative voting, and the consequent ability it gives a minority to frustrate a majority, is democratic? Or likely to bring needed social and economic change? Isn't it just possible that our present system faces difficulties because minorities (big business, the National Rifle Association, and so forth) already have too much power and the majority of Americans are ignored? And finally, does Lind really believe that Hermann Göring's observations about politics, taken from any perspective, will be reassuring to Americans living in the late twentieth century?

JAMES P. RODECHKO
Wilkes University
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Michael Lind's best recommendation is one that can be accomplished in January of 1993 without any legislative or constitutional changes being required—namely, cumulative voting for all leadership positions: speaker, whip, committee and subcommittee chairs. Most of the current problems with Congress have stemmed from the



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1970s reforms that stripped power from committee heads. Thereafter special interests needed to have only a few representatives in their camp.

The last area of reform must be an end to gerrymandering. This is perhaps the most pernicious problem. Again, a simple change, incorporating the concept of compactness, could solve 90 percent of this problem.

THEODORE A. BEAN
Ambler, Pa.

What our country needs is congressional reform—especially of the House rules—not proportional representation. It is even possible that term limitation will have a positive effect if it encourages more Americans to participate in government, at least for a short time, and break the golden triangle of special interests, PACs, and career politicians. The real problem is that career congressional politicians have so corrupted the workings of our federal government in Washington that the voters have no clue about accountability and little vision of what it takes to make a positive change.

JERALD R. SCHENKEN, M.D.
Omaha, Nebr.

Michael Lind's proposal for restructuring the electoral system suffers from some serious deficiencies of its own, in my view.

To begin with, Lind dismisses three "bad ideas" for congressional reform. He's right about bad ideas two and three, the parliamentary system and the "imperial" presidency. I think he's wrong about term limitation. If term limitation is good for the presidency (and I think it is), then what's wrong with applying it to Congress? He says the people should be able to vote in whomever they wish. Other opponents say that term limits would remove talented and capable incumbents before their time. Unfortunately, many of the people who have been in Congress the longest turn out to be the biggest buffoons, egoists, and crooks. Power corrupts, and Congress is living proof of the maxim. I think term limitation and campaign-funding reform are the places to start in changing the system.

One of the arguments against term limitation is that the legislators would become captives of the permanent establishment. It's a serious problem—the term-limited President and his ap-

pointees are in fact captives of their permanent establishments. However, nothing that I know of mandates a permanent establishment in the legislative branch. Some large percentage of the congressional bureaucracy actually exists to support perks (franking, and so forth), and another big glob is the personal staffs of the members, which would change anyway with a rotating membership. The big "danger" would be the permanent committee staffs (the Government Accounting Office and the Congressional Budget Office are presumably outside the danger zone). But where is it written that the committee staffs have to be permanent? Why could they not be subject to term limitation as well?

I think Lind reveals his true agenda in the quotation from John Stuart Mill. Like a lot of intellectual elitists, he simply can't understand why people won't vote for the people he considers best qualified—"the highly cultivated members of the community," in Mill's words. Under a system of proportional representation at least a few of these sadly ignored and sometimes maligned national treasures would possibly find their way into the halls of Congress, whereas under the current system the voters treat them like women at a Tailhook convention.

We have serious problems in this country with the federal government, but I don't believe they stem from the lack of proportional representation, nor can they be solved by introducing it. To me, the basic problem is very simple: political campaigns cost too much money, the only practical source of that money is the special-interest lobbies, accepting the money from the lobbies puts politicians in their debt, paying the debt creates situations inimical to the general interest. It is almost an algebra problem. To reduce the debt, you can reduce the cost of campaigning or restrict the allowable sources of funding, or both. The preferred answer is "both." You can also make it difficult to consider political office as a lifetime career, through term limitation, restrictions on pensions, and so forth.

The old maxim "If it ain't broke, don't fix it" doesn't apply to the current system of government. It is seriously broken and it doesn't work worth a damn. But let's address the issues we can clearly identify and attempt to work within the frame handed down to

us, rather than install changes the effects of which are unpredictable at best. If campaign-funding reforms and term limitation don't solve the problems, then perhaps it will be time to apply other measures.

RICHARD H. HILL
Eugene, Oreg.

Michael Lind's proposal for proportional representation in Congress has only one big flaw: it reforms the wrong house. The Senate, smaller than the House, is better suited to become a talking shop for national policies. The Senate badly needs reform anyway. Was there ever a democratic justification for, say, Nebraska having one senator for every 200,000 voters, while California gets one for every 15 million? A split system, it might be argued, could create gridlock. But after all, that is what the U.S. system of government is all about. It is impossible for institutions and individuals in the long run to be anything but selfish. The genius of Jefferson and Hamilton was to create institutions whose selfish interests, colliding, would serve the people. If we want to see national policy debated free from the mire of the pork barrel—say, discuss defense needs without regard to who has a defense plant in his state—we need to create an institution whose selfish interest is national policy. Let's do it.

ALEX EPSTEIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Although Michael Lind makes an excellent case against term limitation, parliamentary government, and presidential rule, I believe there are easier ways to correct the problems than proportional representation.

Most of the problems could be corrected by forcing Congress, through the glaring publicity of the media, to pass five ground rules for operation: (1) Every government official shall work a minimum of 200 days a year in Washington on the job; (2) no congressman or senator shall have more than \$200,000 a year for staff, thus reducing duplication through use of modern technology and established offices such as the Congressional Budget Office; (3) no government official shall be allowed to accept any form of gift, gratuity, honorarium, trip, bribe, or extra compensation beyond his salary (put the expensive lobbyists out of business); (4) every



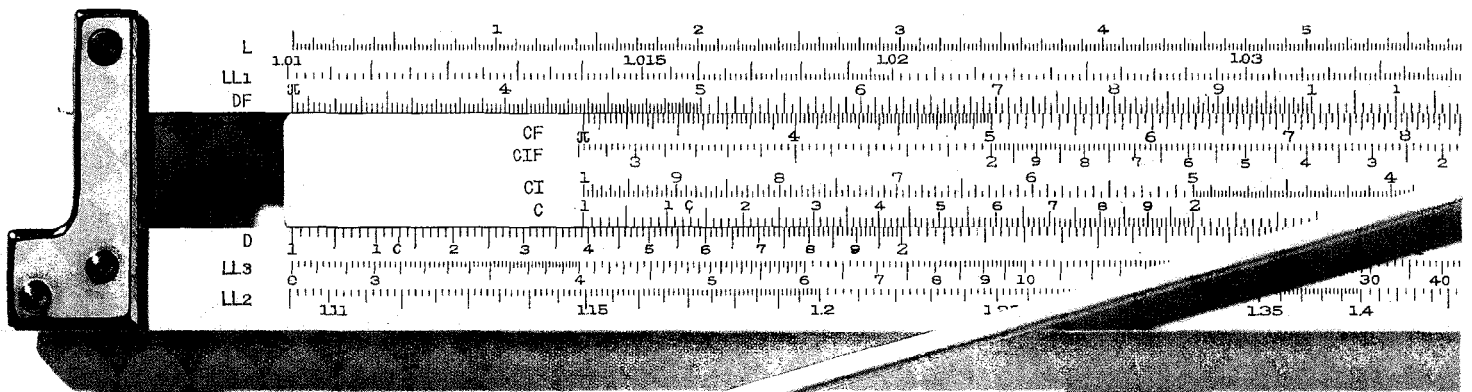
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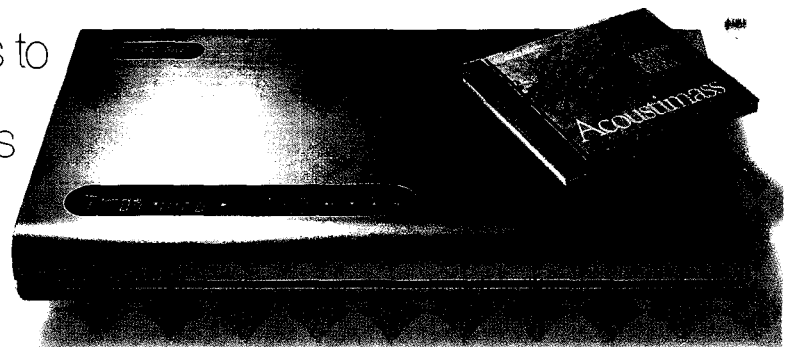
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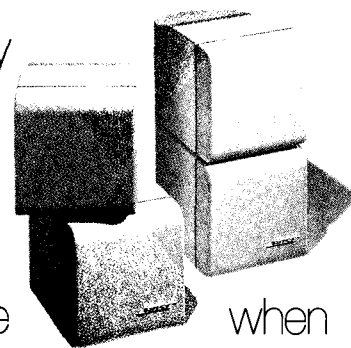


in a music system. But rather than a music system should be an expert in people. The Lifestyle music system is not complex. It is simple. It does not have hundreds of buttons. It has just seven. It does not take hours to set up. It takes minutes. It is not big. It is compact. It is "the most thoughtful simplification of audio design" says

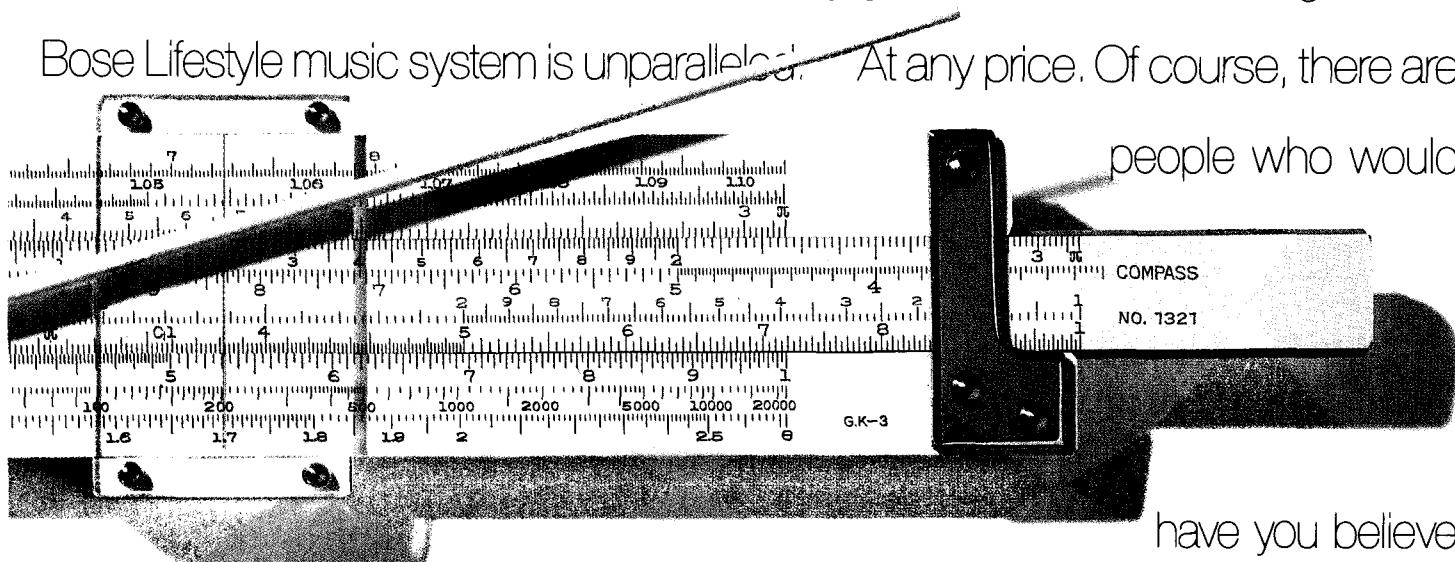


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when all is said and done, a stereo system should not be measured by a slide rule, but by what happens to the short hairs on the back of your neck when you hear your favorite aria. Or blistering guitar solo. And in this regard, the Bose Lifestyle music system is unparalleled. At any price. Of course, there are



have you believe that one high-quality stereo system sounds pretty much the same as another. That may be true. Unless one of them happens to be a Bose. Call us today at the number below and you can receive it tomorrow via Federal Express® delivery service. Try it out in your living room for two weeks with absolutely no obligation. Once you experience what happens when art



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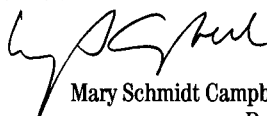


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government official shall report his activities at least monthly to his constituents, and the media shall publish these reports; (5) all perquisites not offered to regular citizens shall be denied government officials, including medical care, reduced lunches, special parking places and chauffeur services, free travel, and bloated lifetime pensions.

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WILLIAM P. KEIM
Huntingdon, Pa.

It is very difficult to maintain a sense of common purpose in groups larger than about 5,090. Legislatures that exceed this size in effect alienate and disenfranchise their individual members, each of whom is proportionately less relevant to the whole. This “divide and conquer” approach simply serves to increase the power of the executive—witness the People's Republic of China and the former Soviet Union, each with an enormous rubber-stamp legislature.

Why, if a greater number of representatives puts the people more in touch with the political process, do so many Americans choose to lobby their senator rather than their congressman?

ANDREW M. DRAKE
Ottawa, Ont.

Michael Lind replies:

Democracy is commonly defined in two ways. One—corresponding to our winner-take-all plurality system—defines democracy as rule of the majority, or even of a mere plurality. The other defines democracy as representing a nation's diversity of interests and opinions in a fairly elected legislature—an outcome promoted by proportional representation.

Many of my critics seem to believe in a third model of democracy—one in which there should be neither parties nor interests, only public-spirited, self-sacrificing mavericks. Their methods for constructing this utopia vary, from establishing term limits to placing draconian restrictions on congressional staffs, expenditures, and petty privileges. Members of this school appear to believe that if only corrupt party professionals can be replaced by virtuous amateur legislators, everything will be all right. I favor multi-party government; they want no-party government.

This civics-text idealism is naive in



the extreme. It fails to distinguish legitimate from illegitimate interests. In a society as pluralistic as the United States, legitimate conflicts within the population are bound to be reflected in Congress. Just as inevitably, these opposing interests will organize themselves into fairly stable parties and coalitions, which will persist even though particular representatives come and go. Given these realities of democratic government, we would be better off with a loser-take-some system that encourages multiple parties, shifting coalitions, and the art of compromise than with the present winner-take-all system that arbitrarily shoehorns all the diverse interests of the nation into two permanently deadlocked parties.

Paul Wolfson agrees that the winner-take-all method is less representative than proportional representation—and considers this a benefit rather than a fault. He argues that our plurality system is superior precisely because it *does not* accurately re-create the “divisions in the American populace” in the Congress. As I noted in my essay, the remote danger that extremist electoral minorities would hold a balance of congressional power under proportional representation could be greatly reduced by some device such as a minimum threshold for representation in Congress. Those who, like Mr. Wolfson, think that even a safeguard like this is insufficient should identify exactly what segments of the population are too dangerous to be allowed representation. If our government can function effectively only with an electoral system that denies substantial parts of the American citizenry a chance to choose congressmen with their views, then perhaps we could be better governed with no democracy at all.

I disagree. Twentieth-century history offers conclusive arguments for preferring genuine democracy, in all its messy turmoil, to pseudo-democratic and nondemocratic regimes, which are effective in providing the illusion of consensus—and little else.

A GOOD PUBLIC BUILDING

It's too bad that Witold Rybczynski (“A Good Public Building,” August *Atlantic*) couldn't have seen the now-complete Pritzker Park before he turned in his article. It's an L-shaped park on the

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cocoon

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corner just north of the new library, and intended to complement it. It was designed by Ronald Jones. The park has a diagonal black wall and grove taken from René Magritte's painting *The Banquet*. The path, council rings, and general plantings are in the style of Jens Jensen. In one corner is a circular sandbox with Henry Abbey's question "What do we plant?" on the inner wall. Because the land was graded to give this park the shape of a small valley, one is more affected by its greenery and structures than would be expected at such a short distance from the busy streets. People of all ages are using it in exactly the manner intended (sandbox included), and Pritzker Park is a delightful respite from urban pressures. You're all invited.

While applause for the library's interior seems to be universal, the exterior is more controversial. Personally, I would have picked another design. My main gripe about this one is that it's mostly fake. Festoons are supposed to be cloth, not stone. The walls merely pretend to carry weight. I hope I can see some of the beautiful red granite *in situ* before it's all quarried away for façades and tiles. That brick isn't just a façade, it's fake. Many other buildings have demonstrated that it's possible to achieve the right look on such a building's exterior without being so dishonest in the use of the materials.

JEAN SMILING COYOTE
Chicago, Ill.

Three complaints about Witold Rybczynski's "A Good Public Building": First, Rybczynski writes that the different materials outside "are not arbitrary choices but represent the need to support heavier and heavier loads." I am under the impression that the building is supported by a reinforced concrete framing system—that the brick and stone are veneer.

Second, and with greater assurance, Chicago's motto as given in the text ("*Urbs et Hortis*" = "Garden City") is both abused Latin and incorrect. "*Urbs in Horto*," or "a city in a garden," is the motto. You've mismatched a nominative singular with an ablative or a dative plural, producing something like "city and to/for/by/with/ or from gardens."

Finally, the "purpose" of the building gets only a token nod at the end of the piece. As I've come to expect from architects and their cohorts, function

and utility lose out to form's designs, whims, and egos.

ELIZABETH FRASER
Chicago, Ill.

Witold Rybczynski replies:

Jean Smiling Coyote and Elizabeth Fraser suggest that there is something counterfeit about the new Chicago library's exterior. But ever since the ancient Romans, builders have used veneers, and just as the real loads in the Pantheon are carried by brick and concrete hidden behind the marble skin, reinforced concrete is here hidden behind granite and brick. Consequently, the different materials "represent" the carrying of heavier loads, just as the external ornament (much of which, I neglected to mention, was designed by Kent Bloomer) "represents" literary and architectural ideas.

Although "Garden City" is the usual English version of Chicago's motto, the proper Latin is "*Urbs in Horto*"—Elizabeth Fraser is quite correct about that. After four years of high school Latin, I really should have known better.

FARMED FISH

I enjoyed Corby Kummer's article in the August *Atlantic* ("Farmed Fish"), concerning the merits and disappointments of wild versus farmed finfish and shellfish as table fare. As a fish eater and fish catcher, I agree with everything in the piece except for the comments on one of the species reviewed.

In the past year I have had two striped-bass dinners. The first was a forty-pound fish caught off Chappaquiddick last summer. It had that wonderful, delicious edge of flavor that is so indescribable, considering the relatively mild flesh of the bass. It was also tough and sinewy, as many large bass are. The next striped bass it was my pleasure to see on a plate appeared last Christmas Eve. Knowing that I loved striped bass, a friend prepared two whole small stripers that came from a farm in western Massachusetts. The seasoning was mild and the fish were as delicate, firm, and delicious as the evening was memorable. I have eaten many school-sized stripers caught from the sea, and these farmed fish were in every way their equal on the table.

JACK KOONTZ
Little River, S.C.

Corby Kummer's taste comparisons of wild and farm-raised fish are timely. Though the debate has raged for years, the fact remains that commercial fishing can no longer consistently provide the quality or quantity that consumers demand. Romance aside, what good is a debatable taste difference when a fish may be carrying pollutants?

Julia Child would be interested to know that our striped bass are *organically* grown in artesian well water. As for taste, farm-raised striped bass won a gold medal in the Culinary Olympics in Frankfurt. We hope your readers will have the opportunity to compare for themselves.

CHARLES S. OLCOTT
AquaFuture
Turners Falls, Mass.

UH-O

"O egg-based paint, o changing fashions"? Surely Roy Blount Jr., in his review of Joseph Mitchell's stories ("Joe Mitchell's Secret," August *Atlantic*), meant "*o tempora, o mores*."

CELIA J. HARTMANN
New York, N.Y.

Roy Blount Jr. replies:

Actually I meant "*O tempora, o mores*," as I believe it was a sad day when fried food was taken over by the Japanese.

WORD WATCH

In the August *Atlantic* your Word Watch page defines "full Cleveland" as a man who wears certain clothing. I believe you have it slightly wrong. The primary meaning is not the man but his outfit. Of course, a secondary meaning of any clothing term can be the person so clothed. But "full Cleveland" echoes "full dress uniform."

On Pittsburgh daytime radio in the 1960s and 1970s, aspiring humorists went out of their way to define "full Cleveland" carefully and point to familiar images. They were trying to promote Pittsburgh-Cleveland rivalry while insulting people as best they could.

You have the clothing about right: white belt and shoes, polyester pants (and perhaps a jacket) of vaguely abrasive plaid, and probably a wide tie of

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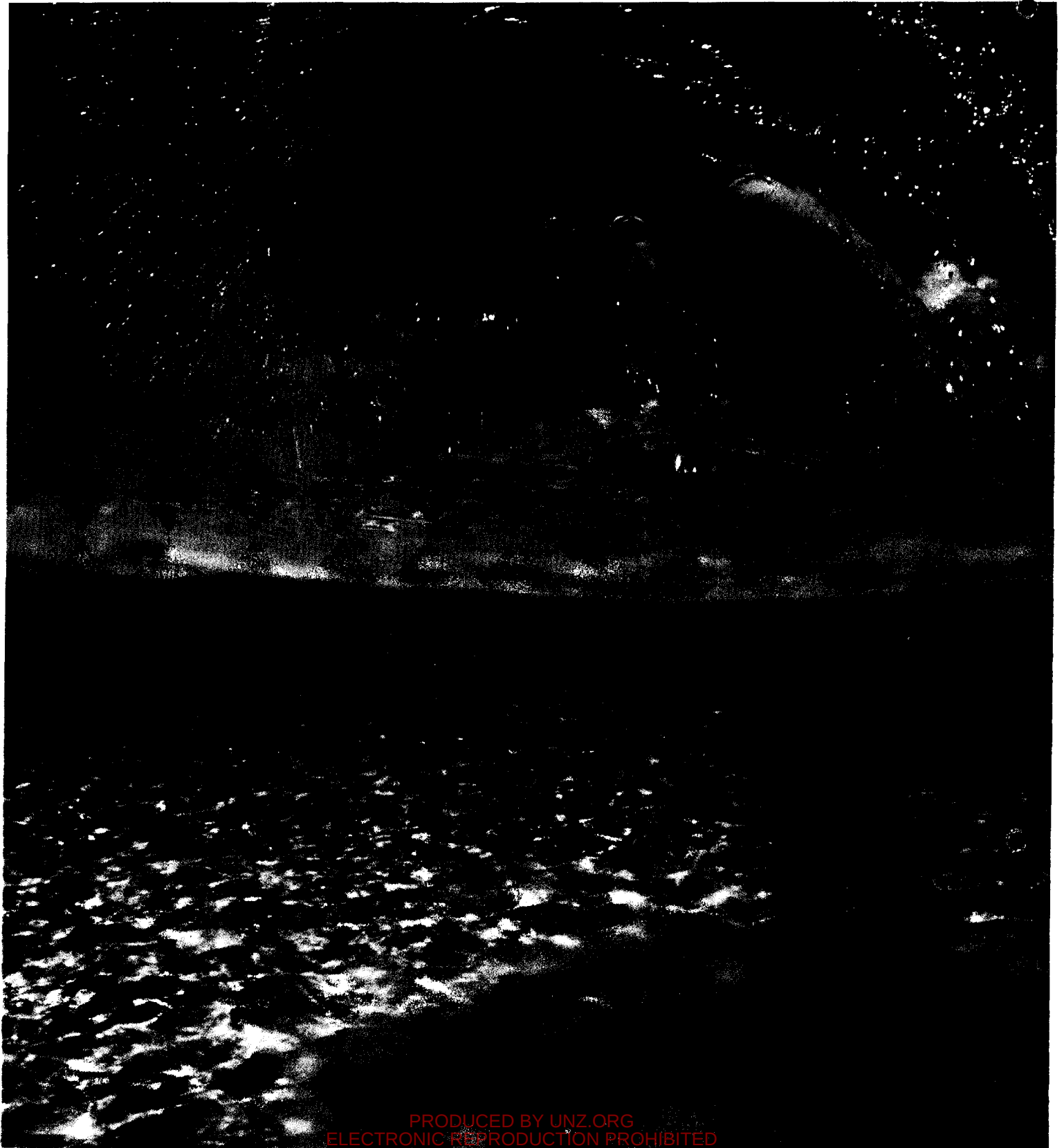
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arresting pattern and color, all somehow coordinated. I'm sure you've seen it often. The talk-show folks used to describe this outfit so well that listeners could visualize it with no help at all from television.

SAYRE RODMAN
Oakmont, Pa.

Anne Soukhanov replies:

Extending the meaning of a term for a type of attire to the person who wears it is not an unusual development in English: consider, for example, *hard hat*.

gating the populace and setting white against black, black against Hispanic and Asian, poor against working poor, worker against welfare, union against environmentalist, and the middle class against all classes. Now the slow process of healing must begin.

RAYMON GERARD
Meredith, N.H.

How absurd that Anthony Burgess ("A Ten-Thousand-Letter Love," July *Atlantic*) should claim of Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson

that "with their sexual inversions, they had no right to be censorious" of Nabokov's *Lolita*! The fact of their homosexuality in no way indicates that they must condone a book depicting a man's sexual obsession with a child. *Lolita* is a beautifully written book, but its subject matter provides sufficient reason for Harold and Vita to have worried about its "capacity to corrupt." Burgess need not resort to sneers about hardening arteries.

J. E. COHEN
Quincy, Mass.

ADVICE & CONSENT

I found Cullen Murphy's article on the study of Hittite and other dead languages ("Huiswants Es," August *Atlantic*) fascinating. It called to mind the mid-1950s, when I was taking a course in Assyriology at Yale. On a bulletin board at the Hall of Graduate Studies appeared this notice: "Tuesday Night, 8:00, Debate Between Prof. Goetze and Prof. Speiser. Question: Is or Is Not the Middle Form of the Old Akkadian Verb Always Passive?" Underneath a student had written in bold print, "I VOTE YES!"

EUGENE W. BRICE
Fort Worth, Texas

The statistics in William Schneider's article "The Suburban Century Begins" (July *Atlantic*) were used in the Reagan-Bush campaigns of 1984 and 1988 in what has been described as divisive arithmetic—winning with negatives. Gain the suburban white male vote by pandering to their interests and delete the inner-city urban vote by neglecting their interests. The strategy worked because the problems created by Reagan-Bush—excessive debt, bloated defense budgets, cuts in social spending, starved infrastructure spending, reduced education and environment spending—were not immediately visible to the public. But now that the results of their strategy are clear and undeniable, we have unacceptable job loss, falling income, decaying infrastructure, lowered work standards, rising health-care costs, environmental degradation, and inadequate education. Now positive programs and constructive solutions will be demanded.

The negative campaigning also seriously damaged our social fabric, segre-

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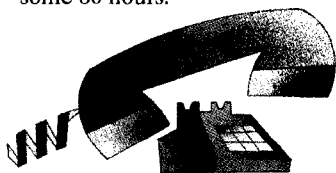
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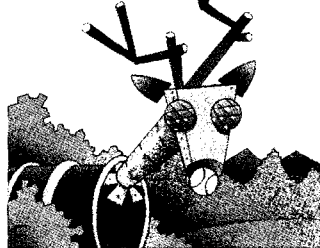
GOVERNMENT

November 3, Election Day, capping what George Bush termed a "weird" election year. In the Nevada primaries for the U.S. Senate voters could have chosen a Republican legally named Pro Life Andy Anderson, while God Almighty sought a spot on the Democratic ticket. Illinois voters in the Fifth Congressional District can cast their ballots for Elias R. "Non-Incumbent" Zenkich, who opposes the House Ways and Means Committee chairman, Dan Rostenkowski. And in Washington State disaffected voters can choose Absolutely Nobody for lieutenant governor. 6-11, ceremonies marking the 10th anniversary of the dedication of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial will be held in Washington, D.C. They are to include the reading aloud of the 58,183 names on the wall—an exercise expected to last some 60 hours.



DEMOGRAPHICS

This month contains what is reliably one of the busiest days of the year in terms of telephone calls: the Monday after Thanksgiving. AT&T expects to connect some 170 million calls on November 30, an increase of 21 percent over a normal business day. The jump results in part from workers' efforts to make up for time lost over the long weekend. Another factor is the start of the holiday shopping season: many will be placing orders for catalogue items by phone. Telephone companies brace themselves for traditionally busy days, but every year brings unpredicted surges in use. This year's prime examples: June 1, a midpoint of the early-summer airfare sales (177 million calls); August 24, the day Hurricane Andrew hit Florida (172 million calls).

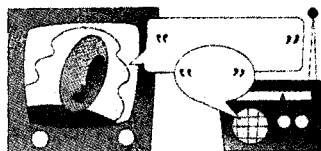


ENVIRONMENT

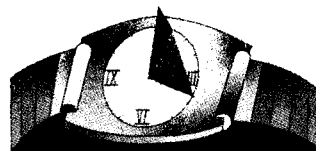
Poachers may be thwarted by robots in the woods this fall. In most locales the beginning of the principal deer-hunting season brings with it a sharp increase in illegal hunting, particularly nocturnal "spotlighting": deer will freeze when dazzled by headlight beams or other bright lights, presenting easy targets. Because of the threat it poses to public safety, night hunting is everywhere illegal. In the past few years some game wardens have been making increasing use of decoy deer to catch spotlighters in the act. From its humble beginnings as a couple of bales of hay covered with a blanket and adorned with stick antlers, or a plywood silhouette with small reflectors for eyes, the average decoy has evolved into a sophisticated mechanical system, covered with a real deer hide, which a warden can direct by remote control to turn its head, flip its tail, or fall down when shot.

ARTS & LETTERS

A new edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*—the 16th in the volume's 137-year history—will be published this month. Browsers today are likelier than those in past years to come across entries that are in fact familiar. The editor of the new edition, the biographer Justin Kaplan, sought a collection that would be less "inexorably high-minded and New England-y" and more "vernacular, idiomatic, and ironic" than its predecessors. He has emphasized quotations from



popular and "middle" culture: Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster on Superman ("Faster than a speeding bullet . . ."), Ann Landers on women's complaints about sex ("Their gripes fall into two categories: [1] Not enough. [2] Too much."), Charles de Gaulle on the fractiousness of the French ("One can't impose unity . . . on a country that has 265 different kinds of cheese"), and excerpts from the Monty Python "dead parrot" ("this is an ex-parrot . . .") routine. Some 50 quotations from and about movies, and various rock lyrics from Elvis Presley, Jimi Hendrix, and others, have likewise won spots.

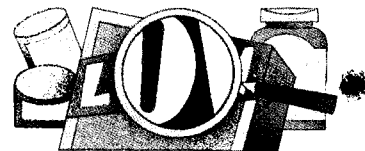


THE SKIES

November 3, noon comes later today than it does any other day of the year. Because Earth travels in an elliptical rather than a circular path, it moves faster in some parts of its orbit than in others, and because it always rotates at the same rate, the lengths of the days vary somewhat throughout the year. To simplify matters, astronomers (and everyone else) use an average of 24 hours. Today, noon as measured by a sundial falls almost 17 minutes later than noon as measured by a clock. 10, Full Moon, also called the Beaver or Frosty Moon.

FOOD

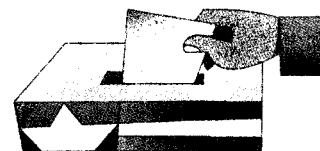
This month the FDA will make final new food-labeling rules—the most sweeping revision in the food industry's history. One provision requires food companies to convert to a more informative standardized nutrition label, which could cost the industry up to \$4 billion. (Kraft alone has 16,500 products to repackage.) Another limits health claims on la-



bels and in advertising to those based on four rigorously proved linkages between food-stuffs and diseases—sodium and hypertension, calcium and osteoporosis, fat and cancer, and fat and heart disease. These limits represent a major blow to the country's "nutraceutical" industry, which sells foods and dietary supplements with reported therapeutic value, and which contends that companies will now have fewer incentives to investigate links between food and health.

100 YEARS AGO

Edward Morse Shepard, writing in the November, 1892, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The collection of promises of each party, called by a telling and useful American metaphor the 'platform,' upon which its candidate stands, ought to be a programme of performance on which the country may surely count. If platforms were really such programmes, they would, in weight of influence, be the first, rather than, as in recent American history they have probably been, the last and least consideration with citizens at election times. . . . Shall we not make our politics more responsible, shall we not make dangerous to the politicians some of the demagoguery and insincerity which are practiced in both parties, if we treat their platforms with serious and persistent criticism? . . . Will not each convention be a more useful body, if it be made to realize that its promises are to be conspicuously remembered?"



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At the forefront of advances like these is the pharmaceutical industry which will invest close to \$11 billion dollars in drug research this year alone. While these efforts hold hope for breakthroughs, the process is long and difficult, with only a few of the thousands of compounds developed ever achieving success.

This exhaustive, high risk research increases the industry's cost of doing business, and in turn the price of drugs. But it also contributes to saving and enhancing lives, while reducing health costs as well.

To learn more about pharmaceutical research, and the critical role it plays in health care, call or write for our free booklet, "Good Medicine." The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1100 15th St, NW, Box A, Wash., DC 20005. 1-800-538-2692.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

No More Laissez-Faire

*It's time to confront a pernicious
form of protectionism*

WHEN IT COMES to the circulation of words around the globe, I consider myself sympathetic to the forces of free trade. If members of a language community other than my own come up with a way of saying something better or more concisely than it has ever been said before—come up with the *mot juste*—then it is to the benefit of all of us that the new word or phrase acquire broader currency. A few years ago a collection of serviceable coinages was published under the title *They Have a Word for It*. It included, for example, the New Guinean word *mokita*, which refers to “truth everybody knows but nobody speaks,” and the German word *Treppenwitz*, meaning a “clever remark that comes to mind when it is too late to utter it.” Words like these are valuable commodities, and there is no reason to confine them to one small patch of geography.

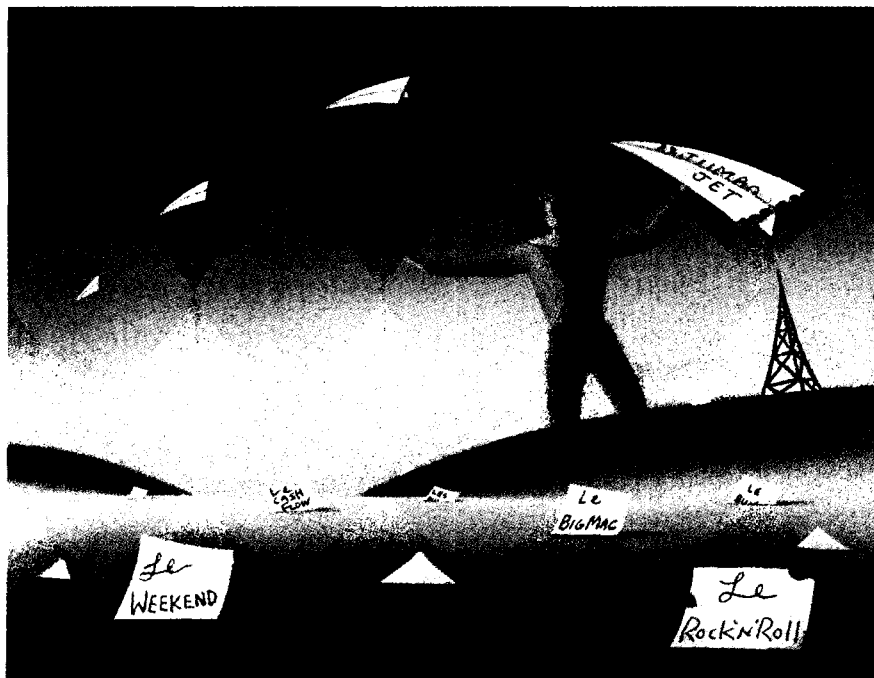
In good free-market fashion, people pick up words from foreign languages when it's useful or necessary to do so—as, for example, when new products or concepts arrive with foreign names attached to them. Needless to say, some languages appear on the scene and contribute almost nothing. The Visigoths swept through Spain in the fifth century A.D. and ruled the peninsula for well over two centuries; not a single word of

the Visigothic tongue survives in Spanish. In contrast, languages such as Latin and English have sent useful words by the thousands to foreign shores.

No one regulates all this activity. No one needs to: a natural dynamism is at work. And though it can be held at bay by the outright censorship of publishing and broadcasting, the trade in words is otherwise not greatly susceptible to manipulation or control. Millions of dollars' worth of advertising by Volkswagen was unequal to the task of making *Fahrvergnügen* a word that Americans felt they really needed. By the same token, *samizdat*, *sushi*, and *Blitzkrieg* caught on fast, and it is hard to imagine that they could ever be dislodged by substitutes. The system of free trade in words has been in place since the dawn of time, and people almost everywhere—even in Japan—rightly see it as a robust manifestation of human creativity.

AND THEN there are the French. Although they have been the happy beneficiaries of a free-trade regime on the part of other nations—especially during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when their language was the language of diplomacy, and had penetrated jungle, prairie, and steppe—the French have always returned the favor by attempting to seal the linguistic border. Their first great enemy was Latin. Next came Italian and German. Then, a few centuries ago, the French began to worry about *contamination* (their term) by English.

The influx of English words into French was being denounced as early as 1757, by Fougere de Monbron in his book *Préservatif contre l'anglomanie*. In our own time the threat posed by English was memorably described by René Étiemble in his book *Parlez-vous franglais?*, and ever since its publica-



CAMRY

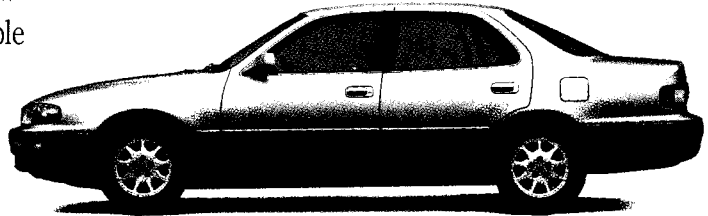
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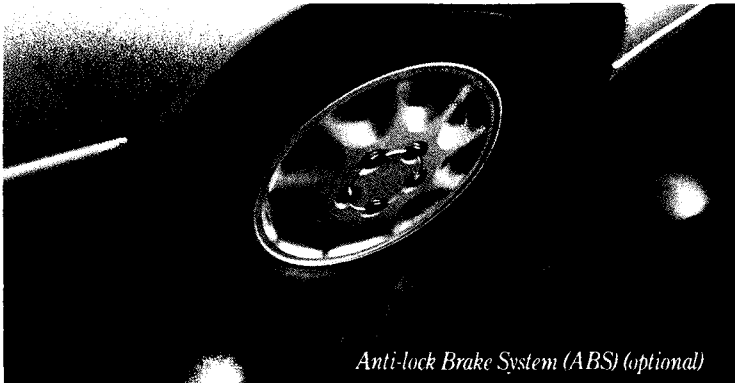
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And included side-door impact beams. Naturally, a driver-side air bag* is standard.

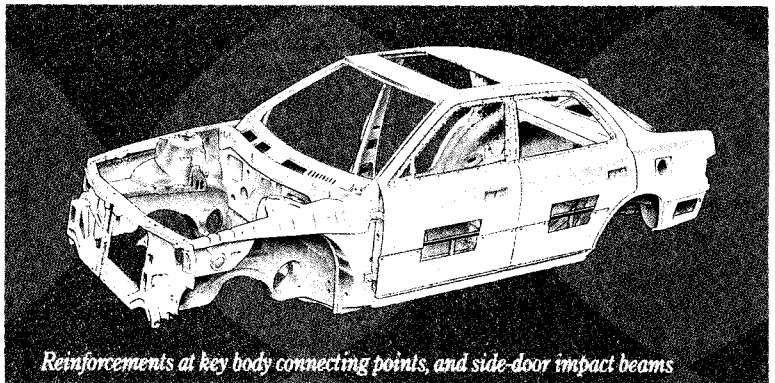
Of course, there's still much more to tell. But even we have to stop somewhere. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer.



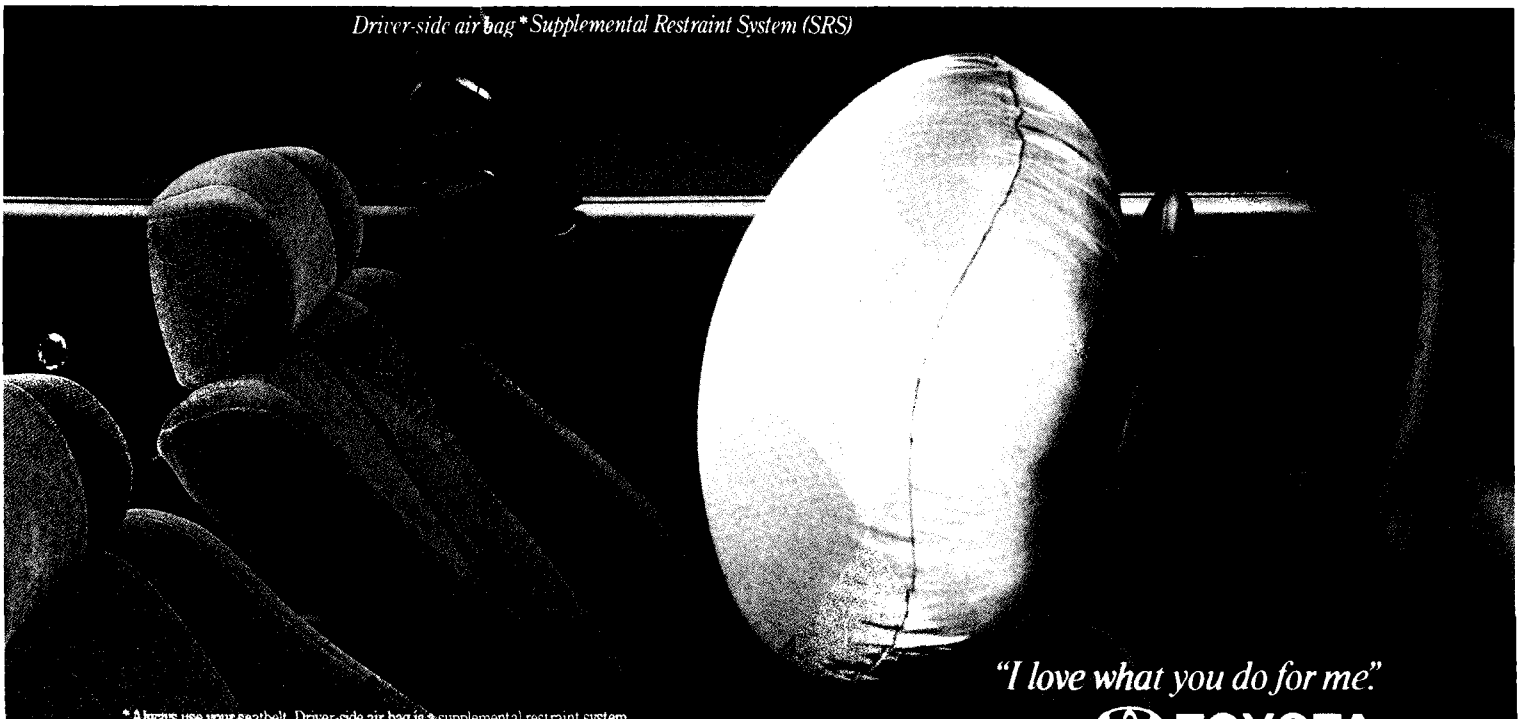
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tion, in 1964, complaints about the contamination of French by such words as *le week-end*, *le cash flow*, and *le sandwich* have been a staple of public commentary in France. As one element of France's bid for linguistic autarky, a commission has been established to come up with French equivalents for intrusive foreign words (for instance, *le gros-porteur* instead of *le jumbo jet*). Despite such official measures, from time to time the level of concern assumes crisis proportions, and the world looks on as the French noisily undergo ritual purification.

The French are in a purifying mood right now, owing in part to nervousness about the consequences for their language of a somewhat more united Europe. Characteristically, they have indulged their protectionist impulses. Last summer a joint session of the French Parliament was convened at the Palace of Versailles in order to add the following sentence to France's constitution: "The language of the republic is French." The sentence may seem innocuous, but it effectively reduces the status of English words that have wide currency in France to that of guest workers there. Shortly after this constitutional amendment was ratified, a group of 300 French intellectuals issued a declaration that denounced the aural and visual presence of English in France. "We cannot accept this process of collective self-destruction," they wrote. The intellectuals criticized the growing number of "angloglots" in France and called for a stepped-up government campaign against "linguistic debasement."

It is perhaps going a little too far to say that the quickest way to make me change an opinion is to tell me that 300 French intellectuals share it, but it does seem in this case that the French might benefit from a modest sense of perspective. Consider what English-speakers have had to put up with at the hands of French-speakers. Until the year 1066 English was an essentially Germanic tongue with roughly 50,000 or 60,000 words. Then came the Battle of Hastings, and in its aftermath William of Normandy and his French-speaking retainers came to power in Britain. During the first 300 years after Hastings, the Kings of England were all speakers of French. So great was the cultural domination of French that relatively few documents from 1066 until the thir-

teenth century exist in English. When written English at last reappeared, in the form of Middle English, it had doubled in size since pre-Norman days, and almost all the new words were loan-words from French. Besides the many tens of thousands of French words that have been incorporated into English in anglicized form, countless French words and phrases have been incorporated without change, and are even deemed by some to have a certain cachet. The historical infusion of French into English is of far greater magnitude (and came about with far greater loss of life) than anything that happened in the other direction.

And yet despite all that, we speakers of English generally profess to be quite satisfied with our mongrel tongue. When reminded of what the Normans wrought, our reaction is likely to be "*C'est la vie.*"

THE TIME HAS come, I think, for the English-speaking world, and the United States in particular, to communicate to the French our desire for a more open frame of mind on their part. The way to do this is, in effect, to answer tariff barriers with tariff barriers.

To begin with, I would urge restaurants across the country to take a step that happens in any case to be long overdue: put an end to the practice of writing menus in French, which is the gastronomical equivalent of the Latin mass. This change should not apply merely to expensive French restaurants. Even lowly diners can be found with a "soup du jour" on the menu, and I hope that the owners will opt for the vernacular.

Translating our menus is probably not enough to produce a change of heart in a Régis Debray or a Eugene Ionesco, so I would next ask English-speakers to begin weeding French words and phrases from their vocabulary. At a minimum, I would suggest eliminating the following ten terms, all of which keep an exceedingly high profile: *avant-garde*, *savoir-faire*, *tour de force*, *de rigueur*, *fait accompli*, *déjà vu*, *lèse majesté*, *raison d'être*, *belles lettres*, and *laissez-faire*. In addition, there are a number of French phrases—*je ne sais quoi*, *comme ci comme ça*, *quelque chose*, *quel dommage*—with which people of a certain type seed their conversation, and these, too, should be abandoned. For good mea-

sure I would add to the list of proscriptions certain widely quoted French epigrams: the irresponsible *Après moi, le déluge*; the totalitarian *L'état c'est moi*; the fatalistic *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

If this ban on imports had no effect, I would then feel compelled to take the fight to the French homeland. To begin with, I would ask English-speaking visitors to the cathedral town of Rheims to stop trying to pronounce the town's name correctly—that is, trying to make it sound like something between a clearing of the throat and a sinus attack. As we all know, the French have a special organ in their noses that makes such pronunciations effortless, but very few English-speakers are so equipped. Speakers of English should therefore do what comes naturally, and in a loud voice always refer to Rheims as "Reems." Similarly, on visits to the Louvre ("Loov"), and especially when guards are standing close by, English-speaking visitors should not try to pronounce the name of the artist Ingres the way the French do—as if a couple of fingers had been stuck down their throats—but instead employ a straightforward "Ingress." With nine million English-speaking tourists visiting France every year, it shouldn't take more than a few summers before the French get the message.

Yet they may not, and it is for this remote eventuality that we must reserve a final weapon. I am reluctant to use it; France and the United States are historic allies. But if protectionist attitudes persist, we should press ahead with a selective trade embargo. Specifically, English-speaking countries should ban the export to France of any product the word for which the French deem offensive. The embargo might take effect in stages, with, say, an initial ban on the export of *les blue-jeans*, *les Big Macs*, and recordings of *le rock and roll*. In the absence of a prompt change of attitude on the part of the French, the embargo could rapidly be expanded.

Needless to say, I hope it does not come to this. I look forward to the day, perhaps not too far distant, when a French-speaker, confronted by linguistic contamination in a French magazine or newspaper, can turn to a friend and say, with a shrug of Gallic indifference: "That's life."

—Cullen Murphy

YOU DON'T GO BACK TO BASICS. YOU TAKE THEM FORWARD.

There is a curious shift in business these days, "back to the basics." And it seems as if the sophisticated fast-trackers of the '80s have been transformed into the business fundamentalists of the '90s.

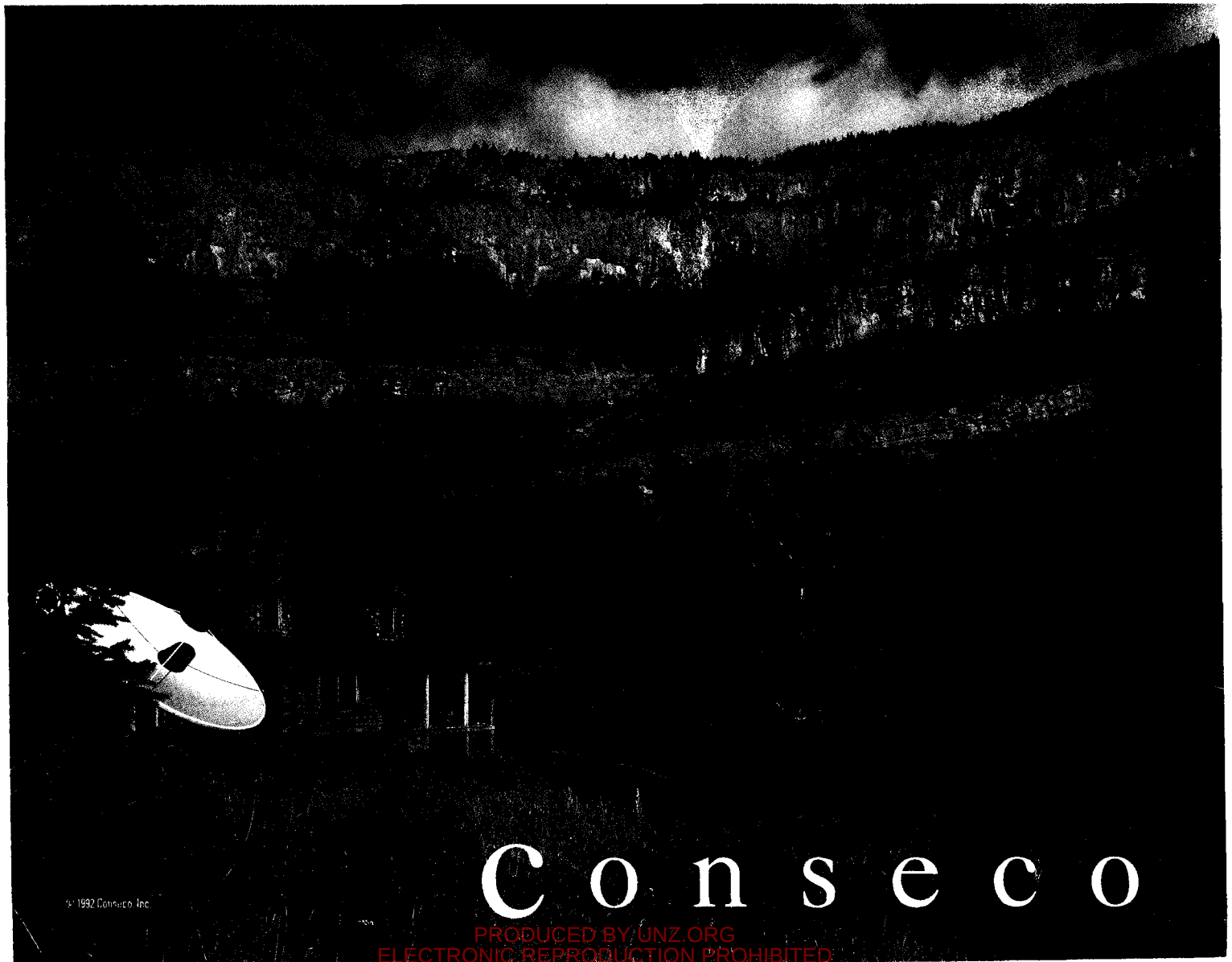
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RUSSIA

The Meaning of 1917

On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Czar's downfall, a question: Was there really a Russian Revolution?

WHEN I WAS getting my training as a historian, even people who detested Bolshevism and loathed Lenin told their students that the Russian Revolution was the most important event of the twentieth century. When I was starting out in my own career, I told my students the same thing, although I haven't done so for a while.

What my teachers—and I, in this earlier incarnation—meant was that the Russian Revolution not only gave rise to the divided world of the Cold War but also was the impetus behind much of the radical energy, many of the political and economic forms and utopian points of view, that animated revolt

against the colonial world order. In a way all the progressive transformations of the twentieth century were closely connected to what happened in 1917. This, of course, was also the heart of the Russians' much more grandiose and ideologized message. The exact nature of the Russian Revolution's legacy could be debated, but that the legacy would be substantial far into the future neither my teachers nor I doubted. We assumed that it would eclipse the more parochial English and French revolutions.

As we all know, the Russian world has changed utterly. And although with respect to contemporary politics we are beginning to come to terms with the loss of the Soviet Union, historians have barely begun to contemplate what that loss will mean for them. And if the Soviet Union—the fruit of the Russian Revolution—has gone, what does the revolution itself now mean? Or was there ever any such thing? Let me argue, for provocation's sake, that although there certainly was a violent overthrow of the Imperial Russian government in 1917, there never was a Russian Revolution.

Academics, if they want to keep up

with contemporary trends, must explain to their students that in this post-modern age everything by way of meanings and values is in the eye of the beholder. There was a Russian Revolution, that is, because Marx explained what a proletarian revolution was, and Lenin and Trotsky said that Russia had had one, and William Henry Chamberlin agreed, and so did Robert V. Daniels and, more recently, Theodore von Laue and Sheila Fitzpatrick—and *The New York Times*, and *Le Monde*, and so on.

But we know that Bolshevik rule lasted some seventy-four years and then gave way to chaos or warlordism or primitive capitalist accumulation or whatever we say is happening in Russia now, and so we may legitimately ask, Do the events of 1917, or of 1917 to 1921 (or, if we use Von Laue's or Fitzpatrick's version, 1917 to 1930 or 1932), still constitute a revolution?

What *is* a revolution, anyway? Are we any longer able to say why a certain set of events does, or does not, constitute such a thing? Can we tell revolution from counterrevolution? What happened in Iran when the Shah fell—revolution or counterrevolution?

The idea of progress governs the dominant interpretations of revolution. As the European left evolved during the nineteenth century, it developed retrospective views of itself; it wrote its autobiography, so to speak; it defined its origins and explained to unbelievers what it meant. In a sense Karl Marx provided the fullest and most ambitious historical version of what the left meant; he saw its history as culminating in his philosophy. And, of course, the idea of a phased revolution, each phase being historically progressive, leading inexorably to ever higher stages of European and ultimately world civilization, was the essence of Marxism. Even among non-Marxists the notion that "revolutions" are connected to progress according to universal criteria is still very influential. Among non-Marxist social scientists the whole idea of a "modernization" process, which *may* be accompanied by revolutions, is clearly derivative of the Marxist view.

This belief in inevitable historical progress, it seems to me, has been almost entirely destroyed among thoughtful people by the events of the twentieth century, but it has hung on

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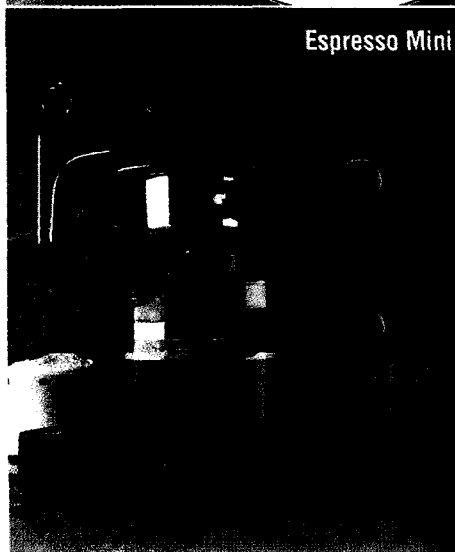
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the longest on the political left. The drama of the so-called Russian Revolution and its failures has dealt the belief another blow. The consequences for modern history are enormous, not least for modern Russian history. If we are not sure that there was a revolution, what can we say did happen in Russia from 1917 to 1932?

WHAT WE have called the revolutionary process of 1917 and afterward actually consisted of a combination of class warfare and nationalist revolts against the centralized Russian empire. It was ultimately quelled by a new elite, which was animated by a radical socialist ideology. The process was touched off by the old regime's loss of legitimacy in the midst of famine and war. In the system that emerged in the 1920s and 1930s, the Russian political world changed drastically, but oligarchic-autocratic politics remained, in a somewhat more efficient form.

The Russian social system changed drastically too. Virtually all of the upper and much of the middle stratum of the Russian population, especially the upper-middle, disappeared abroad or into prisons and camps. The world created by them—sometimes called “civil society”—largely ceased to exist after 1917. The people who remained from that world were submerged in a mass of workers and peasants, who themselves began to move upward in the complex process of social mobility which started at about the same time. In that process most of the more successful peasants (the kulaks) were destroyed and the less successful ones were collectivized.

A new elite emerged, highly militant, politicized, and anti-Western, although devoted to creating a variant of Western-style industrial civilization. These leaders regarded political democracy as a sham. They had a real, indeed a visionary, commitment to social democracy, but it attenuated and was somewhat corrupted over the years.

One of the most striking revelations in the collapse of Soviet Russia is how much of its alleged progress was flawed, limited, or even illusory. Education, from humanistic to technical and vocational, had its most important effects—and they are undeniable—on the upper strata of the intelligentsia, but large

numbers of workers and peasants participated only marginally in its benefits. Meanwhile, they developed a distinctively communist culture. They are lacking in initiative, socially and politically passive, and only negatively egalitarian—that is, they are disposed to prevent their neighbors' success rather than emulate it. The huge socialist-communist bureaucracy was parasitic, corrupt, and unable to generate any serious institutional innovation or change after Stalin's death. Industry never developed beyond the smokestack phase, and environmental degradation is worse in the former Soviet Union than anywhere else in the world, except possibly those parts of Eastern Europe where the same governmental system prevailed. Finally, the problems of intercommunal and interracial hostility, which were supposed to have been solved by communism, were merely held in check, repressed, or papered over. The hatred between Azerbaijanis and Armenians may be worse than it has ever been; the hatreds between nationalities in the Caucasus and Yugoslavia are at least as bad as they were after the Second World War, and relations may well deteriorate elsewhere in the former Soviet Union.

It is very hard to see the regimes that produced these results as in any serious way progressive. It is not easy at this juncture to see what the positive inheritance of the events generally known as the Russian Revolution might be—except, perhaps, the liquidation of aristocracy and the remnants of feudalism, and, to be sure, that is not nothing. Outside the former Soviet Union, of course, the impetus that the Russian Revolution gave to decolonialization remains. But those features of postcolonial society which derived from the Soviet experience are everywhere on the defensive.

If one can still make the case that the English and French revolutions had largely beneficent or progressive results and were worth what they cost (and even that idea is strongly under attack by French historians), such a case is far harder to make about the Russian Revolution.

SOME HISTORIANS are taking the view that the events of 1917 are merely the most recent of periodic upheavals that have characterized Russian history since the sixteenth

century. It seems to me that a good deal of what took place during the so-called Russian Revolution and afterward is akin, for example, to the developments in Russia between the death of Boris Godunov in 1605 and the promulgation of the new law code of 1649. Then, too, a crisis of legitimacy, intensified by war and famine, led to the dissolution of Russia into class war and national war, followed by foreign invasion. A new dynasty was founded. Its leaders, in their search for solutions to the social and economic chaos in the country, found it necessary to increase social control drastically, and political autocracy as well. Serfdom was consolidated, and almost all Russians were bound to the place in which they lived or worked. The earliest forms of industrialization were developed by workers who were moved to wherever the new elite wanted or needed them. The new leaders tried to keep their subjects at work, but flight from the government and its oppression was frequent.

The crisis is usually known as the “Time of Troubles,” and its normally assigned dates are 1605–1613. But the new configuration of Russia really took until the middle of the seventeenth century to establish itself. Like its later cousin, the so-called revolution, it could be assigned a much longer duration. Soviet historians always thought that historical developments in seventeenth-century Russia—even the consolidation of serfdom—were “progressive,” but in their system everything important affecting Russia's evolution had to be progressive. Most Western historians thought that the Russia we could see in the Law Code of 1649 had become even meaner and less free than the Russia of Boris Godunov, and was characterized by even greater rigidity. Peter the Great had to shake it up again a short time later.

SO ONE THING we could do is to call what happened in Russia after the First World War “the new Time of Troubles,” or something like that. The interesting thing about these repeated upheavals is that what future generations of Russians would call progress was always relatively limited, and the reversion to coercive authoritarianism relatively powerful.

Another possibility (and I suspect that most historians would opt for this)

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would be to keep the name Russian Revolution but revert to the older and less influential view of revolution as something that goes through a cycle, or around in a circle (as the name implies), but does not push the world in a progressive direction.

An interesting book expressing that view is Crane Brinton's *The Anatomy of Revolution*. First published in 1938 and then substantially revised in the early 1950s, Brinton's work has long been neglected, for at least two reasons. First, it is written in an engaging, highly accessible style, and this, of course, is anathema to all serious students of revolution. Second, Brinton's mentors were not Marx and the Marxists but Italian elite theorists like Mosca and Pareto.

Brinton compared revolution to a fever in the body politic, or to a thunderstorm, metaphors that would have annoyed Marx very much. On a less analogical note, he was much interested in Pareto's theories about social equilibrium, and tried to develop the idea that revolutions resulted when societies lost their social equilibrium, ultimately restoring it in some new form. Pareto believed that the great revolutions of human history were no more than the struggles of new elites to displace old ones, and that ordinary people were only the foot soldiers of the elite, rather than new classes in the making. Brinton adopted that fundamental view in his analysis.

Brinton, comparing the English, French, American, and Russian revolutions, attempted to demonstrate that—at whatever cost—in each case social equilibrium was at least partly regained and the worst abuses of the old regime were eliminated. Had he been writing in 1992 instead of 1952 (when the second edition appeared), he might not have seen the Russian Revolution as so relatively successful in its outcome. Here is an example of the sort of thing he wrote about Russia:

All future historians will probably have to admit that as a piece of political machinery the Soviet system worked better than did that of the Czars. . . . You may not like the Five Year Plans, but you must admit that beneath their parade of statistics lies a concrete economic achievement greater than anything the old regime could show for a similar period. The Communists have, in short, brought

the Industrial Revolution to Russia. Perhaps it was coming under Stolypin; perhaps the Communists brought it harshly, cruelly. But bring it they did.

Even Brinton's carefully phrased estimate of the success of the Russian Revolution is, it seems to me, open to question today.

One final possibility. The Manchu Dynasty was overthrown in 1911, so the Chinese Revolution is some six years older than the Russian, and it may not be any nearer to re-establishing social

equilibrium than the Russian. Perhaps we should continue to allow the term "revolution" but view the Russian Revolution as actually beginning in the period prior to the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, and continuing all the way to the present. Then the communist period becomes only one phase in a very long and disruptive revolutionary process. But if one thinks of the matter that way, then one must think of revolution as being for the Russians the bedrock of all modern life.

—Abbott Gleason



Balkan hatreds run deep: above, the event that touched off an earlier conflict

BOSNIA

Hands Off

*Why Europe has
been reluctant to intervene*

MANY COMMENTATORS have pointed out that a ground-force military intervention to drive the Serbian forces from the areas they have occupied in Bosnia would have to be done in the face of fierce and vengeful resistance, and at the price of heavy casualties among the intervening forces and the civilian population both. Even advocates of military intervention acknowledge this. In a *Daily Telegraph* article headed "Why Britons Must Be Ready to Die for Balkans Peace," Edward Stourton admits, "An international effort to enforce peace could take several months of intense fighting and years of attrition."

Even that depressing summary of the prospects for peace enforcement in the former Yugoslavia is more cheerful than the reality requires—for the troops would have to remain there indefinitely. There is no point at which they could declare "Mission accomplished" and go home, because if they did, the Serb and Croat forces would simply fight their way back to their lands in Bosnia and Kosovo. So the intervening forces—unless they were to acknowledge that they had made a frightful mistake by their intervention—would have to stay, under the "attrition" of constant guerrilla attacks by both Croats and Serbs.

This is a nightmare prospect, for these are fearless and ferocious warriors. Guerrilla resistance in Yugoslavia during the Second World War was able to tie up many German divisions and remained undefeated. And the Germans were able at that time to use anti-guerrilla methods of collective reprisal which no civilized government could get away with today.

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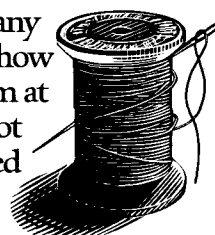
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garding military intervention in the former Yugoslavia indicated that the American share of the intervention would be limited to the air, and implied that the Europeans were to take care of the war on the ground. The above analysis of the probable nature and duration of the occupation should show why Europeans are not attracted by this American idea of an appropriate division of labor.

Yet Americans are not alone in believing that Europeans, and specifically the European Community, must take most of the heat and carry most of the burden in the territory. Most members of the United Nations (though not of the Security Council) believe something of the kind. Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali clearly feels that the United States is too ready to press the UN to make commitments in Yugoslavia when the wealthy Europeans should be coming to the rescue of their European neighbors. The secretary-general, an African himself, feels that equally great horrors in Africa—in Somalia and Mozambique, for example—are receiving scant attention while the advanced world concentrates (however ineffectively) on Bosnia.

European government leaders are not greatly impressed by these expectations. Thinking, like politicians everywhere, of their own political future first and foremost, they know that to send their nationals "to die for Balkan peace" would mean their own political deaths, as soon as the price of peace-with-attrition began to be realized. So government leaders will supply diplomatic efforts, economic sanctions, and humanitarian aid under armed convoy, and be willing to take part in limited air strikes. But no ground troops. Nor is there any significant popular demand for serious military intervention.

Many Americans seem to think that Western Europeans should feel an urge to come to the rescue of fellow Europeans. But the urge is not there. "Fellow Europeans" is an expression very seldom heard, and when heard it has no such overtones as has the heartwarming "Fellow Americans!" of presidential speeches.

Even within the Community the pulse of European solidarity beats very feebly indeed—although it is enormously amplified by official rhetoric. There will be no United States of Eu-

rope: Maastricht is a false clown. Outside the borders of the Community, European solidarity is even more tenuous. And the former Yugoslavia is not felt to be part of Europe at all. It is felt to be part of "the Balkans": a distinct region, and a zone of dangerous instability.

Sarajevo is perhaps the most ominous place-name in the history of the world—but Bosnians clearly don't agree. Princip Bridge has been in the news, as a target of snipers. The glorification of Gavrilo Princip, whose assassination of the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand led to the hecatombs and Holocaust of the two world wars, suggests that Bosnians feel little more solidarity with their fellow Europeans than—to their present misfortune—their fellow Europeans feel with them.

The fighting in the former Yugoslavia will not be ended by outside intervention. It will end—or at least wind down—only as a result of internal factors: war-weariness, of which there are already signs in Serbia, and territorial satiety, with the feeling on the part of the various "ethnic cleansers" (who include Croats as well as Serbs) that they have acquired as much territory as they can safely exploit. When the fighting does die down, Serbia—which has received almost all the blame, but should have shared some with the Croats—will no doubt wish to repair its relations with the outside world, in order that there will be some room for diplomatic leverage. But most of the refugees will still be unable to return to their former homes.

What has happened, and is still happening, in Yugoslavia is an enormous human tragedy. But it would be a mistake to believe that this human tragedy could have been, or could now be, averted or ended by outside military intervention. Such intervention would only extend the scope of the tragedy and prolong its duration. And even a long and bloodstained occupation would not, on its ending, bring peace to the Balkans.

There are places where a lot of men prefer war and the looting and raping and domineering that go with it to any sort of peacetime occupation. One such place is Afghanistan. Another is Yugoslavia, after the collapse of the centralizing communist regime.

—Conor Cruise O'Brien

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EVAN HADINHAM



The Great Pyramid of Khufu (above); in an experiment (below), laborers found unworkable one proposed method of moving blocks

ENGINEERING

Pyramid Schemes

Efforts persist to explain how Egypt's pyramids were built, and why

ON THE MORNING of June 6, 1933, scores of laborers gathered on the Nevada rim of the Black Canyon to watch a steel bucket descend on an 800-foot cable to the dry riverbed below. The bucket contained the first load of concrete for what was to become America's greatest feat of manpower and ingenuity during the Depression: the Hoover Dam. Over the next two years, working day and night, the laborers poured enough concrete to fill two Empire State Buildings. They finally blocked the canyon with a wall some sixty stories high—"the Great Pyramid of the American Desert," as one enthusiastic reporter described it.

The pyramid comparison was apt, because the Hoover Dam was the first structure in the Western world to exceed the bulk of Egypt's 4,500-year-old Great Pyramid of Khufu (also known by his Greek name, Cheops)—a monument that, of course, had been built entirely without the dump trucks, Caterpillar tractors, jackhammers, electricity, and gasoline power available to the Hoover laborers.

The architects of the Gothic and Renaissance eras frequently built on an imposing scale, yet a half dozen of their masterworks would fit comfortably inside the Great Pyramid. (According to one estimate, it could accommodate St. Peter's, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the cathedrals of Florence and Mi-

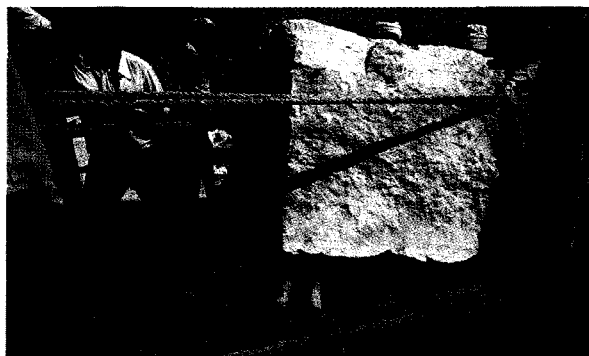
lan.) Although the Washington Monument is about seventy feet taller than the pyramid, the pyramid is at least seventy times as heavy.

More impressive than its sheer size is the precision with which the colossal design was executed. Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, a celebrated British archaeologist who surveyed the Great Pyramid in 1880–1882, noted with astonishment that the errors in the layout of its foundation "could be covered by placing one's thumb on them." More recent surveys have found that the lengths of the four bases vary by no more than eight inches—an error of less than a tenth of a percent. These four base lines are also positioned so perfectly due north, south, east, and west that

the greatest error in their orientation is only a twelfth of a degree.

This evidence of high precision, which has provoked many farfetched theories, including the use of prehistoric lasers and extraterrestrial architects, continues to perplex even the most level-headed researchers. Without dump trucks and jackhammers, how did the Egyptians ever manage to assemble the

MARK LEHNER





Great Pyramid's towering pile of 2.5 million limestone blocks? Without modern surveying instruments, how could they have controlled its shape so accurately, particularly the even 52° slope of its smooth outer casing? And how could the construction job have been accomplished in just twenty-three years, the time span allotted to Cheops' reign in the celebrated Turin papyrus? Given a ten-hour working day and a year-round building program, that works out to one block set in place every two minutes!

One might doubt that after two hundred years of study such questions could ever be resolved. Yet the past decade has brought to the construction debate a wave of fresh evidence and ingenious new theories. This evidence may help to dispel some of the subject's mystical trappings, and it certainly enlarges our respect for the intellectual and technical abilities of the ancient Egyptians. Much of the credit for this new research should go to Zahi Hawass, the director of the Giza plateau for the Egyptian Antiquities Organization, and Mark Lehner, a young American Egyptologist; their ambitious study of the Giza plateau has disclosed a host of previously overlooked clues.

Lehner, of the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute, has spent much of the past thirteen years walking, surveying, and excavating on the site of the Great Pyramid. In 1989 Lehner and Hawass brought a team of diggers to the foot of the plateau and turned them loose on a garbage-strewn field. They soon uncovered the debris of a substantial bakery and, close by, hundreds of skeletons, hastily interred, with none of the ornaments or other objects denoting membership in the upper classes. Here was the first convincing evidence of the workers who must once have composed the labor force of thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, essential to the building of the pyramids.

This discovery was a product of Lehner's and Hawass's interest in the overall archaeological context of the pyramids, rather than in the traditional goals of Egyptology. "We've had two hundred years of research on these monuments," Lehner told me in a recent interview at the site, "but the primary focus has been on tombs, temples, and art objects. The broader question

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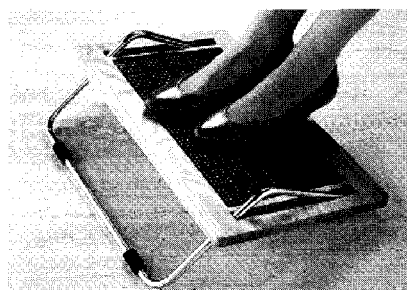
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of the whole site has too often been missed."

The broad picture begins with the Giza plateau, a hundred-foot-thick limestone embankment laid down by the retreating Mediterranean 50 million years ago. The plateau's relatively soft cream-colored rock served as both foundation and quarry for the three major pyramids, all apparently built within a period of about seventy years. As we stood on a rocky pinnacle just south of the plateau, Lehner explained how Cheops' giant construction project began to alter this landscape around 2600 B.C. At the foot of the pinnacle, close to the laborers' campsites, an artificial harbor was dug so that boats could pass from the Nile into a canal and finally draw up right at the edge of the plateau. This was the landing point for fine white limestone blocks from the quarries at Tura, located on the opposite side of the Nile valley. Still exploited today, the Tura quarries provided higher quality limestone than was available at the plateau itself. This premium material was reserved for the smooth exterior casing blocks of the pyramids.

As for the millions of blocks required for the inside, which average around two and a half tons each, practicality dictated that they be obtained close to the building site. Lehner's survey map reveals a series of large basin quarries, some of them more than ninety feet deep, clustered on the flanks of the plateau. Wherever the archaeologists have cleared debris from the bottom of these quarries, one can still see scars in the rock face made by the blows of ancient copper and stone tools. Also visible are huge rectangular slots left behind in the bedrock, where pyramid blocks were prised out of position, probably with the aid of wooden wedges. From here the blocks were dragged no more than about 500 yards to the pyramid site. Most experts agree that this was the source for the building material, but hotly debate virtually every other aspect of pyramid construction.

THE GREAT Pyramid was clearly *not* built in the fashion often pictured in book illustrations: teams of laborers hauling stones on sleds up a single giant earth ramp laid against the pyramid's side. The implausibility of this scene has been pointed out by various experts, and the objec-

tions are argued compellingly in a 1989 book, *How the Pyramids Were Built*, by a British master builder, the late Peter Hodges. In 1973, vacationing in Egypt, Hodges fell ill. While recuperating in a luxury hotel at the foot of the plateau, he began pondering the construction problem in the light of his practical experience as a contractor.

A single straight ramp connecting the quarry and the pyramid plainly won't do. Not only would such a ramp have to reach the topmost layer of the pyramid, 480 feet above the ground, but its slope would have to be gentle enough to make stone-hauling practical. With a suitable gradient of one in ten, the resulting ramp would be about a mile long. (If such a structure were built on Washington's Mall, it would begin at the steps of the Lincoln Memorial and end almost at the summit of the Washington Monument.)

Even if dragging stones up a mile-long ramp had been practical, constructing it would have been a monumental engineering challenge. A quick calculation shows that a ramp of this size would have required at least three times as much building material as the pyramid itself. In any case, since the quarry and the pyramid were only about 500 yards apart, a mile-long ramp would not have been useful.

Mark Lehner has advanced a plausible alternative: a ramp winding its way up and around the pyramid, relying on the side of the growing structure for support. The problem with this ramp, as Lehner is the first to admit, is that it would not have been a smooth spiral but would have incorporated sharp right-angle turns whenever it reached one of the pyramid's four corners. How could dozens, perhaps scores, of laborers have maneuvered such massive blocks around these tight turns?

SINCE RAMPS pose so many difficulties, could the builders have dispensed with them altogether? Here the present-day appearance of the pyramid, stripped nearly bare of its original casing, offers an important clue. When newly built, the pyramid presented a dazzling white, smooth-sided exterior, but today all we see are the jagged layers of the rough inner blocks, which form a succession of steps exactly like a giant staircase.

Could the Egyptians have found a way to manipulate blocks up the stair-

W H A T M A K E S A M O M E N T



A M E M O R Y



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case? In other words, could they have built successive layers of the core by levering blocks up and over each step of the growing structure until they reached the top? Peter Hodges thought back to his days as a sapper, or military engineer, in the British army, when he and his mates routinely shifted thirty-ton structures using a pair of simple lever jacks.

I recalled to mind the image of small teams of sappers grouped at one end of a Bailey bridge and bending to work the jack handles in rhythm, raising or lowering the bridge during the final stages of its hurried construction. This mental image gave me the clue as to how the Egyptians might have looked, raising the stones steadily up the stepped sides of the pyramid.

Instead of mechanical jacks made of iron, the Egyptians would have used wooden levers. A pair of laborers stationed at the two ends of the block would have jammed levers under each edge. Then, working to a rhythm, they would have rocked the stone to and fro, while others slipped wooden boards underneath each edge in turn as it was raised in the air. Once they had lifted the stone up to the level of the next step, they would have levered it sideways into position, probably with the help of bucketfuls of slushy lubricant poured underfoot.

What seems to be a tantalizing folk memory of such a technique was preserved by Herodotus' informants in the fifth century B.C., as he recorded in his *Histories*.

The method employed was to build it in steps, or, as some call them, tiers or terraces. When the base was complete, the blocks for the first tier above it were lifted from ground level by contrivances made of short timbers; on this first tier there was another, which raised the blocks a stage higher, then yet another, which raised them higher still. Each tier, or story, had its set of levers, or it may be that they used the same one, which, being easy to carry, they shifted up from stage to stage as soon as its load was dropped into place. Both methods are mentioned, so I give them both here.

Although this passage may seem to be powerful evidence for the staircase method, pyramid solutions are rarely straightforward. Levers and lubricants

must, indeed, have been essential aids at the end of the operation, as the laborers eased each block into its final position. But could even highly skilled teams have kept on inching the blocks up the narrow steps once the "staircase" reached heights of 100, 200, or even 400 feet? Each year one or two visitors foolish enough to defy the official ban on pyramid-climbing are killed as they slip or are overcome with vertigo. Could the builders have maneuvered blocks without scaffolding or ramps at such a height?

ASIDE FROM the mystery of how the stones were moved and lifted, how were the builders able to survey and control the pyramid's design so accurately? They faced a difficult architectural challenge: after establishing a level, square foundation, they needed a system to ensure that the pyramid's sides rose at a uniform angle, and that the horizontal cross-section of the monument remained perfectly square as the structure grew. If they allowed small errors to creep in, then the square would become twisted and the four sides would never meet properly at the pyramid's summit. Controlling the design would be even trickier if other structures, such as building ramps, were in the way, obscuring the pyramid's corners or sides.

How did they do it? Surprisingly, Mark Lehner was able to reconstruct exact details of the original surveying operation by studying the surface of the bedrock close to the pyramid. Here he found rows of shallow holes carved into the rock, each at least a foot or so across, running parallel to the pyramid's sides. Originally the holes probably supported wooden sighting posts; if a cord had been stretched between them, it would have provided a handy reference line for the builders as the monument grew.

While Egyptologists had known about the holes for decades, no one had bothered to plot them on paper. By doing so, Lehner was able to piece together the most likely sequence of steps involved in surveying the pyramid's base. To create a level platform for the pyramid, the builders methodically worked the bedrock down, one section after another, each time measuring and remeasuring the overall dimensions of the square base. The resulting layout was highly accurate, Lehner concluded, be-

cause of this repetitive rechecking of measurements.

But how was such measuring actually carried out? How, in particular, did the Great Pyramid's architects manage to orient the pyramid so precisely to the north, south, east, and west, and to measure lengths accurately over hundreds of feet, all without modern surveying gear? Here texts and tomb paintings offer valuable clues. In a rock-cut tomb 300 feet beneath the desert near Luxor one of the earliest known Egyptian astronomical scenes, drawn in black on the ceiling, consists of a noble procession of divinities bearing sun disks on their heads. A prominent figure holds an object about the size of a tennis-racket handle at arm's length and at eye level; this object looks like a sighting instrument—perhaps the simple wooden sighting stick known to the Egyptians as a *bay*. Museum specimens and later texts suggest how the *bay* was used to make sightings of stars. A priest would peer through a small notch carved on the top of the *bay*, similar to the back sight of a rifle, until he had the star in view. To help line up the star, he used other aids, such as a plumb line suspended in front of him like a rifle's front sight.

Here, in this 3,500-year-old drawing, one can also see cartoonlike images of the northern constellations: for example, the bull called Meskhety, corresponding to our Big Dipper. These northern stars were of supreme sanctity to the Egyptians, because they were the "imperishable" or "undying" stars, which never passed below the horizon into the underworld. The pyramid builders believed that the Pharaoh's soul would rise from the tomb and ascend to the northern stars to take its place among the other immortals. Cheops' architects might well, therefore, have used sightings of stars revolving around the pole to fix their accurate north-south baseline for the pyramid. The orientation could have been checked by repeated measuring of noonday shadows cast by the sun.

Two long straight lines in the drawing connect the sacred northern stars to the procession of gods below. These lines may well represent the twin cords involved in a ceremony known as "stretching of the cord," which we can again interpret with the help of other

(Continued on page 51)

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

arts & ENTERTAINMENT

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WATERLAND

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FILM

by Ella Taylor

HISTORY AND MYSTERY



Ethan Hawke and Jeremy Irons

Nobody does ravaged quite like Jeremy Irons, who's at his pale and consumptive best in an adaptation of British writer Graham Swift's extraordinary third novel, *Waterland*, directed by Stephen Gyllenhaal (*Paris Trout*). Irons plays Tom Crick, a history teacher who's reached a crisis point in his career and his marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Mary (played by Irons's wife, Sinead Cusack). As the diligently suppressed truths of Tom's past explode to the surface, he tries to make sense of them by telling stories to his high-school class. *Waterland* features some of the finest youth acting

I've seen on film, including an introverted performance by Ethan Hawke (*Dead Poets' Society*) as a student masking his fear of nuclear disaster beneath a skeptical disbelief in the uses of history. *Waterland* is a wistful meditation on how we construct stories in order to make bearable the pain and chaos of life, as well as a great murder mystery set in the swampy English fen country. And if you haven't yet read the novel you must rush out and buy it at once, or dreadful things will befall you.

FAMILY VALUES ABROAD

From Europe come three new films about the mixed blessings of family ties. In Czech director Jiri Weiss's autobiographical tragicomedy, *Martha and I*, Michel Piccoli (*La Belle Noiseuse*) and Marianne Saegebrecht (*Bagdad Café*) star as an eccentric Jewish doctor and his stolid German housekeeper who marry despite strenuous opposition from his snooty sisters and her rabidly nationalist brothers. As seen through the eyes of the doctor's young nephew, the film tells of an improbable but happy marriage that's threatened only when the Nazis invade Prague.

Though it's nowhere near as weirdly innovative as Robert Altman's *Vincent*

and *Theo* (1990), Maurice Pialat's *Van Gogh* echoes the Altman movie in its avoidance of the Ear Question and its focus on the painter's sick but productive relationship with his brother.

Family debt turns literal in Maurice Bernart's surreally antic road movie (well, train movie), *Alberto Express*: Sergio Castellitto plays a penniless Italian who must repay his parents' child-rearing expenses in full before he can become a father himself.

The three films together boast dialogue in German, Czech, French, and Italian (all, of course, with English subtitles). That's co-production for you.

TUNE IN TO TIE-INS

The fall movie lineup is full of literary adaptations, or, as we call them in the glorious democracy of show-biz, tie-ins. Francis Ford Coppola directs *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, adapted from the Victorian vampire novel and starring Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, and Anthony Hopkins. Aaron Sorkin wrote the screenplay from his own Broadway play for *A Few Good Men*, in which two young marines on trial for murder are defended by Tom Cruise and Demi Moore. (If that doesn't get them acquitted, I don't know what will.) A very odd combo (Albert Finney, Jill Clayburgh, Kyle McLachlan) star in *Rich in Love*, a Southern coming-of-age drama adapted from the Josephine Humphreys novel by Bruce Beresford, Alfred Uhry, and the rest of the *Driving Miss Daisy* production team. Going upmarket a ways, John Madden directs an adaptation of Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, starring Liam Neeson as a man distracted from nursing his invalid wife by his gorgeous housekeeper. Had Columbia Pictures not pushed back Martin Scorsese's adaptation of *The Age of Innocence* to next year, Wharton would have been the tie-in Person of the Year. Now when are they going to do the book of the film *The Ten Commandments*?

Ella Taylor is a film critic for L.A. Weekly.



Stoker's Dracula

GETTING MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK

An ambiguous approach to firearms marks the work of three young American independent filmmakers who make impressive low-budget debuts this fall. Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs*, a crime drama about a bunch of small-time L.A. hoods who suspect a setup when their well-planned heist fails, is a remarkably poised first feature that attracted a big-time cast including Harvey Keitel, Steve Buscemi, Michael Madsen, and Tim Roth. "I love the violence in my movie," says the 29-year-old Tarantino happily. "You push it so far, it becomes its own justification." Though its casual enjoyment of brutality may scare off the squeamish, *Reservoir Dogs*, which won this year's critics' prize for extraordinary achievement by a first-



Reservoir Dogs

time filmmaker at the Toronto Film Festival, has a superlative script and a ghoulishly playful way with the genre movie.

In Stacy Cochran's deadpan satire *My New Gun*, all hell breaks loose in the staid lives of a suburban New Jersey couple (Diane Lane and Stephen Collins) when the husband buys a gun to make their home

more secure. Tess Harper makes a wonderfully zoned-out former country-western star who parks herself next door with her do-nothing son (James Le Gros).

Zebrahead is an unassuming but beautifully observed first feature set in a multiracial Detroit high school where weapon possession is no surprise. In a trio of polished acting debuts, Michael Rapaport stars as a Jewish boy who makes waves on all fronts when he falls in love with the black cousin (N'Bushe Wright) of his best friend (played by the rapper DeShonn Castle). Director Anthony Drazan developed the screenplay for *Zebrahead* at Robert Redford's Sundance Institute, and went on to win the Filmmaker's Award at this year's Sundance Film Festival.

DANCE AND THEATER

by Laura Jacobs and Austin Baer

A TAYLOR-MADE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

Paul Taylor could be the man behind the curtain. Snorting smoke, sending dancers on strange missions, he tests their hearts, courage, and brains in works of speed and fire, then brings them home sweet home. The master's one new dance this season pays tribute to his love of journey, his mind wanderings. It's called *Oz*. But don't expect the MGM story. Taylor, an avid collector of Oz books, has created his own installment. Though there's still a girl with a suitcase, she now dreams up a whole new series of weird divertissements (a pair of magic pearls, a French maid who speaks Munchkin, a giant porcupine).



Mechanical man Andrew Asnes in *Oz*

Andrew Asnes, showstopping in last year's mega-hit *Company B*, is a moonwalking mechanical man—he jackham-

mers the air like a cosmic construction worker. Also noteworthy in repertory is the revival of Taylor's notorious *Epic* of 1957—a must-see for dance-history buffs. Then a solo, now a duet, it's set to the telephone time announcement, a wisenheimer's study in ennui. The Paul Taylor Dance Company performs at New York's City Center (through November 8); and in Los Angeles (November 13 and 14); Monmouth, Portland, and Eugene, Oregon (November 16 to 21); Costa Mesa, California (November 28 and 29); and Madison, Wisconsin (December 2). National touring resumes in late February. —L.J.

AT LONG LAST, ANGELS—IN L.A.

The buzz about Tony Kushner's *Angels in America* mounts apace; this "Gay Fantasia on National Themes" has been all but canonized while still in the making. At last year's world premiere, in San Francisco, only the evening-length first part, *Millennium Approaches*, received a full production. In January, the hallelujahs for *Millennium* in London were heard in New York, though *Angels* will not be seen there until spring. It is the Mark Taper Forum, in Los Angeles, that unveils the two-evening *Angels*, including the new *Perestroika*. (through November 29, 213-972-7373). One London guidebook, succinct to the

point of farce, gave the play's subject as "two couples in crisis, one gay and one Mormon." Well, yes. But Roy M. Cohn, Ethel Rosenberg, an imaginary travel agent (Mr. Lies), an Eskimo, ancestral ghosts, and multiple emanations of the gray-plumed Angel come swirling through the story too, lending those crises fantastic theatrical vitality. The principals are as brave and as craven, as honest and self-deceiving, as the people we see in our mirrors. Their world, torn every which way by power games, religion, desire, hurt, guilt, and advancing plague, is ours, seen through new eyes. —A.B.

JEWELS IN THE CROWN



Emeralds

There is no three-act ballet in the world like Balanchine's *Jewels*, the abstract masterpiece that captures the New York City Ballet history in a three-way mirror. No company but NYCB has ever performed it. Until now. The Miami City Ballet

and artistic director Edward Villella, NYCB favorite son, have been entrusted with the triptych and offer the entire work at a gala on November 22 in West Palm Beach, with a repeat performance in Miami on February 27.

This tone-poem must be perfect. *Emeralds*, set in the French forest of Fauré, is sheer Dior classicism; the Stravinsky of *Rubies* plays dancers like a deck of jazz-joint cards; and *Diamonds* is a Romanov wedding with Tchaikovsky as high priest. Madame Karinska's costumes are incomparable—and remarkably tricky. As Haydée Morales, MCB's resident costume designer, says of the built-in filagree necklace: "We have to fit them to each girl's bust, so she doesn't look choked." For gala information call 305-532-4880. —L.J.

Laura Jacobs is the editor-in-chief of Stagebill and a dance critic for The New Leader. Austin Baer is a writer based in New York.

CHILDS PLAY



Einstein on the Beach

We haven't seen much work by Lucinda Childs lately, but we shouldn't be surprised. Pristine, mathematical, ether-breathing forays into time's mysteries—her long, linear dance distillations always seemed too pure for this world, ticker tapes from heaven. When Brooklyn Academy of Music revives the Robert Wilson/Philip Glass *Einstein on the Beach*, November 19 to 23, Childs will appear in her final performances of the epic, which she choreographed. It's end-of-an-era time. —L.J.

HOT TICKET

If this were a great age of the American musical, they would be writing shows for Karen Zíemba, and none of them would be Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt's *110 in the Shade*. With her gamine's features and ballerina's limbs, her supple mezzo-soprano and her witty sparkle, Zíemba is an enchantress—no natural for Lizzie Curry, who (somewhere in the dust bowl, sometime in the thirties) keeps house for her father and brothers, dreams of doing the same for a husband, and is losing hope. (Poor dear, she is "plain.") In 1963, when *110 in the Shade* opened on Broadway, it was overshadowed by *Hello, Dolly!* and *Funny Girl* and folded within a year. It returns now to the New York City Opera, where it is a hot ticket. Credit Zíemba, who wears Lizzie's dowdy frocks and granny hairdo with disarming honesty. Her radiance is from within (November 11 to 15, 212-870-5570). —A.B.

POPULAR MUSIC

by Charles M. Young

THE REGGAE REVOLUTION LIVES ON



Bob Marley

hitherto a confusing mishmosh, reflecting the continuous legal mishmosh since his death, from cancer, in 1981, Bob Marley's catalogue has finally been assembled into a four-CD boxed set, *Songs of Freedom* (Tuff Gong/Island), that should excite anyone with the slightest taste for reggae. It's extremely effective for putting your brain in the ozone layer, but a more conscious listening is amply rewarded by the fascinating picture of developing genius, like a time-lapse film of a blossoming flower. The first CD starts with Marley's earliest recorded work, his naive re-creations of American pop rock overlaid with Jamaican folk wisdom. Gradually he shifts from the 2-4 backbeat of rock to the hypnotic 1-3 of reggae, finding his voice and message along the way.

Marley sang his share of songs about love and sex. They were both beautiful and wise, phrased in the Jamaican dialect that made him seem even more exotic to American audiences. His gift for melody is everywhere evident—the hooks stay with you forever. Having grown up poor among a brutally exploited people, however, he couldn't ignore the political, delivering a fierce condemnation of "Babylon," the dominant white culture. "Burnin' and Lootin'" and many other tracks today sound like an eerie precursor to today's rappers who first expressed the rage that subsequently burned down Los Angeles. (Unlike today's rappers, Marley always seemed approachable and he didn't put down women.) So Marley was a revolutionary. But as a rastafarian, he was also a religious apocalyptic with a mystic's appreciation for the spiritual side of life. So the Marxists didn't trust him any more than the government did. He had a critique—melodious, emotionally deep, philosophically inconsistent, and that's pretty much what popular music can offer at its best.

ROLLIN' THROUGH GOTHAM

A Brooklyn-based label specializing in seven-inch singles for juke boxes (that's 90 percent of the market for vinyls now), Diesel Only has provided a recording home for the many country-rock bands that anomalously live in New York City's Lower East Side. Fortunately for everyone who doesn't own a juke box or turntable in this digital age, they've decided to release a CD, *Rig Rock Juke Box* (Diesel Only/First Warning), an anthology of "alternative trucker music" that should delight anyone who wants to stay awake from Boston to Bakersfield, or just two-step around the living



room. New York may appear to be a suspicious sanctuary for this style of music, but it keeps at least a dozen bars going in Manhattan and delivers fun in large quantities for those who can't stand the pretension of "art" rock or the volume of metal. So if you prefer twang to snarl and affectionate humor to condescension, Diesel Only may be your sanctuary, too. Or check it out live at the Rodeo Bar, Lone Star Roadhouse, Continental Divide, or Ludlow Street Cafe. It's a scene on the rise. Second-best song title: "Do It for Hank." Best song title: "I Think Hank Woulda Done It This Way."

SON OF A GUN

Since leaving Guns N' Roses, the most notorious and successful band in the world, Izzy Stradlin has for the past year been the great mystery man of rock and roll. Refusing to tell his side of the story even as his former bandmates slagged him from the stage and in interviews, he took some time off, then assembled a new band consisting of Rick Richards (formerly of the Georgia Satellites) on guitar, Jimmy Ashhurst (ex-Broken Homes) on bass, and Charlie Quintana (has backed Bob Dylan) on drums. Their first album, *Izzy Stradlin and the Ju Ju Hounds* (Geffen), reflects a taste for high-energy guitar bashing, primitive and exuberant, with none of the grand (sometimes grandiose)



Ju Ju Hounds

paean to pain that characterized his former band. Indeed, Stradlin's Ju Ju Hounds sound nothing at all like Guns N' Roses. What they do sound like is a cross between the Ramones and the Rolling Stones.

Stradlin throttles away on simple, barre-chord riffs in the style of Johnny Ramone, and his vocals have that shredded, voice-of-experience quality of Keith Richards. Rick Richards brings his raucous, rollicking slide guitar for added aural detail over a rhythm section solidly on the backbeat. The most immediately hummable hook belongs to "Pressure Drop," a rock-and-rollized cover of the reggae classic, but all 10 cuts appeal in a variety of ways. Lyrics are mixed low, so only a phrase here and there is understandable. It's feel that matters, and the feel is four guys who are thrilled to be doing what they're doing, so you might as well be thrilled too.

After warming up in Europe, Japan, and Australia, the Ju Ju Hounds will be doing a club tour in the United States this winter. In contrast to Guns N' Roses, you can expect them to go onstage on time, not wreck the momentum with constant costume changes, and eschew ranting and raving at critics.

Charles M. Young is the executive editor of *Musician* magazine.

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

by Austin Baer

HATS OFF TO THE KIROV

Opera-house orchestras are not generally accounted among the world's best, but in the case of the Kirov Orchestra of St. Petersburg, the prejudice cannot survive. Under Valery Gergiev, 39, artistic director and principal conductor since 1988, the ensemble has advanced to the first rank. In a season of Russian operas at the Met last summer, all under Gergiev's baton, the players could hold the house spellbound on an airy pianissimo or sweep all before them on a tide of epic romance. The palette the maestro draws from his orchestra is of princely splendor; no tone is more distinctive than the rich wine-darkness of the low strings, bowed with a



Valery Gergiev

power that sets the rib cage humming. An American tour by Gergiev with the Kirov (this month in Ann Arbor; Chicago; Washington, D.C.; Worcester; Storrs, Connecticut; and Greenvale, New York) winds up at Lincoln Center on November 8 and 9 with programs of Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, and Prokofiev. For home listeners, excellent recordings by Gergiev with the Kirov are available of Musorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, his opera *Khovanshchina* (brooding, gorgeous, fatalistic), and Prokofiev's ballet *Romeo and Juliet* (all on Philips); they make one eager for the many to follow.

REDISCOVERY

Despite Verdi's endorsement of the composer and Toscanini's advocacy of the score, Alberto Franchetti's century-old opera *Cristoforo Colombo* has all but vanished from the stage. Not unjustly: it lacks drama. But the first two of its three acts are a sumptuous pageant, culminating in the first sighting of the New World, celebrated in a chorus brimming with brave expectancy. A new recording from Frankfurt rises to the occasion (Koch Schwann).

Austin Baer is a writer based in New York.

MORE THAN A TOUCH OF GLASS



The Voyage

Last fourth of July, a music-loving New Yorker climbed into a taxi, cast an eye at the dashboard, and found to his amusement that his driver was Philip Glass. No, not *that* Philip Glass, though in his long lean years, the king of the minimalists drove a taxi, too. Now he is *much* too busy.

Is Glass a composer or a brand name? His new opera of exploration, *The Voyage* (libretto by David Henry Hwang, of *M. Butterfly*), premiered last month at the Met and was broadcast live. His theater piece *The Mysteries and What's So Funny?* (decor by Red Grooms, choreography by David Gordon) is on the road, with stops this month in Austin, Houston, and Lubbock, Texas (November 4 to 8); Los Angeles (November 12 to 15); San Francisco (November 18 to 22); and next month in New York (Joyce Theater, December 15 to January 3). The Brooklyn Academy of Music presents the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra in three Glass premieres, one of them with Glass on one of the four keyboards (November 13 and 14), and the nth rerun of his landmark collaboration with Robert Wilson, *Einstein on the Beach* (see Dance and Theater page). To Glass's admirers, his driving beat and twangling timbres are a ticket to pure euphoria. To skeptics, his obsessive repetitions are a stupendous fraud. Certainly, he has a knack for choosing fashionable collaborators, and for the time being we will hear him, hear him, hear him...

BOLCOM BOLCOM, BURNING BRIGHT

The poet and engraver William Blake felt the entanglement of human potential with human corruption in every fiber of his being. *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*—source of such immortal lyrics as "The Lamb," "The Tyger," and "London"—rings changes on this theme in images whose fathomless simplicity calls up a world. William Bolcom's setting of the entire book has a similarly global ambition. But unlike Blake's moral universe, music's empire is not in the least bipolar.



St. Louis Symphony

Last played (for only the fifth time) five years ago, Bolcom's score embraces folk, popular, and classical styles, requiring a prohibitive complement of soloists, multiple choirs, and a Mahleresque symphonic orchestra enhanced by saxophones, electric guitars, and heavy-artillery percussion. Leonard Slatkin and the St. Louis Symphony take up the challenge both at their home city's Powell Symphony Hall (November 12 and 13, 314-534-1700) and at Carnegie Hall (November 21, 212-247-7800).



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Chrysler Corporation and its divisions, which provide this monthly Arts & Entertainment Preview, are also proud sponsors of quality television programming on the Arts & Entertainment Network, available on cable systems nationwide. The A&E Network recently received seven awards for programming excellence at the 1992 Houston International Film Festival, the world's largest film and video competition.

Our May A&E Poll asked readers whether they most often buy CDs, cassettes, or records. The results: 41% buy CDs, 17% buy CDs and cassettes, and only 2% still buy vinyl. The poll also asked readers in what musical genre they buy music. Of the respondents, 37% buy classical, 22% rock, 15% jazz, and 25% various categories ranging from soundtracks to world music. For a chance to win a free year's subscription to the A&E Network's journal, respond to this month's poll. The first 100 cards postmarked will win.



(Continued from page 42)

texts and images, some dating back almost to the time of Cheops. Stretching of the cord involved pulling a long loop of string taut around a pair of poles, each held by a priest; the priests then adjusted the line to match the direction of the sun or star gods in the sky. Inscriptions tell us that this act was a sacred prelude to the foundation of a temple—so sacred, indeed, that the Pharaoh himself sometimes held one of the poles.

Little imagination is required to interpret this stretching of the cord as a ritualized act of surveying; moreover, even though more rudimentary surveying gear would be hard to visualize, the procedure actually works. Experimenting in his Connecticut garden, Martin Isler, a noted pyramid-engineering researcher, found that he could extend an existing short straight line with great accuracy using poles and a long loop of string. He found that he was far less prone to error in setting out a row of stakes if he used a loop of string instead of a single strand. In fact, he easily projected a dead-straight line over more than 400 feet (and could have projected the line much farther if he had not ended up in his shrubbery).

COULD THE experimental approach help resolve some of the bigger puzzles of pyramid engineering? Last October the film producer Michael Barnes, shooting a documentary to be aired as part of the PBS *NOVA* series this fall, organized the building of an eighteen-foot-high “mini-pyramid,” on the employees’ soccer field of the first-class hotel at the foot of the pyramid plateau.

Barnes began the project by seeking advice from Mark Lehner and two master masons, Roger Hopkins and Nick Fairplay, yet he soon discovered a reservoir of expertise among local Egyptian stonemasons. A dozen of them camped out around a kerosene stove in the desert for twenty-one days and nights; their task was to quarry 190 blocks, each weighing three or four tons. Though equipped with steel picks and cables rather than copper adzes and hemp ropes, they worked in a completely traditional manner—by first hacking a network of deep parallel channels in the soft bedrock, and then hammering in iron wedges along the base of each block to prise it free. (At

the end of the operation the site exactly resembled the many ancient abandoned quarries still visible around the plateau today.)

The masons delivered the stones to the soccer field with the help of a truck and a mechanical loader. Then the low-tech experiments began, first with wooden sleds and round wooden logs as rollers. Not surprisingly, maneuvering a stone onto a sled without tipping it or smashing the wood proved extremely tricky. So did the job of keeping the sled under control once the stone was safely in place and hauling on the ropes began. Slipping rollers underneath the sled only made the problem worse, because the stone easily veered off course.

Then the laborers tried moving blocks without any sleds or rollers at all—by simply tumbling them end over end with the help of ropes lassoed around the tops of them. But the method turned out to be laborious, and how could blocks be tumbled safely and speedily up the incline of a ramp? The problem seemed more intractable than ever.

Once again, local expertise proved unexpectedly effective. The secret was *tafla*—a local clay still regularly mined as an all-purpose mortar. Here was the ideal ramp-building material: when *tafla* bonded together with small stones and boulders, the resulting structure was stronger and lighter than mud brick, yet could be easily demolished with a few swings of a pick. Significantly, Lehner has identified remnants of ancient *tafla* ramps at several spots on the plateau, one with walls that still stand ten feet high.

Tafla was also vital in solving the problem of hauling the stones. By itself a wet *tafla* surface was too slippery to work on, but once wooden planks were set into it, like railway ties, the improvement was dramatic. Mark Lehner recalls the moment when they finally worked out the right technique: “We were trying to move the sled on rollers up the trackway, and had twenty men hauling away on the ropes, slipping and sweating, and we were getting nowhere. So we had a new idea—forget about the rollers and try simply sliding the sleds up the wet wood of the trackway. The masons protested furiously, ‘It won’t work!’ but we said, ‘Just give it a try!’ They poured water on the wooden planks, eased the sled off the rollers,

and next thing we knew it took off like a bar of soap.”

Once the team had hit upon this method, hauling the stones up progressively steeper gradients proved surprisingly easy. Even the problem of turning the ramp’s sharp corners was solved: stout posts were planted at each corner, and the laborers simply pivoted their ropes at right angles around the posts as they pulled around the corners.

If ramp-building and stone-hauling eventually proved quite easy, the alternative theory—jacking the stones up with levers—conspicuously failed the test. While one could easily lever up one end of the stone and pack pieces of wood underneath, the higher the block rose, the more precarious the operation became. By the time the block was two feet in the air—still only about halfway up to the level of the next tier—the whole mass of wood and stone would be wobbling. The technique proved time-consuming, used up lots of wood, and was tricky to manage on the narrow pyramid steps.

As each new level was completed, the resulting square platform would be carefully measured with strings and plumb bobs, and then compared with the previous square below. In this way Barnes and his crew could easily check critical dimensions and avoid the problem of twist. Lehner has found little socket holes drilled into many of the Great Pyramid’s steps; if we suppose that these held wooden pegs that in turn supported strings, then this checking procedure was evidently the practice of the ancient builders, too.

A final challenge was making sure that the casing blocks were cut to the correct angle so that the pyramid would have a smooth, uniform slope. Many armchair theorists have speculated that the Great Pyramid’s angle of about 52° was the product of complex, mystical math, but the *NOVA* team found an elementary way to reproduce that same angle. They measured and marked off a simple triangle on the side of each casing block—a triangle eleven units along the base by fourteen units high; such a proportion automatically gives an angle of 52°. Then the block was roughly trimmed to match the triangle.

Once a whole row of casing blocks was fitted in place, the outer surface of the pyramid was smoothed and finished; at this stage careful remeasuring

and eyeballing seemed quite adequate to achieve a precise, regular structure.

With practice, the *NOVA* pyramid builders settled into an efficient routine. "If we'd had three months instead of three weeks to work things out," Barnes says, "we could have built our pyramid faster than you could using modern machinery."

The experiment left Mark Lehner impressed with the simplicity of the required techniques as well as the audacious scale on which the Egyptians had applied them. "It's surprising how easily it's done with a little bit of practice and common sense," he comments. "It's all very feasible. What's amazing is not the technology—it's the marshaling of the resources and the fact that they used this same commonsense expertise to create a structure four hundred and eighty feet high: that implies a confidence that's truly breathtaking."

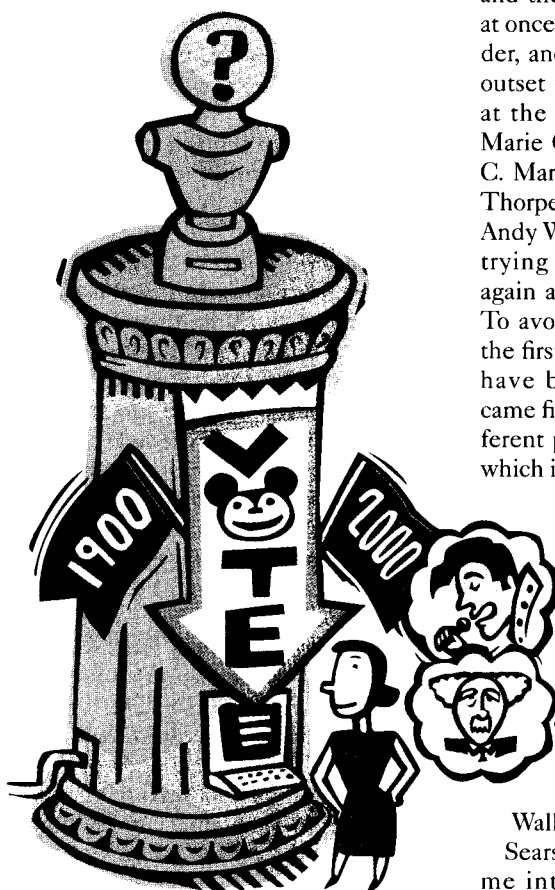
W E MAY NOW understand the how of pyramid building a little better, but what about the mystery of why: what lay behind the epic vision of the Pharaoh's architects? Surely not the mere mastery of technique and logistics which so preoccupies modern researchers and film producers. Above all, we know that the Egyptians were concerned with expressing and maintaining sacred traditions. In these traditions the power of the immortals, the divine status of the dead Pharaoh, and the authority of the state all merged into one—a union that the pyramid itself powerfully symbolized. Indeed, the Pharaoh's unwavering power was strikingly demonstrated in the engineering of his tomb, which called for the rigid control of measurements and angles year after year as the structure rose.

As we know from many ancient texts, the Egyptians visualized the pyramid as a kind of active sacred machine, working together with all the forces of nature to transform the soul of the Pharaoh. Moreover, this transformation happened not only once, at the Pharaoh's funeral, but every morning as the sun rose. Each night the King's spirit merged with the sun and the body of Osiris in the underworld, and at dawn it burst forth to reanimate all living things.

So the pyramid likely represented much more than a personal passport to heaven for the Pharaoh; it was probably built to reflect and sustain the entire

cosmos. The near perfection achieved by Cheops' architects only makes sense given a belief system in which every spell, every invocation, had to be performed perfectly to guarantee eternal life for all. Precision was never pursued as an end in itself, as it is in today's world, but was interwoven with the magic of the daily moment of rebirth.

—Evan Hadingham



LAKE BUENA VISTA

Vote of the Century

Who's the most meaningful of them all?

SOME PEOPLE say Mark Spitz. Elvis, of course, has his partisans. And Georgia O'Keeffe has hers. People have all manner of ideas about who deserves to be named "Person of the Century"—as I learned not long ago in the Electronic Forum, at Epcot Center, Lake Buena Vista, Florida. The Elec-

tronic Forum is a couple of rooms full of ATM-like kiosks in Epcot Center's Communicore East building. I walked in out of the sun to find a computer screen inviting me to take a stand, or stands, on the Person of the Century question by choosing up to three contenders from a list of eighty-nine names and a write-in blank.

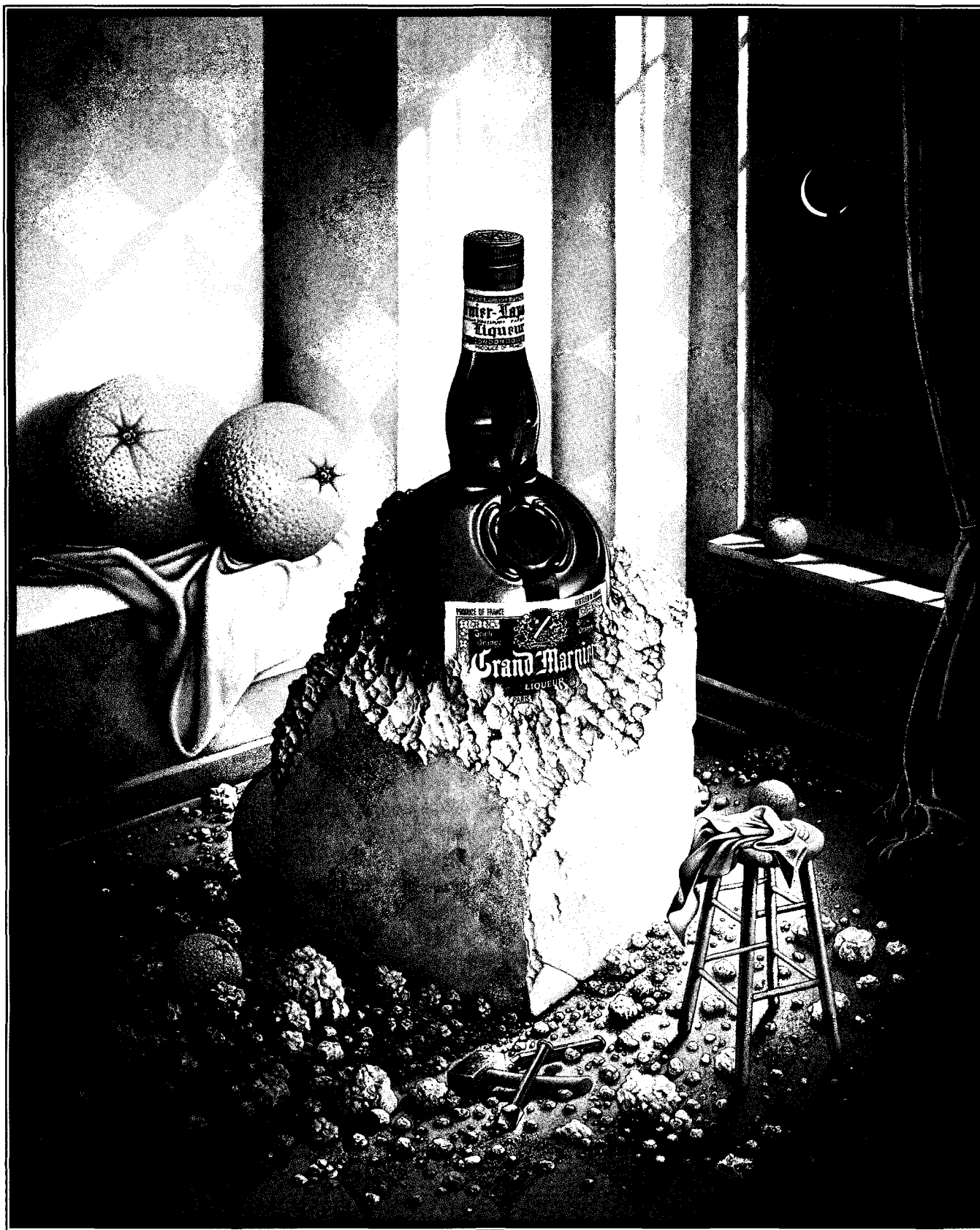
Only thirty names, or twenty-nine and the blank, appeared on the screen at once, but the list is in alphabetical order, and so it was pretty clear from the outset that I could call up more names at the touch of a button. Bill Cosby, Marie Curie . . . Mao Zedong, George C. Marshall, Maria Montessori . . . Jim Thorpe, Harry Truman, Donald Trump, Andy Warhol . . . I spoiled my first ballot trying to flip through the whole list again and again, and had to start over. To avoid the bias that would result if the first name in the alphabet (it would have been Muhammad Ali) always came first, the computer begins in a different place each time the list appears, which is to say every time you fulfill the preliminaries, such as inputting your sex, age group, and zip code.

Where did all these names come from? Who was winning? Quickly I found myself wanting to know more than I could learn there in the Electronic Forum, and so I went in search of Disney's Epcot Poll coordinator,

Wallace Sears.

Sears, a folksy, fortyish man, ushered me into a windowless office in the Magic Kingdom's City Hall, offered me a can of soda, and began to fill me in on the Electronic Forum. Ever since Epcot Center opened, in 1982, the Electronic Forum has been seeking opinions from people on such subjects as whether the United States should abolish the penny (no), and which state, if we had to sell off a state, we should sell (New York). Short-term surveys like these are still being conducted in one of the Electronic Forum's rooms. What is officially if unidiomatically known as the Epcot Poll Person of the Century took over the other room in January of 1990.

Prior to that, Sears told me, some 2,500 college and university presidents in places as far-flung as Moscow, New Delhi, and Nairobi had been polled to generate an initial list of candidates.



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Connecting You With Tomorrow

They were invited to nominate people in various categories, such as artists, athletes, statesmen, and scientists, and their choices appeared on the screen when Person of the Century was launched. Were the university presidents responsible for nominating Mark Spitz?, I wanted to know. Yes, and Spitz had been very high in the rankings at the outset, Sears told me, "because the university presidents overseas—in Europe and the Orient in particular—considered his six Olympic gold medals to be an absolute marvel of physical achievement."

THE COMPOSITION of the list will undoubtedly be rather different by the time the poll is wrapped up, on December 15, 1999. The computer program continually tallies write-ins, and the eighty-nine most popular names are selected and displayed. Anybody for whom anyone has voted will remain in the computer's memory until the end of the millennium—presumably in case an early, prescient vote for, say, Dan Quayle is one day needed to put him over the top. Thus far voters have proposed thousands and thousands of candidates. Ronald Reagan, for example, began as a write-in. And then he rocketed into the ranks of the top twenty-five vote-getters.

He rocketed, that is, into the ranks of the top twenty-five in the United States. Voting for Person of the Century has been taking place not only in Lake Buena Vista and, since February of 1990, at Disneyland, in Anaheim, but also at the Euro Disney site since December of that year, and at Tokyo Disneyland since September of 1991. These days it's the Disney empire on which the sun never sets. Voting stations have recently been installed off Disney property as well—at Info Mart, in Dallas, and at AMC cinema complexes in Kansas City, Atlanta, and Washington, D.C. Disney plans as the decade progresses to continue expanding the range of voting locations to include airports, museums, and other public spaces. And it is looking into adding noncomputer methods of voting—ballot boxes—to extend the project's geographical reach further still. When completed, Person of the Century will be the largest and longest-running public-opinion poll ever conducted on a single subject. "We're building this, and it is a gradual process. We want to be on all

seven continents," Sears told me matter-of-factly.

All the voting stations in the United States are linked by phone line, and share their tallies each week, but the ones abroad record their votes only on diskettes, and for the time being their tallies are kept separate. Which means that no one has any idea who is the Person of the Century to this point. But even if the Disney people knew, they wouldn't tell, in order to maintain suspense. In fact, Sears refused to reveal so much as who the U.S. front-runner is. Disney does at intervals release a list of the top twenty-five vote-getters at U.S. polling places. Four people who had ranked too low in the spring of 1990 even to appear on the screen have by now made their way into the top twenty-five: Neil Armstrong, George Bush, Michael Jordan, and Mother Teresa. That fact, however, may imply a greater volatility in the list than it actually seems to have. Although the last time Disney was willing to name a top "ten" (actually thirteen or fifteen, depending on how you count) was more than two years ago, all those names remain at least in the top twenty-five. The top eight were The Beatles, Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein, Mikhail Gorbachev, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., Franklin Roosevelt, and Walt Disney. By themselves male voters would have rounded out the top ten with Winston Churchill and Henry Ford; female voters would have chosen Jonas Salk and Lucille Ball.

Obviously, this poll is not scientific. For one thing, anyone can hang around the Electronic Forum all day voting for his or her favorite candidate. For another, the people who wander into the Electronic Forum and the other polling sites around the world aren't exactly a scientific sample of anything. What, then, does Disney think it's doing with Person of the Century?

"The point is," Sears told me, "that some way, somehow, all these people were thinking about this, just for a moment. It could be just the beginning. In some future poll people could give their opinions about something else—something more important."

Meanwhile, a ceremony to invest the Person of the Century has been scheduled for noon on January 1, 2000. By then, Disney hopes, a billion votes will have been cast.

—Barbara Wallraff

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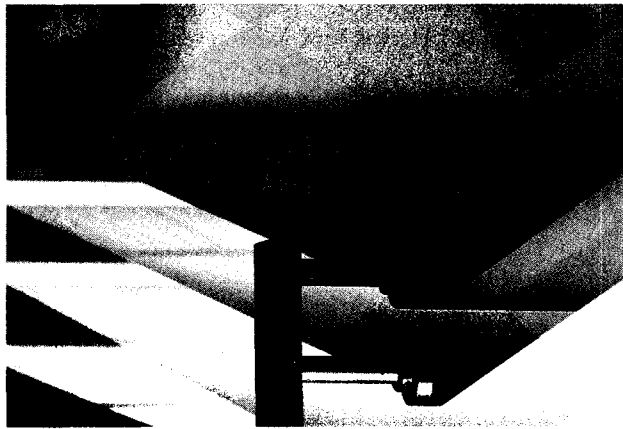
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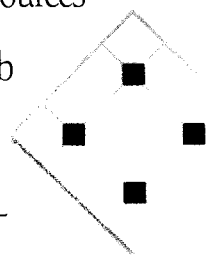
Producers of such foods as pasta gain in speed and quality from electric microwave drying processes.



Producers of such foods as pasta gain in speed and quality from electric microwave drying processes. Printers apply electric ultraviolet technologies to expedite the drying of



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THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE CHARACTER ISSUE

BY DOUGLAS L. WILSON



As the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth approaches, a Jefferson scholar reflects on Jefferson's life—and in particular on the enigma at its core: that a slaveholder should be the nation's most eloquent champion of equality. To understand how this could be so, the author explains, is to appreciate the perils of "presentism" and the difficulties that may impede the historical assessment of motive and character

"TODAY, MAKES YESTERDAY MEAN."
Emily Dickinson's gnomic utterance contains at least one undoubted truth—that the perspectives of the present invariably color the meanings we ascribe to the past. Nothing confirms this so readily as the changing reputations of historical figures, whose status often appears indexed to present-day preoccupations. It may be inevitable that every age should refashion its historical heroes in a contemporary idiom, but doing so carries with it an obvious and inherent danger. In imposing Today's meanings on Yesterday, we run the risk of distorting it—whether willfully, to suit our own purposes, or unintentionally,

by unwarranted assumptions and because of meager information. In this way we lose track of what might be considered the obverse of Emily Dickinson's remark: that Yesterday has meanings of its own that are prior to and necessarily independent of Today's.

Thomas Jefferson is one of the few historical Americans who need no introduction. Even the most abbreviated knowledge of American history, at home or abroad, includes the author of the Declaration of Independence. Identified around the world with democracy and human rights, Jefferson's name and words have been invoked for two hundred years in the cause of freedom and political reform. But here in his own country, where the name syn-

onymous with democracy is exhibited everywhere—on counties, cities, schools, streets, and every imaginable form of institution, business, and product—it sometimes seems that the man himself is receding from view, and that what is commonly thought and said about him gets harder and harder to reconcile with the great national hero. With the approach of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth, in 1743, it seems appropriate to note some of the ways in which Thomas Jefferson is remembered by the American public and to examine the historical lens through which the man and his contributions are seen.

ONLY A GENERATION AGO JEFFERSON WAS STILL considered to be and treated as an object of veneration, so closely identified with the spirit of America as to constitute a problem for the historian. In 1960 Merrill D. Peterson confronted this problem in one of the most revealing works of Jefferson scholarship, *The Jefferson Image in the American Mind*, which surveys what Jefferson has meant to succeeding generations of Americans. “Where the object is Jefferson,” Peterson wrote, the historian’s obligation to historical truth is compromised, in some degree, by his sense of obligation to the

affairs is the case of a prominent black civil-rights leader who complained not long ago that Jefferson’s alleged relationship with Hemings is not forthrightly acknowledged by the proprietors of Monticello, Jefferson’s residence, and who frankly confessed that this liaison had for him a positive effect in showing that, though a slaveholder, Jefferson was well disposed toward black people.

Although the charge that Jefferson had fathered several children by one of his slaves was first made public in his lifetime, by a vindictive journalist and office-seeker, James Callender, it was believed mainly by those who disparaged Jefferson for political reasons and was not credited by Jefferson scholars or the public at large. But that began to change in 1974, when Fawn M. Brodie published a widely read book on Jefferson in which she attempted to establish the truth of Callender’s charge as a prime biographical fact. Brodie’s thesis about Jefferson and Hemings is an embellished and controversial reading of the evidence, but what is more significant in the present context is that her story was well geared to the dispositions of her audience. She insisted that her object was not to pillory Jefferson or to make him out as a moral monster but merely to depict him as a man. If, as a wid-

QUESTION THAT WAS ONCE REASONABLY CLEAR HAS BECOME A MUDDLE: HOW SHOULD WE REMEMBER THE LEADING FIGURES OF OUR HISTORY? BY THEIR GREATEST ACHIEVEMENTS AND MOST IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTIONS OR BY THEIR PERSONAL FAILURES AND PECCADILLOES?

Jefferson symbol. Jefferson occupies such an important place in the symbolical architecture of this nation that the search for the elusive *himself* from the vaunted summit, Objectivity, must not be allowed to empty the symbol of meaning for “Jefferson’s children.”

It is a measure of the change that has occurred in the past thirty years that the one thing Jefferson’s children nowadays are most likely to associate with him, apart from his authorship of the Declaration of Independence, is a sexual liaison with one of his slaves, Sally Hemings. College teachers are often dismayed to discover that many if not most of their students now regard this as an accepted fact. But this is not all. In the prevailing ethos of the sexual revolution, Jefferson’s supposed liaison is widely received with equanimity and seems to earn him nothing more reproachful than a knowing smile. For most, such a liaison is apparently not objectionable, and for some, its presumed reality actually seems to work in his favor, showing him to have been not a stuffy moralist but a man who cleverly managed to appear respectable while secretly carrying on an illicit relationship. In effect, something that before the 1960s would have been universally considered a shameful blot on Jefferson’s character has become almost an asset. Confirming this state of

ower, he fell in love with a beautiful slave girl and took her as a mistress when she was fourteen years old, it was “not scandalous debauchery with an innocent slave victim,” she assured us, “but rather a serious passion that brought Jefferson and the slave woman much private happiness over a period lasting thirty-eight years.” Brodie’s benign version of the story has proved persuasive, and where previous versions had depicted such behavior as scandalous, hypocritical, or shameful, Jefferson and Hemings are represented as a pair of happy lovers, bravely defying the conventions of a sexually puritanical and racist society.

Compelling as this picture has proved to the American public, most Jefferson scholars and historians have remained unpersuaded. It is true that Jefferson was extremely protective of his personal life and went to considerable lengths to keep it private, but it does not follow, as Brodie would have us believe, that he must therefore have had something to hide. In accounting for Jefferson’s behavior in the context of his own time, rather than ours, it is difficult for knowledgeable authorities to reconcile a liaison with Hemings with much else that is known about him. Jefferson implicitly denied the charge, and such evidence as exists about the paternity of Hemings’s children

I give a gold watch to each of my grand children who shall not have already received one from me, to be purchased and delivered by my executor, to my grandsons at the age of 21 and grand daughters at that of sixteen.

I give to my good, affectionate and faithful servant Burwell his freedom, and the sum of three hundred dollars to buy necessaries to commence his trade of painter and glazier, or to use otherwise as he pleases. I give also to my good servants John Hemmings and Joe Foster their freedom at the end of one year after my death, and to each of them respectively all the tools of

~~the house~~ ~~shop, or exchange, to be made out of that a number of~~
log house be built for each of the three servants so emancipated on some part of my land convenient to them with respect to the residence of their wives, and to Warrentonville and the University, where they will be mostly employed, and reasonably convenient also to the interests of the proprietor of the lands of which I give the use of one, with a view to the use of an acre to each, for his life or personal occupation thereof.

I give also to John Hemmings the service of his two apprentices, Madison and Eston, ^{Hemmings} until their respective ages of twenty-one years, at which period respectively, I give them their freedom, and I humbly and respectfully request the Legislatures of Virginia a confirmation of the request directed to them, with permission to remain in this state where their families and connections are, as an additional instance of the favor of which I have received so many other manifestations in the course of my life, and for which I now give them my sincere, solemn, and devoted thanks.

In testimony that this is a codicil to my will of 1776, and that it is to modify so far the provisions of that will, I have written it as with my pen and ink, two pages, to each of which I subscribe my name this 17th day of March one thousand eight hundred and seventy six.

Th: Jefferson



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points not to Jefferson but to his nephews. It is, of course, impossible to prove a negative, but the real problem with Brodie's interpretation is that it doesn't fit Jefferson. If he did take advantage of Hemings and father her children over a period of twenty years, he was acting completely out of character and violating his own standards of honor and decency. For a man who took questions of morality and honor very seriously, such a hypocritical liaison would have been a constant source of shame and guilt. For his close-knit family, who worshipped him and lived too near to him to have been ignorant of such an arrangement, it would have been a moral tragedy of no small dimensions.

But haunted as he was by other troubles and difficulties, there is no sign of this sort of shame or guilt in Jefferson's life. That is why Brodie must present Jefferson and Hemings as a happy couple and their supposed life together as giving satisfaction and lasting pleasure. And whereas there are grounds for suspecting a liaison, such as the terms of Jefferson's will and the testimony of Hemings's son Madison, there are no grounds whatever for believing in what Brodie called the "private happiness" enjoyed by Jefferson and Hemings. That is pure speculation. Because Brodie's thesis deals in such unwarranted assumptions, the great Jefferson biographer Dumas Malone regarded it as "without historical foundation." But what makes it possible for the American public to take the Sally Hemings story to heart, even more than the suspicious circumstances, seems to be a prevailing presentism.

"PRESENTISM" IS THE TERM THAT HISTORIANS USE for applying contemporary or otherwise inappropriate standards to the past. An awkward term at best, it nevertheless names a malaise that currently plagues American discussions of anything and everything concerning the past: the widespread inability to make appropriate allowances for prevailing historical conditions. The issue of presentism is hardly new, but it has perhaps been amplified of late by the debunking and revisionist spirit of the times and the effect this has had on public perceptions. As

Indian camp contin?		Guinea contin?	
* Will.		Peter. Aug. 1770.	
* Judy.		Sally. 1773.	
Jemmy.		Daniel (grandson) 1772.	
York. 1764.		+ Aggy.	
* Abby. she is said to have been older than he. may be 1764. probably born at 1758.		Jemmy. 1764.	
Jesse. Nov. 1772. Abby's son.		Dick. 1767.	
* Ambrose.		* Sall.	
* Hannah.		Aggy. 1769.	
Harry. 1770.		Jemmy. 1771.	
Nanny. 1772.		Bridge quarter.	
Angola.		* Will.	
* Cate.		* Betty.	
* Cuffey.		* Tom.	
* Stephen.		* Isabel.	
Sall. 1764.		Liggon's.	
Phill. 1766.		* Peter.	
Daniel. 1772.		* Hannah.	
		Betty. 1772.	
* Sam.		Forest.	
* Nancy.		+ Martin. 1756.	
Guinea.		Bob. 1762.	
+ Betty Hemings.		Dinah. 1761.	
Nancy. 1764.		Billy Harry. 1763.	
Jemmy. 1768.		* Lucy.	
Thenia. 1769.		+ Sueh.	
Eriza. 1769.		+ Old Jemmy.	
		* Mingo.	
		* Tom Shackelford.	

INHERITED SLAVES, RECORDED IN JEFFERSON'S FARM BOOK

ly been ignored or suppressed, it is hardly surprising that almost all the revisionist news, at least where traditional American heroes are concerned, is bad. A question that was once reasonably clear has become a muddle: How should we remember the leading figures of our history? By their greatest achievements and most important contributions or by their personal failures and peccadilloes? Can one category cancel out the other? In a sense these reversals of fortune are inevitable, inasmuch as nothing ever keeps its place in a world of incessant change. It is perhaps an instance of what the historian Henry Adams called the law of acceleration—the tendency of change to come faster and faster—that John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr., whose murders elevated them to martyrdom, should both come in for reappraisal while their memories and legacies are still fresh. Do the revelations about such things as Kennedy's womanizing, his not-so-heroic war record, and his non-authorship of a book for which he accepted the Pulitzer Prize detract from his positive accomplishments as President? Do the revelations about King's philandering and his plagiarism as a graduate student have any bearing on his conspicuous achievements as a civil-rights leader? Or is this a case of asking the question backward? Is it perhaps more appropriate and revealing to ask, Are the significant contributions of Kennedy and King, which affected the lives of millions of

the uncritically positive and unabashedly patriotic approach that for so long characterized the teaching of American history in the public schools has abated, the emphasis has steadily shifted to the problems and failures of the past. The saga of the glories of the old West has thus given way to a saga of exploitation and greed. Pride in conquering the wilderness has yielded to the shame of despoiling the land and dispossessing the indigenous peoples. What seems to have happened is that a laudably corrective trend has predominated to such an extent that the emphasis seems somehow reversed, and parents complain that they scarcely recognize the history their children are taught.

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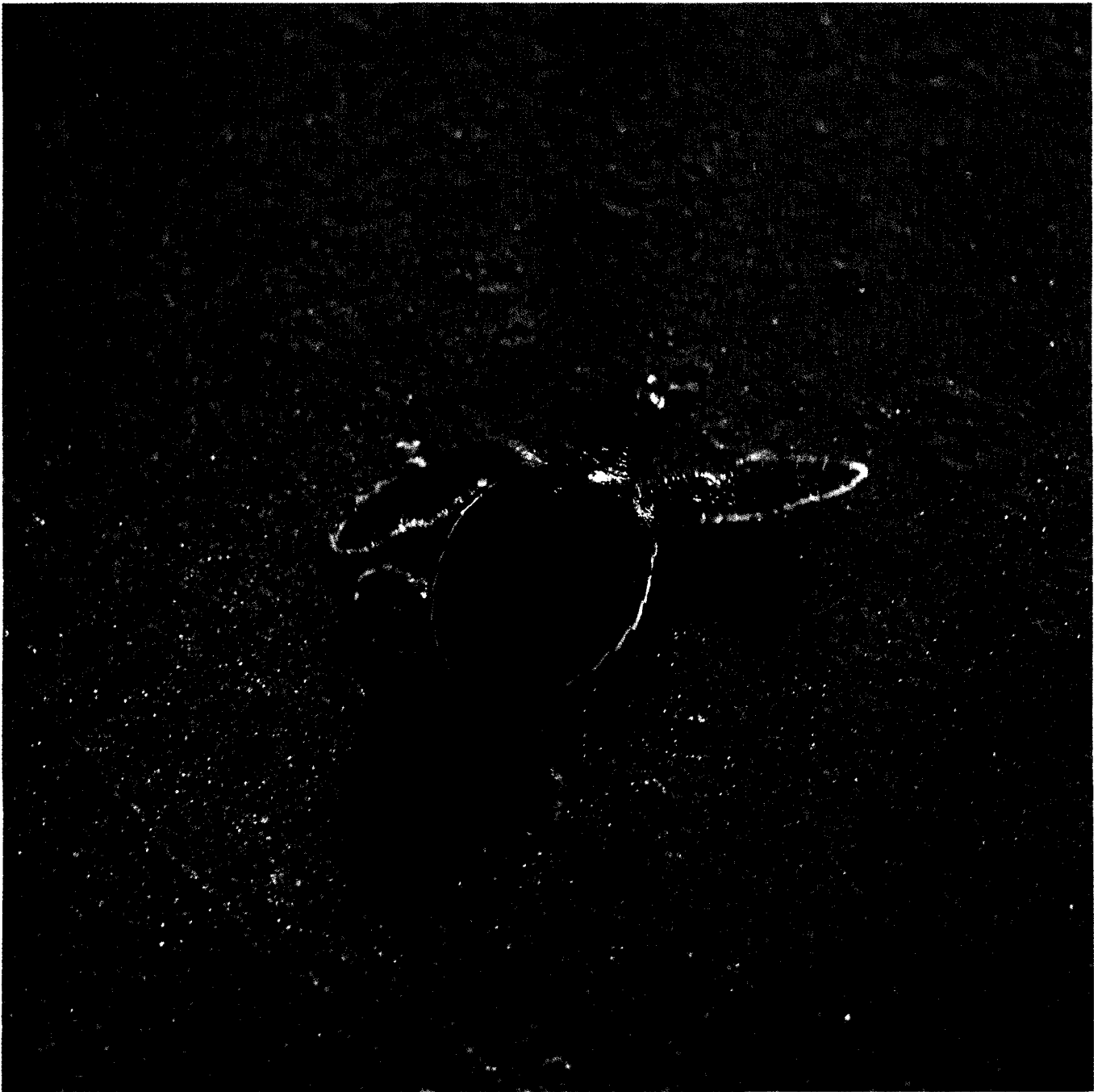
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Americans, in any way diminished by subsequent revelations about their shortcomings and failings in other areas?

In this climate the difficulties of judging a figure like Thomas Jefferson by an appropriate standard are considerably compounded. One who writes voluminously over a long time may easily have his own words quoted against him or cited to prove that he held views later modified or abandoned. Jefferson was pre-eminently such a person. On this point Merrill D. Peterson has observed,

His speculative and practical sides were frequently confused. Few men took into account that Jefferson's private self, as expressed in his letters, might not coincide with his public self. Or that his opinion at one time might not represent his opinion under different circumstances. Or that a man of his intellectual temperament did not often bother to qualify felicitous generalizations.

In some ways that are little recognized, Jefferson is surprisingly modern and accessible to the present age. His pronounced notions about health, for example, which seemed somewhat odd to previous generations, appear nowadays in an entirely different light. He believed strongly that regular exercise was essential to physical and

disadvantages of large cities have today a resonance that was unheard or unheeded by previous generations.

Because he was attracted to laborsaving devices and was an ingenious adopter and adapter of new gadgets, Jefferson has gained a reputation as an inventor, but aside from a few items—an innovative moldboard for a plough, a revolving book stand—he probably invented little. Though he used and enthusiastically promoted the polygraph, a machine for making simultaneous copies of a written document, he did not invent it, and could not even keep his own in repair. But the fact that Jefferson is perceived as an inventor tells us something about the way he is valued. Abraham Lincoln was much interested in inventions and even went so far as to have one of his own patented, but this fact has made little impression on his admirers and is entirely absent from the legend.

President Kennedy paid a famous tribute to the multiplicity of Jefferson's talents, but they have always been regarded as astonishing. James Parton, one of Jefferson's nineteenth-century biographers, gave his dazzling range of abilities a dramatic accent when he characterized his subject as a man who "could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break

*H*OW COULD THE MAN WHO WROTE THAT "ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL" OWN SLAVES? THIS IS THE QUESTION MOST PERSISTENTLY ASKED OF THOSE WHO WRITE ABOUT THOMAS JEFFERSON, AND BY ALL INDICATIONS IT IS THE THING THAT CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS FIND MOST VEXING ABOUT HIM.

mental well-being. As a college student, he developed a regimen of daily running to keep himself fit, and he came to believe in later life that walking was the most salutary form of exercise for the ordinary person. On the subject of diet he also held strong views, which minimized meat and animal products and emphasized instead the prime importance of vegetables. For our own time, at least, Jefferson turns out to have been something of a health-food prophet.

Whether his leading ideas on politics and government will prove as resilient remains to be seen. In spite of his great reputation as a statesman, many of these have proved as counter to the prevailing currents of American history as his prejudice against large cities and manufacturing. He could never reconcile himself, for example, to the Supreme Court's deciding the constitutionality of laws and acts of the executive—a development he regarded as unwarranted and disastrous. His preference for a small central government and his insistence on the prerogatives of the states have been strongly rebuffed, if not virtually obliterated, by decisive turns in our national development. Although history cannot be reversed, the relative size and power of the central government is once more (or still) at issue, as is the proper scope and authority of the Supreme Court. Even Jefferson's views on the

a horse, dance a minuet, and play the violin." And Parton was describing a young Jefferson who had not yet written the Declaration. When the world's leading scientist and explorer, Alexander von Humboldt, came to visit Jefferson in Washington in 1804, he came to see not the President of the United States so much as the president of the American Philosophical Society and the author of *Notes on the State of Virginia* (1785). Had he visited the President at his home in Virginia, he would have seen what was perhaps the finest private library in America, which later became the foundation of the Library of Congress.

Not all of Jefferson's extraordinary talents are fully recognized by the public at large. One that is not is his great achievement as an architect. Self-taught from books and, until he went abroad, almost without worthy architectural models to observe, Jefferson managed to design a number of memorable structures. The residence of his that crowns (and names) a small mountain in the Virginia Piedmont has become one of the most familiar objects in American iconography. And Jefferson can claim credit for not just one Monticello but two: the domed structure represented on the back of the nickel is his second version of the house, which superseded the first one on the same site, and is dramatically different.

Part of the evidence for Jefferson's distinction as an architect is found in his beautifully detailed drawings, some of which reveal fanciful structures that were never built. But his most original and most imaginative design, and the one recognized by professional architects as among the greatest of all American architectural achievements, is his "academical village"—the campus of the University of Virginia. In forming his conception Jefferson effectively reinvented the idea of the university, from the innovative curriculum to the unique arrangement and design of the buildings. Here those seeking his monument have only to look about them.

Although he was a many-sided and multi-talented man who left a lasting imprint on a number of endeavors, there seems to be little doubt that Jefferson's pre-eminent contribution to the world was the Declaration of Independence—particularly its enduring affirmations of liberty and equality. In the prologue of the Declaration these affirmations were made the axioms from which the rights of revolution and self-government could confidently be deduced. The idea of individual liberty was not, of course, original with Jefferson, or exclusively an American invention. It was fostered in Western Europe by philosophers, religious dissidents, and political rebels, but it took root tenaciously among transplanted Europeans in the New World and, with the founding of the American republic, received its most durable expression in the Declaration of Independence. To the Declaration's studious and deeply learned author, many of what had passed in the history of the world for the prerogatives of governmental power were arbitrary and intolerable restraints on individual freedom. In fact, it is not too much to say that Jefferson's reigning political passion was a hatred of tyranny. And although his fear of the tyrannous abuse of power has sometimes been judged excessive, it is hard to argue that tyranny has ever been, or is even now, in short supply.

If it is possible to reduce so complex an issue to its simplest terms, one might venture that for Jefferson the paramount political issue in the American Revolution was what he called liberty and what we now call personal freedom, or choice. It was and remains the virtual sine qua

non of American culture, something that Americans from the first have been strongly conscious of and willing to fight for. But what has become the most familiar and the most quoted phrase in the Declaration—"all men are created equal"—is about something else. It is an intriguing fact that although Americans generally understand that the prologue to the Declaration is their charter of freedom, even more indelibly impressed upon their imagination is its affirmation of the ideal of human equality.

HOW COULD THE MAN WHO WROTE THAT "ALL MEN are created equal" own slaves? This, in essence, is the question most persistently asked of those who write about Thomas Jefferson, and by all indications it is the thing that contemporary Americans find most vexing about him.

In a recent series of some two dozen radio talk shows, I was asked this question on virtually every program, either by the host or by a caller. Most often, those who point to this problem admire Jefferson, and they appear as reluctant to give up their admiration as they would be to give up the principle of equality itself. But they are genuinely baffled by the seeming contradiction.

The question carries a silent assumption that because he practiced slaveholding, Jefferson must have somehow believed in it, and must therefore have been a hypocrite. My belief is that this way of asking the question, as in the cases of Kennedy and King, is essentially

backward, and reflects the pervasive presentism of our time. Consider, for example, how different the question appears when inverted and framed in more historical terms: How did a man who was born into a slaveholding society, whose family and admired friends owned slaves, who inherited a fortune that was dependent on slaves and slave labor, decide at an early age that slavery was morally wrong and forcefully declare that it ought to be abolished?

Though stating the same case, these are obviously different questions, focusing on different things, but one is framed in a historical context and the other ignores historical circumstances. The rephrased question reveals that what is truly remarkable is that Jefferson went against his society and his own self-interest to denounce

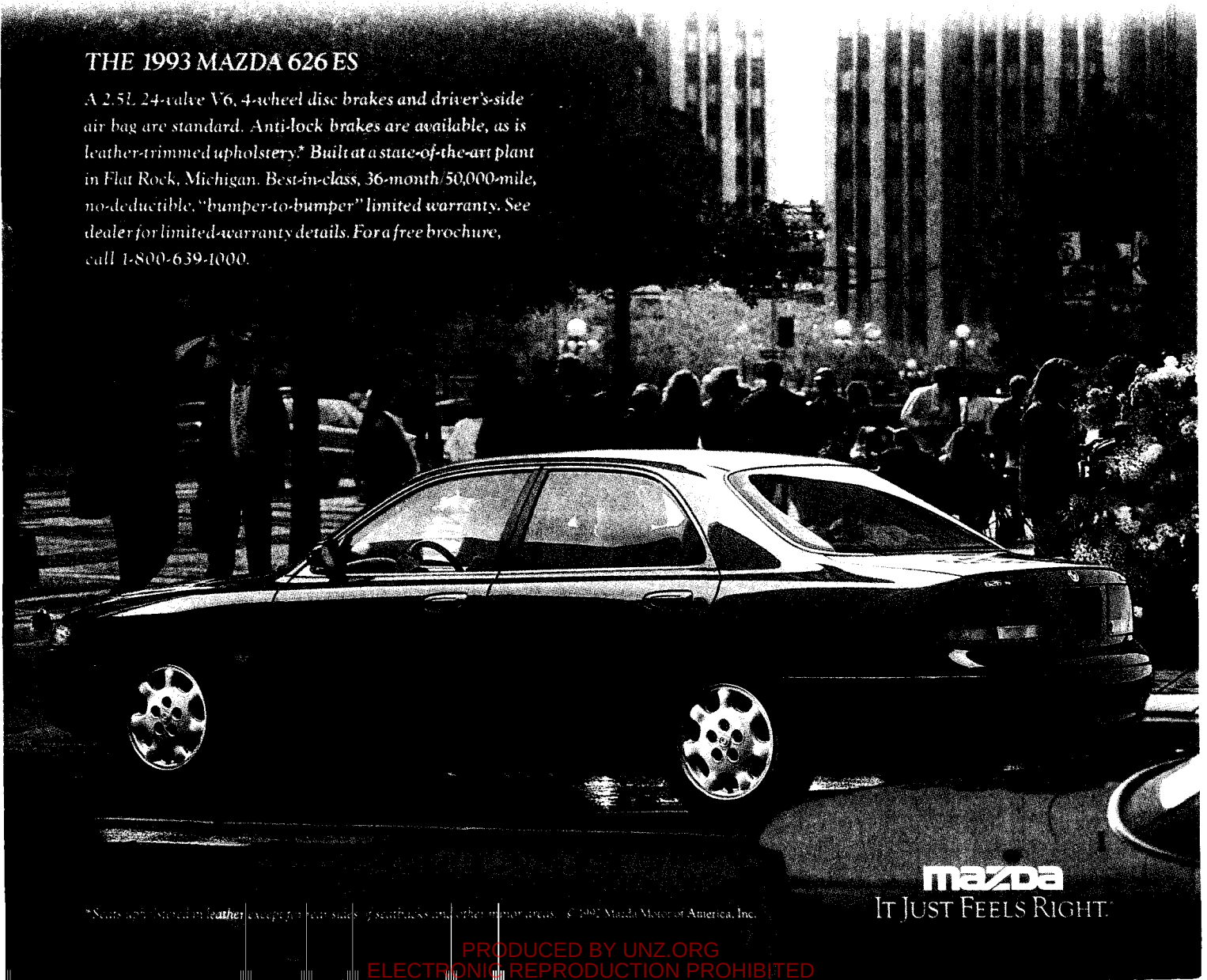


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But when our courts expand the traditional concepts of liability, causing defendants to pay excessive compensation, we add to the costs we all pay for goods and services. We encourage companies to stop research and development on new products. And we even make it harder for American companies to compete overseas.

PAYING A HIDDEN TAX.

In reality, the American system of liability has become the source of a hidden tax on our economy—a tax that can account for as much as 50% of the price paid for a product.

What's worse, it has been estimated that this hidden tax amounts to \$80 billion a year—a sum equal to the combined profits of the nation's 200 largest corporations.

Our economic competitors' legal systems do not encourage litigation to the extent we do. Consider, for example, that there are 30 times more lawsuits per capita in the U.S. than in Japan.

Is it any wonder that America is having a tough time competing in overseas markets?

UNCERTAINTY STIFLES ENTERPRISE.

The unpredictability of our liability system is also enormously costly to American competitiveness. For example, in a recent survey of CEOs, the Conference Board found that worry about potential liability lawsuits caused 47% of firms surveyed to discontinue one or more product lines. What's more, 25% stopped certain product research and development, and 39% decided



against coming out with a new product. Meanwhile, our overseas competitors continue to research and develop new products at an ever-increasing pace.

ARE WE CONTROLLING RISKS OR INCREASING THEM?

When we give a drunk driver the right to sue an automaker or highway engineer for a million dollars after a crash, are we controlling risk?

Or just encouraging risky and careless behavior?

If you are a manufacturer, you can be sued even if your product has state-of-the-art safety features. Even if your customer misused it against your instructions. Even if the risks of misuse were obvious.

When fear of lawsuits causes physicians to limit

liability system is essential if in overseas markets.

services to patients—or worse, to abandon their practice altogether—lack of adequate treatment means greater risks for everyone.

Is this controlling risk or increasing it?

It's an unhealthy and dangerous situation that needs correcting.

WE MUST REFORM OUR "DEEP POCKETS" APPROACH TO LIABILITY.

Specifically, we need to change our approach and base liability suits on fault.

Our current system often encourages the frivolous suing of those with the ability to pay—in other words, those with "deep pockets." But does it make sense to hold such parties entirely liable, even if they were only minimally at fault?

A MORE RATIONAL APPROACH.

Those who suffer economic losses because of another's negligence should be fairly reimbursed. No one could argue with this principle. There should also be just compensation for pain and suffering resulting from real and severe injuries.

But can we afford to continue a system that encourages litigation and financial judgments bearing little direct relationship to fault or to the actual cost of injuries suffered?

Clearly, a better approach is needed.

CONGRESS HAS A ROLE.

Legislation providing a uniform product liability standard would allow American companies to compete without the burdens of excessive liability risks. And this would unclog the courts and put American business in a stronger position as barriers to international trade and investment fall.

There is proposed legislation before Congress

dealing with these issues. A solution to the liability crisis is vital to American competitiveness, and Congress can play a role in restoring the right balance.

SO DO THE COURTS.

When all is said and done, our courts are the interpreters of our laws and our values. It's our values as a society that count, especially as reflected in the courts and individual jury decisions.

Together our legislative and judicial branches must recognize the damage being done to American competitiveness from the current liability system. And help America restore the proper balance.

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gave for doubting the possibility of integration—"deep rooted prejudices entertained by the whites; ten thousand recollections, by the blacks, of the injuries they have sustained; new provocations; [and] the real distinctions which nature has made"—are the same reasons often cited by black separatists, who entertain the same misgivings.

But if Jefferson's being a separatist can be accounted for, what can be said about his invidious comparison of the natural endowments of blacks with those of whites, or with those of American Indians, whom he found to be on a par with whites? His own testimony suggests an answer, for he admitted that his acquaintance with blacks did not extend to the African continent and embraced only black people who had been born in and forced to live under the degrading conditions of slavery. "It will be right to make great allowances for the difference of condition, of education, of conversation, of the sphere in which they move," Jefferson wrote, but it is evident in the hindsight of two hundred years that his estimate of the capabilities of blacks failed to make sufficient allowances, particularly for the things he himself named. It is perhaps poetic justice that posterity should be liable to the same kind of mistake in judging him.

concluding that blacks were fit only for slavery. This rationalization of slavery was indeed the common coin of slaveholders and other whites who condoned or tolerated the "peculiar" institution, but it formed no part of Jefferson's thinking. In fact, he took the opposite position: that having imposed the depredations of slavery on blacks, white Americans should not only emancipate them but also educate and train them to be self-sufficient, provide them with necessary materials, and establish a colony in which they could live as free and independent people.

BUT IF GOING BACK TO ORIGINAL SOURCES AND HISTORICAL contexts is essential in discerning the meanings that Today has imposed on Yesterday, it is equally important in determining how Yesterday's meanings have colored Today's. The concept of equality that is universally recognized in our own time as a fundamental principle of American society only had its beginnings in the eighteenth century; it did not emerge full-blown from the Declaration of Independence.

Whenever he sent correspondents a copy of the Declaration, Jefferson transcribed the text in such a way as to show what the Continental Congress had added to his

IN AN AWKWARD TERM AT BEST, "PRESENTISM" NEVERTHELESS NAMES A MALAISE THAT PLAGUES AMERICAN DISCUSSIONS OF ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING CONCERNING THE PAST: THE WIDESPREAD INABILITY TO MAKE APPROPRIATE ALLOWANCES FOR PREVAILING HISTORICAL CONDITIONS.

But if Jefferson's beliefs add up to a kind of racism, we must specify two important qualifications. First, that Jefferson offered his conclusions as a hypothesis only, acknowledging that his own experience was not a sufficient basis on which to judge an entire race. Had he lived long enough to meet the ex-slave Frederick Douglass or hear the searing eloquence of his oratory, he would have recognized intellectual gifts in a black man that were superior to those of most whites. Douglass's oratory brings us to the second qualification, which is a telling one. Attacking the justifications for slavery in 1854, Douglass observed,

Ignorance and depravity, and the inability to rise from degradation to civilization and respectability, are the most usual allegations against the oppressed. The evils most fostered by slavery and oppression are precisely those which slaveholders and oppressors would transfer from their system to the inherent character of their victims. Thus the very crimes of slavery become slavery's best defence. By making the enslaved a character fit only for slavery, they excuse themselves for refusing to make the slave a freeman.

Although we may find Jefferson guilty of failing to make adequate allowance for the conditions in which blacks were forced to live, Jefferson did not take the next step of

draft and what it had cut out. The process of congressional emendation was clearly a painful memory for him, and the deletion about which he probably felt the most regret was also the most radical of the passages, for it undertook to blame the King of England directly for the African slave trade. It begins,

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating it's most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. . . . Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce.

Had this passage been ratified as part of the official Declaration, then a question often raised in the nineteenth century—Did Jefferson mean to include blacks in the language of the Declaration?—would have been susceptible of a clear-cut and demonstrable answer. For, as the political scientist Jean Yarbrough has recently pointed out, this passage says unmistakably that the Africans captured into slavery were not a separate category of beings but men,

+ Dr. Franklin

abolishing our most ^{valuable} important laws
for taking away our charters & altering fundamentally the forms of our governments
for suspending our own legislatures & declaring themselves invested with power to
legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.
He has abdicated government here, [by declaring us out of his protection & waging war against us],
withdrawing his governors, & declaring us out
of his allegiance & protection.]

he has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns & destroyed the
lives of our people:

he is at this time transporting large armies of ^{infantry and other} foreign mercenaries to complete the work of destruction. This war has already begun with considerable severity and will in the near future spread to all Italy.

of cruelty & perfidy unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

he has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, & conditions of existence.

He has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens, with the

[illegible]

-red rights of life & liberty in the persons of a distant people who never
founded him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another home.

-sphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. The

primitive warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the

Christian king of Great Britain, determined to keep open a market

where MEN should be bought & sold he has prostituted his negative

for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this

execrable commerce; and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact

of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms

amongst, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them,

by ^PDavid's sin upon whom he also abounded them. They pay in

off former crimes committed against the Liberties of one people, with crimes

which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.]

† Dr. Fadden

in every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble

terms; our repeated petitions have been answered ^{only} by repeated injuries. a province

whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant," is unfit

to be the ruler' of a people [who mean to be free]. future ages will scarce believe'

that the hardiness of one man^{to} adventured within the short compass of twelve years
to find if "good Sunday's" or "winnings"

~~"only" ^{to the} ^{point} ^{of} ^{the} ^{fact} ^{that} ^{the} ^{people} ^{are} ^{not} ^{yet} ^{fixed} ⁱⁿ ^{principle}~~

1. Liberty of conscience

with the sacred rights of life and liberty that are said in the prologue of the Declaration to be the natural endowments of all men. It is precisely in having these same rights that the prologue asserts that all men are created equal.

This deleted passage also provides an answer to a question often raised in the twentieth century: Did Jefferson mean to include women in the phrase "all men are created equal"? Implicit in the passage is that "men" is being used in the broader sense of "mankind," for those who were cruelly transported to be "bought & sold" on the slave market were certainly female as well as male.

That blacks and women were meant to be included in the affirmations of Jefferson's Declaration at a time when they enjoyed nothing remotely like political and social equality underscores a source of continuing confusion for contemporary Americans—the difference between a philosophical conception of natural rights and a working system of laws and societal values which allows for the fullest expression of those rights. In our own time the stubbornly persistent disparity between these two is often a source of cynicism and despair, but a Jeffersonian perspective would put more emphasis on the considerable progress made in closing the gap. Jefferson himself was sustained by a profound belief in progress. His unshakable conviction that the world was steadily advancing, not only in the material but also in the moral sphere, is abundantly evident in his writings. Though sometimes criticized as being naive in this regard, he was fully aware that his belief embraced the prospect of recurrent political and social transformations. Writing from retirement at the age of seventy-three, he told a correspondent that "laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind."

As that becomes more developed, more enlightened, as new discoveries are made, new truths disclosed, and manners and opinions change with the change of circumstances, institutions must advance also, and keep pace with the times. We might as well require a man to wear still the coat which fitted him when a boy, as civilized society to remain ever under the regimen of their barbarous ancestors.

One way of looking at American history from Jefferson's day down to our own is as the series of changes and adjustments in our laws and institutions necessitated by the ideals implicit in Jefferson's Declaration. Sometimes the effect of these ideals has been simply to prevent other, incompatible ideals from gaining ascendancy, as in the case of Social Darwinism, whose notions of the natural inferiority of certain racial and social groups were impeded

by the prevalence and familiarity of the Declaration's precepts. But without doubt the most important event in the development of the American ideal of equality, after Jefferson's Declaration, was Abraham Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. Without any warrant from the founders themselves or from subsequent interpreters or historians, Lincoln declared that not only the essential meaning of the Civil War but also the national purpose itself was epitomized in Jefferson's phrase "all men are created equal."

As Garry Wills has cogently argued, Lincoln at Gettysburg was practicing not presentism but futurism. In the most stunning act of statesmanship in our history, he invested Jefferson's eighteenth-century notion of equality with an essentially new meaning and projected it onto the future of the nation. Transfigured in the context of civil war, and transformed by Lincoln into a larger and more consequential ideal, Jefferson's formulation would never be the same. Thanks in large part to Lincoln, Americans no longer understand the prologue of the Declaration as a philosophical expression of natural rights, but rather take it to be a statement about the social and political conditions that ought to prevail.

Jefferson's Declaration is thus remarkable not only for its durability—its ability to remain meaningful and relevant—but also for its adaptability to changing conditions. At a time when natural rights are widely proclaimed a nullity, the language of the Declaration is universally understood as affirming human rights, and is resorted to even by those who do not consciously associate their ideas or aspirations with Jefferson. When the black separatist Malcolm X underwent a change of heart about white people and publicly renounced the "sweeping indictments of one race," he told an audience in Chicago, "I am not a racist and do not subscribe to any of the tenets of racism. In all honesty and sincerity it can be stated that I wish nothing but freedom, justice, and equality; life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—for all people." Simply to name the most basic American ideals is to invoke the words of Jefferson.

"Today, makes Yesterday mean." In the light of the foregoing at least one more meaning for Emily Dickinson's evocative phrase emerges: that the constantly shifting conditions of the present serve to revivify the past, offering it up as a subject for renewed exploration. Thus we can never hope to say the last word about our history—about Thomas Jefferson, for example—because we are continually having to re-open the past and consider its transactions anew in the light of an unforeseen and unforeseeable present. □

CREDITS: *Portrait of Thomas Jefferson painted from life in 1791 by Charles Wilson Peale—Independence National Historical Park Collection; page two of a codicil to Thomas Jefferson's will—Thomas Jefferson Papers, Special Collections Department, Manuscript Division, University of Virginia Library; page from Thomas Jefferson's Farm Book—Massachusetts Historical Society; daguerrotype of Isaac taken by John Plumbe Jr., circa 1845—Tracy W. McGregor Library, Special Collections Department, University of Virginia Library; manuscript page from Thomas Jefferson's Notes on the State of Virginia—Massachusetts Historical Society; page three of Thomas Jefferson's rough draft of the Declaration of Independence—Library of Congress. Special thanks to Peter Drummey of the Massachusetts Historical Society.*

The Sulka Shoe



LONDON **S** NEW YORK **U** PARIS **L** BEVERLY HILLS **K** SAN FRANCISCO **A** CHICAGO

*Wildlife managers increasingly face this decision:
whether to slaughter one species in order to save another*

WEEDING THE GARDEN

BY ANDREW NEAL COHEN

FOUR MEN ADVANCED IN A RAGGED LINE ACROSS Green Island, a low, treeless bit of windswept land emerging from the Gulf of Maine. Eyes to the ground, the men called out to a fifth who trailed behind them, taking notes. Gulls floated lazily just overhead, while waves of sibilant chatter rose from a raft of eider ducks sheltered in the lee of the island, waiting for the men to depart. The rocks and grassy hummocks were thick with nests, and the searchers stepped gingerly.

"Eider nest. Eider nest."

"Yup."

"Gull nest."

"Yup."

"Eider nest."

"Gull nest."

"Yup."

"Eider nest. Eider flush."

A female eider leaped into the air and shot low over a tangled ridge to join the waiting raft. Four olive-drab eggs snuggled in a bowl of down that she had plucked from her own breast. Passing these nests, the men plucked at the down themselves in a token gesture at covering the unprotected eggs.

"Two eider nests."



"Gull nest."

"Gull nest."

The gull nests also held eggs—the larger eggs of great black-backed gulls and the slightly smaller eggs of herring gulls, both splotted with brown. Into each gull nest surgical-gloved hands deposited two or three "baits"—or little sandwiches made of margarine spread between cubes of bread.

"One eider nest."

"Gull nest. Wait—make that two gull nests."

Mixed into the margarine was a powdery white substance that Thomas Goettel, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service biologist in charge of the operation, had carefully measured out from a canister the day before. The label on the canister read RESTRICTED USE PESTICIDE. 1339 GULL TOXICANT 98% CONCENTRATE. DANGER—POISON. The label went on to describe human-health hazards, proper methods of application, and the toxicant's effect on gulls, causing death from kidney failure within twenty-four to forty-eight hours. It was Goettel's hope that the gulls flying overhead would return to their nests, eat the poisoned bait, and quietly keel over and die.

"You know, I didn't join Fish and Wildlife to kill gulls," Goettel says. He just wanted to save terns.

Striking Back

HERRING GULLS AND GREAT BLACK-BACKED gulls are notorious predators of the eggs and young of terns and other seabirds, and they easily outcompete the smaller and less aggressive terns for island nesting sites. Petit Manan Island, just half a mile south of Green Island and connected to it by a cobble beach at low tide, was historically one of the most important tern colonies in Maine. Petit Manan's flat terrain and low vegetation provided abundant nesting sites for terns, and the island's lighthouse keepers, perennially at war with the pestiferous gulls, killed any that tried to nest there. But when the Coast Guard automated Petit Manan Light, in 1972, and the last lighthouse keeper departed, the gulls took over and chased out the terns. Within a decade the Petit Manan tern colony had been wiped out.

In 1984 the Fish and Wildlife Service struck back. That spring Goettel



and his colleagues poisoned the Petit Manan gulls with Toxicant 1339, and in two weeks several hundred terns were claiming nesting sites on the island. More terns arrived in the following years, and Petit Manan is now once again one of Maine's largest tern colonies, with three species of nesting terns—common terns, arctic terns, and the endangered roseate terns—along with hundreds of nesting guillemots and thirteen nesting pairs of rare Atlantic puffins. It is in order to protect these birds that Tom Goettel routinely poisons the gulls on Green Island.

The use of Toxicant 1339 to kill gulls in New England was promoted by the National Audubon Society, which in 1971 asked Fish and Wildlife to clear the gulls off Matinicus Rock, on the coast of Maine, where they had been preying on a colony of Atlantic puffins. Since then gulls have been killed on several other islands in Maine and Massachusetts to allow for the recovery of puffin and tern colonies.

Ironically, in the past wildlife enthusiasts worked to protect gulls. In the late nineteenth century, after egg gatherers and plume hunters had nearly wiped out New England's gulls, local Audubon societies contributed money to hire wardens to guard the few colonies that remained. Despite these efforts, by the turn of the century only about 8,000 nesting pairs of herring gulls were left, confined to the outer islands of Maine. But with the passage of laws that banned seabird hunting and egg collecting, and that established seabird refuges, and with abundant new sources of food from landfills, sewage outfalls, and the discarded wastes of an expanding fishing industry, gull populations exploded. Gulls extended their nesting range down the Maine coast and into New Hampshire and Massachusetts by 1920, to New Jersey and Maryland by 1950, and to North Carolina by 1960. Current estimates place the nesting population at 150,000 pairs, and the total population at more than a million birds.

As their numbers soared, gulls increasingly became a nuisance. Flocks at airports posed a danger to planes on landing and takeoff, at reservoirs they were suspected of contaminating water supplies, and at garbage dumps and sewage ponds they were considered vermin—rats with wings. But most attempts to reduce their numbers have been dismal failures. From 1940 to 1953 the largest attempt ever made to control gulls began in Maine. Teams of workers sprayed nearly a million eggs with a mixture of oil and formaldehyde, which suffocated the developing embryos but preserved the eggs so that the parent gulls continued incubating them rather than laying new



ED FOXES, HAWKS, AND OTHER PREDATORS HAVE BEEN KILLED TO PROTECT THE EGGS AND CHICKS OF ENDANGERED LEAST TERNS AND CLAPPER RAILS. COYOTES HAVE BEEN GUNNED DOWN FROM HELICOPTERS.

ones. At best, however, this effort only delayed the gulls' increase, and some researchers, noting a contemporaneous surge in the Massachusetts gull population, believe that the main effect was to encourage the gulls to spread southward.

Then, in the 1960s, William Drury, the research director for the Massachusetts Audubon Society, began a series of studies on methods of lethal gull control. He and his co-workers tore apart nests, broke eggs, harassed and shot gulls, introduced predators into gull colonies, and administered chemical sterilizers and poisons. Drury showed that although these methods would not reduce the overall gull population, under favorable conditions they could be used to remove some or all of the gulls from specific sites. He concluded that the most efficient and humane approach would be poisoning with Toxicant 1339, which was originally developed to kill starlings. Over the past two decades gull colonies on several islands have been treated with 1339 in order to allow other, rarer seabirds to flourish—an action that Drury (who died last spring) likened to "weeding a garden."

A Plague of Tree Snakes

IN RECENT YEARS WILDLIFE "GARDENERS" HAVE been hacking at an increasing number of weeds. In California red foxes, hawks, and other predators have been killed to protect the eggs and chicks of endangered least terns and clapper rails. Coyotes that kill San Joaquin kit foxes have been gunned down from helicopters. In Alaska the Fish and Wildlife Service has trapped and poisoned arctic foxes that prey on Aleutian Canada geese. Coyotes have been trapped and shot to protect whooping cranes in Idaho and greater sandhill cranes in Oregon. Ravens have been poisoned and shot to protect greater sandhill cranes and California desert tortoises. Cowbirds threaten many songbird populations through nest parasitism—removing songbird eggs from nests and laying their own eggs in place, which the unsuspecting songbirds then raise—and tens of thousands of cowbirds have been exterminated to protect endangered birds in California, Michigan, Oklahoma, Puerto Rico, and Texas. In Washington's Olympic National Park, rangers have proposed shooting hundreds of mountain goats whose disturbance of the soil threatens several rare plants that are unique to the Olympic Peninsula. In other places raccoons, skunks, opossums, ground squirrels, mountain lions, badgers, pigeons, meadowlarks, crows, shrikes, owls, northern harriers, and kestrels have been killed to prevent them from harming rare species.

*If
YOU'VE
EVER BEEN
WARMED
BY THE
WINTER'S SUN
you
ALREADY
KNOW*

*THE
FEELING
of
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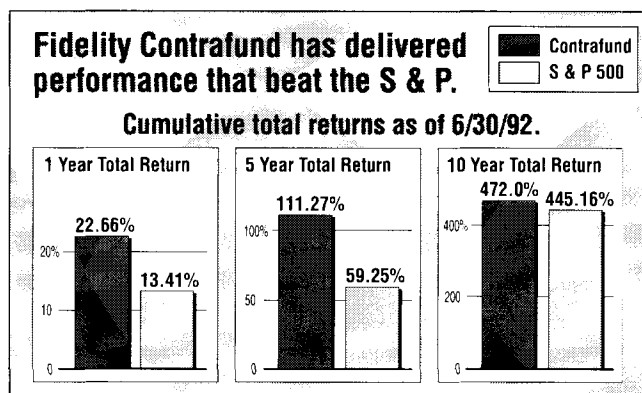
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When wildlife managers discuss these programs, certain themes recur. Often the population of a species was initially reduced by some direct human activity—overhunting or excessive collecting, destruction or degradation of critical habitat—and the current predator merely threatens to deliver the final blow. “This is the kind of mess we get into when we push animals to the brink of extinction,” says Ronald Schlorff, an endangered-wildlife specialist with the California Department of Fish and Game. “Predator control is a necessary human intervention in a system that’s out of balance. Predation is a normal part of the natural scene, but it’s been concentrated, accentuated, and exacerbated by human activities.”

Chief among the activities leading to a predatory imbalance are intentional or accidental introductions of predators to regions where they devastate native species that have few defenses against them. In Alaska, for ex-

ample, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century fur trappers stocked hundreds of islands with arctic foxes and red foxes, which ravaged the many species of ground-nesting and burrow-nesting seabirds that had migrated to the isolated islands in order to breed in safety. Similarly, mid-western red foxes that were introduced to the interior valleys of California by hunters and fur farmers have spread to the coast, where they threaten endangered clapper rails and least terns. In other cases changes that human beings have made in the landscape, such as creating landfills, chopping up extensive forests into smaller wooded areas, and grazing livestock, have enabled a harmful species to expand its population and range dramatically. “What we’re seeing is a general phenomenon of what we call ‘garbage’ animals,” says Dave Wilcove, an ecologist with the Environmental Defense Fund, referring to the spread of gulls, ravens, raccoons, foxes, and coyotes. “We’ve made the world very nice for scavenging omnivores.”

Whatever the ultimate causes, wildlife managers charged with protecting certain rare species believe that the imminent risk of extinction from predation is real. Events on the island of Guam provide a chilling example. The brown tree snake, a native of New Guinea and Australia, was accidentally brought to the island by cargo ships in the 1950s. With no natural predators and few competitors, the mildly venomous snake flourished, eating its way through the island’s unique avifauna. “The brown tree snake has virtually wiped out the native forest birds of Guam,” according to a Fish and Wildlife Service report. “Nine species of birds, some found nowhere else, have disappeared from this island, and several others persist in precariously low numbers close to extinction.” Biologists managed to save and successfully breed one of these birds—the Guam rail—in captivity but are reluctant to return it to the snake-infested island, where it would have little chance of survival.

As far as predatory wildlife goes, the Department of Agriculture’s Animal Damage Control unit holds the nation’s principal license to kill. ADC’s 1931 enabling act instructed it “to conduct campaigns for the destruction or control” of a long and nonexclusive list of predators and pests that farmers and ranchers found bothersome. Over the years ADC has pursued this mission with a single-minded zeal that, not surprisingly, has provoked unrelenting hostility from wildlife organizations. Today, however, ADC’s savvy “gopher chokers” know that using their skills to protect endangered species is a way of gaining credibility with their environmental adversaries.

Peter Butchko, an ADC district supervisor, estimates that his former southern California ADC division, which just a few years ago concentrated on eradicating sheep-eating coyotes and cleansing the suburbs of skunks and raccoons, now spends at least a third of its time eliminating the predators of endangered prey. In a speech at the Fourteenth Annual Vertebrate Pest Conference, Butchko argued that these efforts have “allowed ADC to expand

THE ZEN OF CRIME

I advise her to shoplift something minor,
panties, perhaps, wad of silky sin in her hip pocket.

Or stroll away with coral earlobes, hands
full of jellies or pistachios in harmless white shells.

A side-by-side refrigerator, she says,
and I’ll drag it off singing—so you better be there

to bail me out. I tell her of my friend
who stripped naked and climbed the bars of her cell

making chimp sounds to entertain the other women.
She tells me of her friend’s run from the police

into a quarry where she ditched her Mustang
and swam beneath the yellow water to Wisconsin.

Now we begin to admit things: I applied at a topless bar.
I spoke to a madam in Chicago. I stole sirloins

from A&P. Like Bonnie and Clyde. Thelma and Louise. I
was Dillinger in a former life. I worked

on Wall Street. Seriously, I say,
what can you steal today to make yourself happy?

Ray-Bans, she says, for the eyes of blind Justice.
All the tea in America.

—Maureen Seaton

Jim directs a small (and rather tight-lipped) security operation. He has six people (we've been told) who patrol an undisclosed number of square miles somewhere in the continental United States.

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Jim Burk is pictured with the Burns International Security Services 1991 beige Saturn SLI at 107,821 miles. © 1992 Saturn Corporation.

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its influence and demonstrate its professionalism in new areas and to people not traditionally receptive to predator control." Indeed, when endangered prey is involved, it is no longer uncommon for environmental organizations to support the killing of wild predators. In these cases the traditional environmental demand of "Keep your hands off nature" has been replaced by an endorsement of the use of lethal force.



**HATEVER THE ULTIMATE CAUSES,
WILDLIFE MANAGERS CHARGED
WITH PROTECTING CERTAIN RARE
SPECIES BELIEVE THAT THE IMMINENT RISK OF
EXTINCTION FROM PREDATION IS REAL.**

The Tortoise and the Raven

BUT THIS CHANGE HAS NOT COME WITHOUT CONFLICT, ranging from disputes within organizations to the filing of lawsuits to stop control programs that some environmentalists believe are urgent. The reasons for conflict have included technical concerns about the methodology of predator control, distrust of ADC and fears of overkill, reluctance to get involved in the killing of wildlife and the manipulation of nature, philosophical differences over animal rights and the expendability of non-native species, and political fears that predators may be blamed for problems that human society has created.

Science and politics were both at issue when the Humane Society of the United States sued the U.S. Bureau of Land Management to stop a project initially supported by Defenders of Wildlife and the Kern County Audubon chapter. With the consent of these two organizations, BLM was shooting and poisoning ravens to prevent them from preying on the young of California desert tortoises, whose population was rapidly declining.

"We're concerned about tortoises," says John Grandy, a vice-president of the Humane Society and a former vice-president of Defenders of Wildlife, "but we're absolutely opposed to random, unnecessary destruction of ravens." Grandy doesn't agree that there is adequate scientific justification for a broad program of raven killing, and argues that efforts should target only those ravens specifically known to eat juvenile tortoises. "There's urgency, but it's not so severe that we need to rush off and slaughter ravens willy-nilly. This is a problem that is associated with individual ravens. The raven experts we talked to suggest that raven predation on tortoises is a learned behavior, probably engaged in by a few resident birds."

The Humane Society also charged that by focusing on ravens the BLM was ignoring more-important threats to the tortoise's survival. Cattle grazing, off-road-vehicle use, military maneuvers, highway construction, and encroaching urban development have all been cited as contributing to the degradation and destruction of tortoise habitat. "One of our concerns is that the raven is being

made a scapegoat for all the problems with the tortoises. The least politically powerful thing out there is the raven, the easiest thing to divert attention to."

Grandy also got involved when biologists at San Francisco Bay National Wildlife Refuge

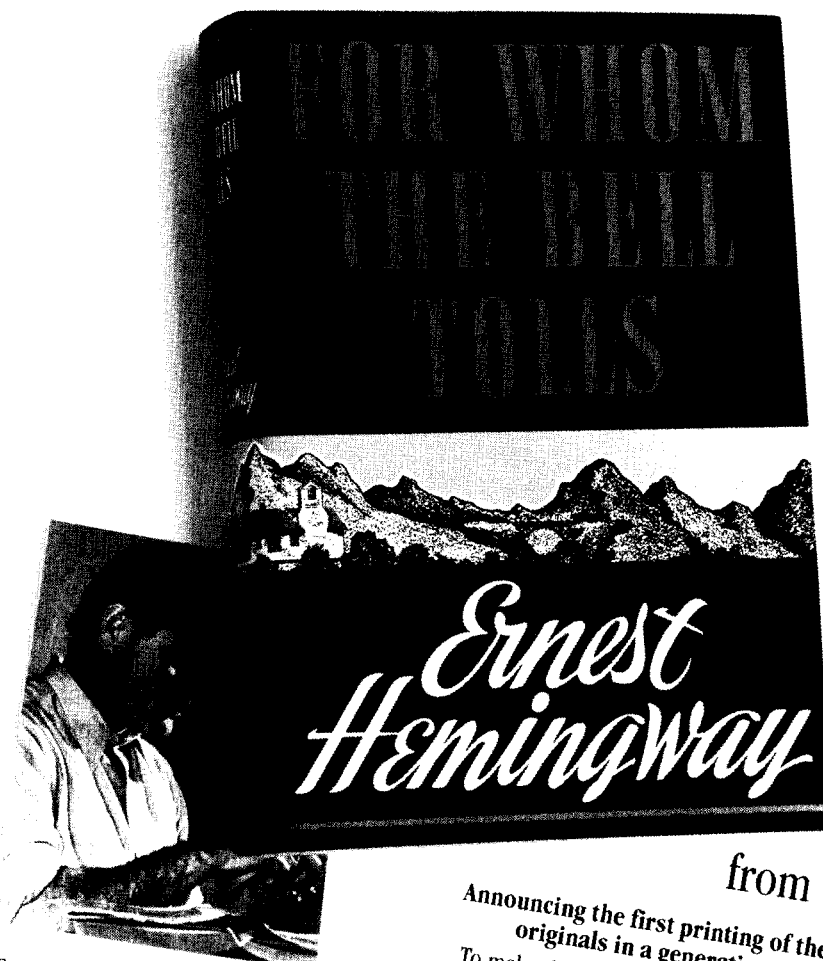
proposed to trap and kill red foxes that feed on endangered California clapper rails. The proposal created a temporary rift in the local Sierra Club when the club's wildlife committee sided with the foxes and its wetlands committee sided with the rails. "The red fox is a victim just as much as the clapper rail," one Sierra Club member wrote. "Trying to further manipulate nature by killing one species because another is favored only adds to the mistakes of the past."

One hotly debated issue was whether red foxes, having been introduced into California from the Midwest, merit less consideration than native species. "They couldn't ever just say 'the red fox,'" a wildlife-committee member complained. "It was always 'the *alien* red fox.' That kind of labeling really fanned up people's emotions." Wildlife jingoism aside, Grandy argues that it may make sense to remove non-native species from otherwise pristine areas, but in California, "where virtually everything is introduced, red foxes are nearly as natural as you're going to get." He adds, "There's something deeply troubling about us—we who've only been on this continent for three hundred and fifty years—talking about eradicating something because it's non-native. If we're so concerned about native species, then where are the Indians?"

Changing Attitudes

THE RESOLUTIONS OF THESE TWO SITUATIONS say different things about the necessity, urgency, and appropriateness of predator-control programs. A year after the Humane Society's lawsuit forced a temporary halt in the killing of desert ravens, BLM transferred control of the project from a herpetologist to an ornithologist. BLM "went after ravens first in part because it was easy," according to Bill Boarman, the new project manager. "Off-road-vehicle use and cattle grazing are politically charged and controversial issues, and it will take many years to get anywhere with them. Ravens seemed to have no constituency, and were easy to jump on." Although Grandy claims that this amounted to unfairly targeting the raven, to BLM it was simply a wise use of resources. Without enough funding and people to do all that it would like for the tortoise, BLM chose to work on an issue that promised quick results.

But, Boarman says, BLM has now rethought its priori-



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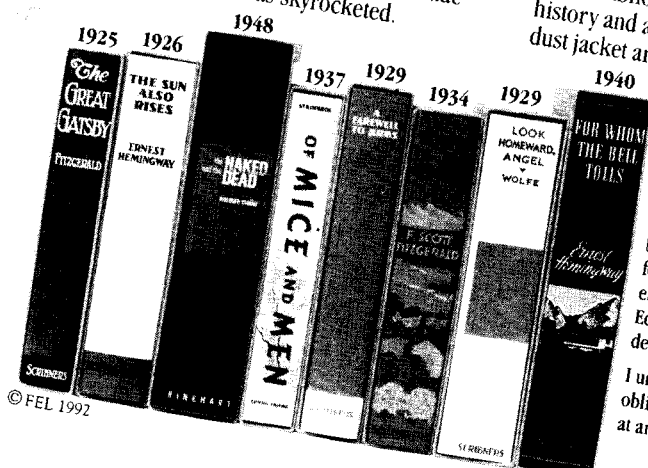
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ties. "It's important in the long run to control predation of juvenile tortoises. But in the short run the most important thing is saving the reproducing adults." The immediate threat to adults is a respiratory disease apparently brought on by poor nutrition, due to destruction of vegetation by six years of drought, by cattle grazing, and by off-road vehicles. While the agency focuses on fighting the disease, raven control has been put on indefinite hold.

In the other case, the San Francisco Bay National Wildlife Refuge is going ahead with a predator-control plan, albeit a modified one that will try to use nonlethal methods wherever possible. The precarious situation of the rails, whose population is down to fewer than 500 birds, ultimately persuaded the red fox's defenders to close ranks with other environmentalists and support the plan.

The difficulty of developing a consistent position on predator control is clearly illustrated by the Massachusetts Audubon Society's thirty years of experience with gulls and terns. In the 1960s and 1970s Massachusetts Audubon and the Fish and Wildlife Service experimented with eradicating gulls from islands that were potential tern colonies. Through these investigations William Drury, Massachusetts Audubon's research director, became the country's leading expert on killing and harassing gulls.

In 1968 Drury and his colleagues began studying nesting terns at the southern tip of Monomoy, a thirteen-mile-long island off the elbow of Cape Cod which was home to one of the largest tern colonies in the Northeast. Herring gulls had been moving onto the island in ever-increasing numbers. By the late 1970s the gulls reached a population of 18,000 pairs. They eliminated terns from the island except for a remnant colony at the northern end.

To make more room for terns, Fish and Wildlife proposed to clear gulls off the ends of Monomoy and, with the knowledge and apparent consent of Massachusetts Audubon (whose symbol is the tern), began to poison gulls in 1980. But when accounts of the killing appeared in the press, Audubon did an abrupt about-face. "We got stabbed in the back," one Fish and Wildlife biologist says. "Audubon made the original request for us to do the work, but then they came out in the newspapers and said we were terrible people. They said they would sue." Largely in response to Audubon's protests the program was halted, and the tern population continued to decline. Now, however, Audubon seems a little uncertain about its role in this. When I asked Gerard Bertrand, the president of Massachusetts Audubon, about his organization's turnabout, he downplayed it. "We may have questioned the program, but I don't think we ever officially opposed it. I never threatened a lawsuit."

Today there are no plans to disturb the gulls on Monomoy further, but in 1990 biologists began poisoning gulls on Ram Island, in Buzzards Bay, to create nesting space for endangered roseate terns. This time Massachusetts Audubon prepared a position statement supporting the project, but included a peculiar warning note that sug-

gests the organization's continued wariness: "This position is for response to public inquiry only. We will make no announcement to the press or other media before or after the Ram Island action." Thus over a period of thirty years Massachusetts Audubon has changed from a leading researcher and promoter of lethal gull control to an aggressive opponent to a surreptitious supporter.

Drury, who left Audubon in 1976, believed that the organization's change of heart at Monomoy was due to a change in cultural attitudes. "In my early years with the Audubon societies, the Audubon leaders were mainly hunters—businessmen and moneymakers. These men looked on killing as much less of an anathema than environmentalists do today." Such aggressive intervention in nature, he argued, is necessary to preserve the species we care about. "Human beings have killed other organisms in their self-interest ever since we were hunter-gatherers, and I think that the philosophical question of killing one species to favor another was answered by the early agriculturalists who pulled up plants that inhibited the growth of their crops—they weeded their garden."

Not Just a Management Tool

IN A WORLD WHERE POPULATION GROWTH, ECONOMIC pressures, and technological advances are continually degrading ecosystems and accelerating extinctions, and are beginning to alter the genetic basis of life, there are no easy answers to questions about managing nature. Although distasteful, the killing of predators may be necessary in some cases to preserve species brought to the very brink of extinction. I do not believe, however, that it is simply one more wildlife management tool. Each time that we resort to it is a sign of our continuing failure to live in harmony with the needs of our planet.

Two days after the nests were baited on Green Island, I returned with the Fish and Wildlife crew to collect poisoned gulls. Some looked as though they had merely gone to sleep on the nest, eyes closed, bills tucked gently under their wings. Others appeared to have died in greater distress, falling forward onto their breasts with wings askew and necks outstretched. Some of the bait hadn't been eaten—perhaps the gulls had learned from three years of poisoning that margarine sandwiches can be dangerous.

Despite the caution of a few gulls, this island that had teemed with life a few days before was now permeated by death. We all, I think, just wanted to finish our work and leave. Earlier I had been exhilarated by the sight of the thousands of birds that fly here each spring to mate and lay their eggs, doing so not in response to the goals and objectives of a federally sanctioned management plan, however well intentioned and scientifically defensible, but in response to animal impulses beyond human control or understanding. Now, trudging across the island with an armload of dead gulls, I felt less like a gardener tending his beds than like a vandal trampling on them. □

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Noted authors Thomas Keneally, Paul Theroux, Isabel Allende, and Timothy White talk about some of the places that have provided inspiration for their work.



AUSTRALIA Thomas Keneally, a native Australian, is the author of more than twenty novels, including *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* and *Schindler's List*. He is also the chairman of the Australian Republican Movement. His latest book, *Woman of the Inner Sea* (Nan Talese/Doubleday), will be published in March.

"The Sydney Cove area is a magical area for me. It's where the European settlement of Australia began. I take a perverse delight in the fact that our Adam and Eve were not redeemed creatures like your perceived founding fathers and mothers but were a debased Adam and Eve, who hadn't chosen their landfall and had their crimes written on their foreheads instead of righteousness. The cove, which is part of Sydney Harbour, is very beautiful. On one side you have the Opera House and on the other side the area of the



Sydney Harbour Bridge, nicknamed "the Old Coathanger"

first European settlement, now called the Rocks. It's full of nineteenth-century buildings and is a delightful place to stroll. It has restaurants and shops and large promenade areas.

"One fine restaurant is called Kables. I take a perverse—again, I'm a bit of a convict freak—joy out of dining there, when I can afford to, because Kable was a young Norwich thief who was transported to Australia with his teenage 'crim' girlfriend, Susannah Holmes, and she and he were the first couple married after landing from the convict ship. They both lived well into the nineteenth century and produced fourteen children and became businesspeople. They are a symbol of what a benign place Sydney is because the Brits thought it was a gulag and for them it turned into a branch of Club Med.

"You can cross the harbor in a ferry or a hydrofoil; this is one of the great little ferry journeys of the world. You pass the Opera House, swing 'round it, and head up harbor past Middle Heads, and to Manly. That's a seven-mile journey. Manly has a very good harbor beach and a superb beach on the Pacific.

"The coast of New South Wales north of Sydney is quite a magnificent string of beaches. Byron Bay is an intriguing place; that's where Crocodile Dundee lives. North of Brisbane, there's a fascinating coastline, and off Townsville and Cairns

you get to the Great Barrier Reef. Inland you've got a magnificent tableland and a rainforest. Port Douglas is a wonderful place to stay. You can catch a boat out to the Great Barrier Reef and go snorkeling or diving. There are fifteen hundred species of fish, and when you snorkel, or go around in a glass-bottom boat, you'd swear you were seeing the lot of them. There are a number of islands off that coast—Heron Island, Dunk Island, Hamilton Island—where you can stay in a cabana and everything's looked after: bar, meals, snorkeling. The fact that the reef is so alive makes them great places.

"Up above Cairns and Port Douglas, there's a magnificent rainforest, the Daintree, and it's a big croc area. You'll see them—eighteen feet long is not uncommon, and they're tremendously strong. There are certain rules you follow—most people who get taken by crocodiles are disobeying the rules. But you can take safaris up there with experts. People love traveling up there—the beaches are so unfrequented, so immense, you'd have to bring in millions of people to frequent them to look as if they're occupied. I can promise anyone that they are going to be astounded by Australian beaches, but by none more astounding than these.

"Most people want to go to Central Australia, to Alice Springs and Ayers Rock. The desert is fascinating

and Ayers Rock, or *Uluru* (the Aboriginal name), is like Australia's navel. It's a great ochre orange beast sitting out there—it's the size of an island. It has an extraordinary sense when you're on it of being a living thing. It is, of course, a focus of Aboriginal dreaming trails. The Aboriginals would have major ceremonials in places like that, where there was water run-off. Quite nearby are the most unearthly group of mountains I've ever seen—great for hiking—the Olgas, or *Kata Tjuta*. It can be ferocious desert conditions out there. Go up there expecting to have an adventure, and you will.

"If you've got time, go to Western Australia. You can, without breaking your bank, go into these remote regions—like Kakadu up in Arnhem Land—with a small tour operator, a few people, and a guide, and have a great time. And there are sheep-station or cattle-station holidays, too, that give a sense of what it's like to live in the Australian bush. The great thing is there aren't many large devouring beasts in Australia, there are only herbivores like kangaroos. Of course, up in the north, there are the crocodiles—they're the ones to watch out for. In Australia, the age of adventurous travel has not passed."



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January 31**

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January 18-31**

**Melbourne
Summer Music
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February 12-21**

**Festival of Perth
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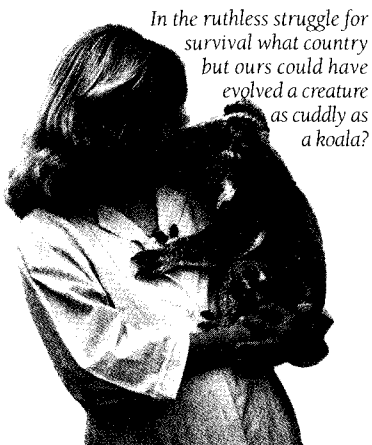
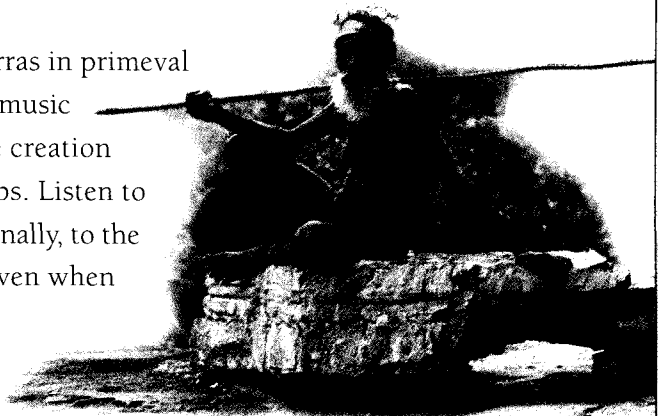
**Canberra Festival
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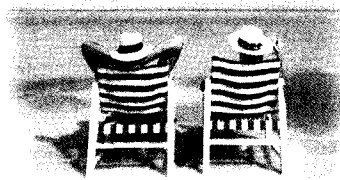
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PACIFIC ISLANDS

Paul Theroux is the author of such modern travel classics as *The Great Railway Bazaar* and *Riding the Iron Rooster*, and of popular novels such as *The Mosquito Coast* and *My Secret History*. His most recent book, *The Happy Isles of Oceania* (Putnam), chronicles his explorations and musings during eighteen months spent in the South Pacific.

"You have to choose what part of the Pacific you're going to. It's not like a world, it's like a universe, with a lot of planets, and you have to choose which planets you want to hit, then get a guidebook and do some homework. The guides that I would recommend are the Lonely Planet guides. They're for budget travelers, and because of that there's more information in them. It's not like going to a familiar place. It's not like going to Paris or London, where people have traveled for centuries and there are these beaten paths to travel. In the Pacific, in a way, you're making your own path. You could spend your whole life traveling around the South Pacific finding different islands, and each island is different and distinct.

"Of the places that I visited, I'd put them in two categories: islands that I would like to go deeper into and ones that I could actually live on. As far as living goes, I found any of the Hawaiian islands very habitable. For exploration, the wilder the better, so probably something like the Solomons or New Guinea. If you travel in the Pacific, the thing that is the most tempting is the sight of another island not far away that you haven't visited.

"The places that I was the most fascinated by were Hawaii, Easter Island, and the Solomons.

"All of the Hawaiian islands are distinctly interesting in their own way. Someone going there for the first time, obviously, would land in Honolulu, and that's a place to see. It interests me that the tourist part of Honolulu is very small, actually, and that the city is big. It's small-town

America. I found Oahu, the main island, interesting—you see the military barracks, American soldiers. Maui has a lot of tourists, but it has a huge and beautiful volcano, and one end of it is very wild, the Hana coast. Lanai is a privately owned island; that's an interesting one. Molokai is a big island, one that very few people visit; I've only been there a couple of times myself. But if people are looking for something totally different from wherever they come from, the island of Hawaii would have it. Hawaii is still very rugged, has a lot of wilderness, is not very populated, and has very few hotels. There are lots of bed-and-breakfasts there and a



Goroka, Papua New Guinea

couple of good hotels, and you can camp and hike, ride a bike. Hawaii is a lovely island for that. It has cliffs, amazing surf, humpback whales, and the people are very proud that it hasn't been spoiled. It's the Vermont of the Hawaiian islands, very green and ecological and politically correct.

"Hawaiian cuisine varies according to the people there. It's Japanese, it's Filipino, it's Chinese. What Hawaii has is a distinctly new cuisine called Pacific Rim cuisine, which is a blend of a lot of different Pacific dishes but made in unusual ways, in the French manner, or sometimes with woks. It's amazingly tasty. Most Hawaiian eating is fast, cheap, and fairly interesting.

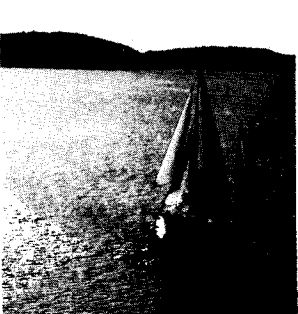
“Definitely stop in Hawaii, and then go to a couple of places that are not on the tourist route. If you go to Fiji, go to Vanua Levu instead of to Viti Levu, which is the main island. Go to outlying islands. Go to the Vava’u, in northern Tonga. Get off the beaten track, get a book called *South Pacific Handbook*, a very good sourcebook, and then find islands where not many tourists go. There are plenty.

"And then there's Easter Island, which is off the map. It's part of Chile. It's hard to get to Easter Island; not many people go there. I didn't know what to expect, and it was amazing. I thought that it was worth the effort. It might be a tough trip, but you can camp, you can stay in a guest house. It's kind of a weird place. A week would do it if you could fit it in. More than ten days on Easter Island and you might start questioning your sanity, unless you're a real camper. There are lots of hikes, and lots of the stone faces. There are eight hundred of them that have been catalogued now. So you can actually go on your own little mission of discovery. There aren't signs everywhere. You could get a little book about Easter Island and spend a lot of time there. It's expensive to get there, but it's not expensive on Easter Island.

"The Solomons you can only visit if you're a seasoned traveler; it's not for a casual traveler. A seasoned traveler has more time, more tolerance, and a stronger stomach. On the tourist route, Hawaii, Tahiti, Fiji, Tonga to a certain extent, and the Cook Islands are all visitable. You will have no problem.

“A person should take as much time as possible, and realize that they’re going to simple, rather small places. It’s not like anything they’ve seen before. What a person needs in the Pacific is time. Once you have your air ticket, time. Time—to look around, and to meet people.”

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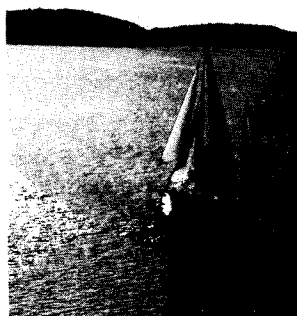
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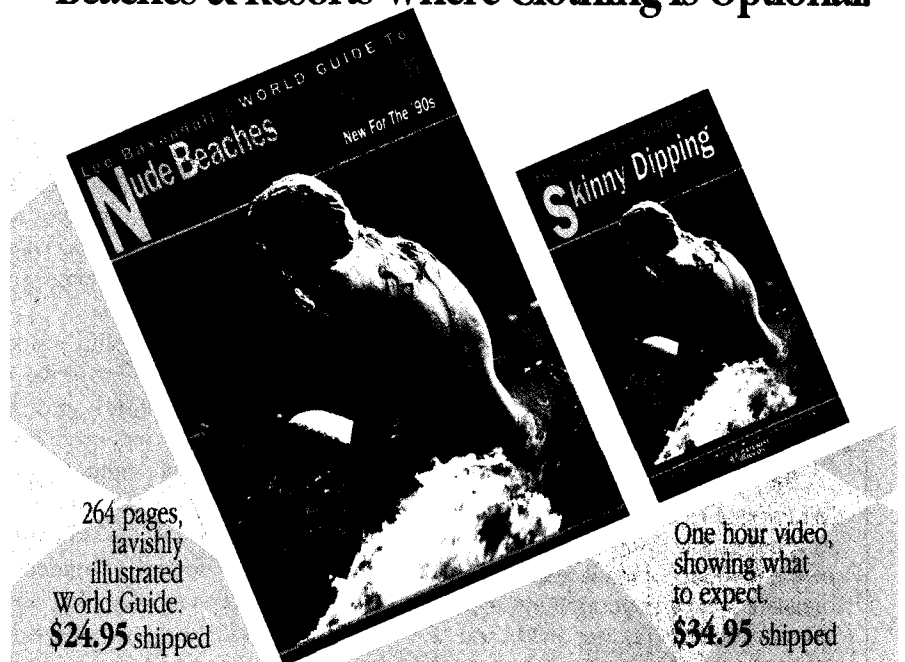
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There are more than eight hundred of these faces on Easter Island



CHILE Isabel Allende is the author of three novels, including *The House of the Spirits*, and most recently a book of short stories, *The Stories of Eva Luna*. She has lived in Chile, Venezuela, and the United States, where she has taught creative writing at several colleges. Her new novel, *The Infinite Plan* (Harper-Collins), will be published this spring.

"Chile is wonderful in summer—your winter. In the summer the south is beautiful. It is one of the most beautiful places in the world. It's like a rosary of islands, an archipelago, and it has cold forests and fjords, lakes, volcanoes, great fishing there, and flowers all over. Beautiful!

"You can even take a ship, a small cruise, from Puerto Montt down to the south where the fjords and the glaciers are, and it's an incredibly beautiful trip. It's about eight days. It's nothing fancy, but the ship stops to get the fish so you're always eating this very fresh seafood. It's wonderful. The people are very nice. The ship also stops in little ports and villages—lost, far away, so removed from everything that they still live as they did a hundred years ago. When the ship comes, that's the great event of the week, so they all come out and it's wonderful to see the people and get in touch with them and see how they

live and how they think and how they get information, what kind of information they get. My husband and I had two weeks a couple of years ago, and we went. It was a magic experience, stopping at all the islands, so removed from the world.

"In summer, Santiago is a lovely city. It is very clean and well-organized, with great transportation and good restaurants. It's easy to move around in Chile. If you take a train or a plane it's always punctual, with excellent service.

"Up in the north, near Arica and Antofagasta, we have very good beaches where the sea is not as cold, because the Pacific coast there is very, very cold. It's difficult to swim when you are freezing.

"Chile has changed a lot since I left, twenty years ago. It's more organized. I think that the dictatorship made big changes in the organization of the country and people suffered a lot so we grew up, in a way. And now we are back with a democracy—it's, of course, a conditioned democracy because the military is still very strong and Pinochet is commander-in-chief of the army, but the government is doing a very good job, I think. The economy is pretty stable. Chile is a very politicized country, so everybody talks all the time about politics. There are so many political parties

that if you have two Chileans in a room you have three political parties.

"We are very sober people, also understated, ironic, with a sharp sense of humor that foreigners usually don't get. When I say that we are sober, that reflects in the folklore and the culture. We don't have bright colors as the Indians do in the northern part of Chile or in Peru and Bolivia, nothing very striking, earthy colors in the clothes, very sad colors. The music is also sad and monotonous, very earthy and very primitive in some ways. In the Caribbean, where there was more black influence, by contrast, you have this happy feeling of life and rhythm and colors that the Indians don't have.

"Some people say it's the landscape. We are isolated from the rest of the world, because we have this range of mountains that separates us from the rest of the continent, and the driest desert in the world, the Atacama, up in the north. The mountains and the sea and the fact that we live in a geography of cataclysms, of earthquakes and things that are like geological cataclysms—that gives us a sober approach to life. They say that people who come from the mountains are less gay or less extroverted than the people from the coast. And although we have more than four thousand kilometers of coast, I think we are marked by the presence of the mountains. Wherever you are in Chile, you will always see a hill or a mountain.

"Chile is also a land of poets, writers, and storytellers. Although less true for Chile than for the Caribbean, magic realism describes life in its multiple possibilities, not just the realistic aspects of life, things that you can measure, that you can smell, that you can touch, that you can explain. Magic realism deals with those things that are part of our life and we can't control, like emotions and passions, legends, traditions, the overwhelming power of nature. We live in a continent where man cannot control nature. It's always too much: the distances are enormous, the mountains are too high, the rivers look like oceans. Everything is overwhelming."



THE CARIBBEAN

Timothy White is the editor in chief of *Billboard* magazine and the author of the newly revised *Catch a Fire: The Life of Bob Marley*. White has traveled extensively in the Caribbean while researching and writing Marley's biography and articles on music and culture for numerous journals. His latest book is *Rock Lives: Profiles and Interviews* (Henry Holt).

"My outlook is colored constantly by that pivot point where popular culture meets popular music. That's what got me to the Caribbean. Rock and roll, travel, and the Caribbean are linked by this historical longing that transcends time and space.

"The places I'm really familiar with are Barbados, Montserrat, and Jamaica. Barbados has this beautiful cobalt sea. Crane Beach is probably the nicest one on the island, although the amount of argument you would spark in Barbados by saying that.... The place I like staying there is Sam Lord's Castle. It's not far from Crane Beach. It's a network of cottages, all built around the central grounds of what was this old Caribbean great house. It has a sense of Bajan history.

"Now, in winter, things will be very festive on the island. There's Independence Day, in November. And Hometown Festival, at the end of



EVENTS CHILE and THE CARIBBEAN

Independence Day
Barbados
November 30

Calypso Eliminations
(with music by
Arrow)
Montserrat
December 15-31

Lastlap Jump-Up
Montserrat
January 1

Red Stripe Cricket
Competition
Barbados
January 29-
March 8

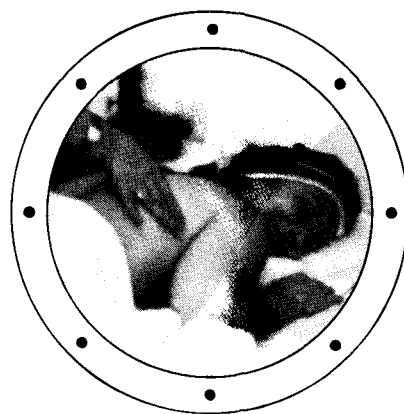
Vina del Mar
Song Festival
Chile
February 12-16

Hometown Festival
Barbados
February 14-21

Carnival
French West Indies
February 20-25



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February. Cricket is a great thing to see on Barbados too. In the winter they have an annual competition, the Red Stripe Cricket Competition.

"There are a lot of Calypsonians in Barbados. Any time that the Mighty Gabby is playing, you've got to go see him. The most famous Calypsonian from Montserrat is Arrow; he and his brother wrote that song "Hot, Hot, Hot" that has been recorded by a lot of people. If there is ever a time when Arrow is playing, steal a donkey, do whatever you have to do to get there.

"Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, is a fascinating place. I like walking down Baxters Road. It never closes, it's the main drag in the funky part of town. There are clubs and rum bars, and, yes, some tourist traps, but Baxters Road really hops. There's the Waterfront Café; it's been there forever. And Enid's. Have some ice-cold Banks beer and flying-fish pie.

"Go to the Bridgetown market. Anytime you can, go to a market. All these higglers—as peasant vendors are called—bring all their wares and people hang out, and catch up on the news, and argue about what's been in the newspapers that week and world events, and kids are running around crazy, and people are playing music.

"In Montserrat, stay at the Vue Pointe Hotel, north of Plymouth. One night a week, all the guests go up to the house for a cocktail party. Their cook, George Morgan, is well-known as the best on the island.

"Montserrat has black-sand beaches, like volcanic sand. There's something luxuriant about this wet, black sand. The nicest beach on the island is Old Road Beach. Montserrat is a great place to hike; people hike up to Galway's Soufrière, a smoldering volcano. You can arrange for a local boat to take you sailing to Rendezvous Bay for the day. It's this little crescent of pink and white coral sand, the only white-sand beach on the island, with sheer cliffs around it. It's the most remote part of the island.

"And then, in the evening, there's this great old rum bar, the Village Place, way up in the hills above a little village called Salem. Backgammon is

a big game there. And people hang out and drink Carib Lager. It's the hottest place.

"My favorite parts of Jamaica are around Port Antonio and Port Maria, and I like Ocho Rios. A lot of the colonial architecture and village culture endures intact. It's in that region that you'll find Goldeneye, the house owned by Ian Fleming, where he did so much of his writing, and where Sting wrote several songs. And you can rent the house for a span of time. It's right on the water, with its own little cove, just for you.

"I always go up into the interior of Jamaica. The parish of Clarendon, in



At the market, Jamaica

a lot of ways, is my favorite. Portland and Clarendon. Because they're the most remote and the most lush. People think of Jamaica as being hot, but you go up into the mountains and it's cool and very mysterious.

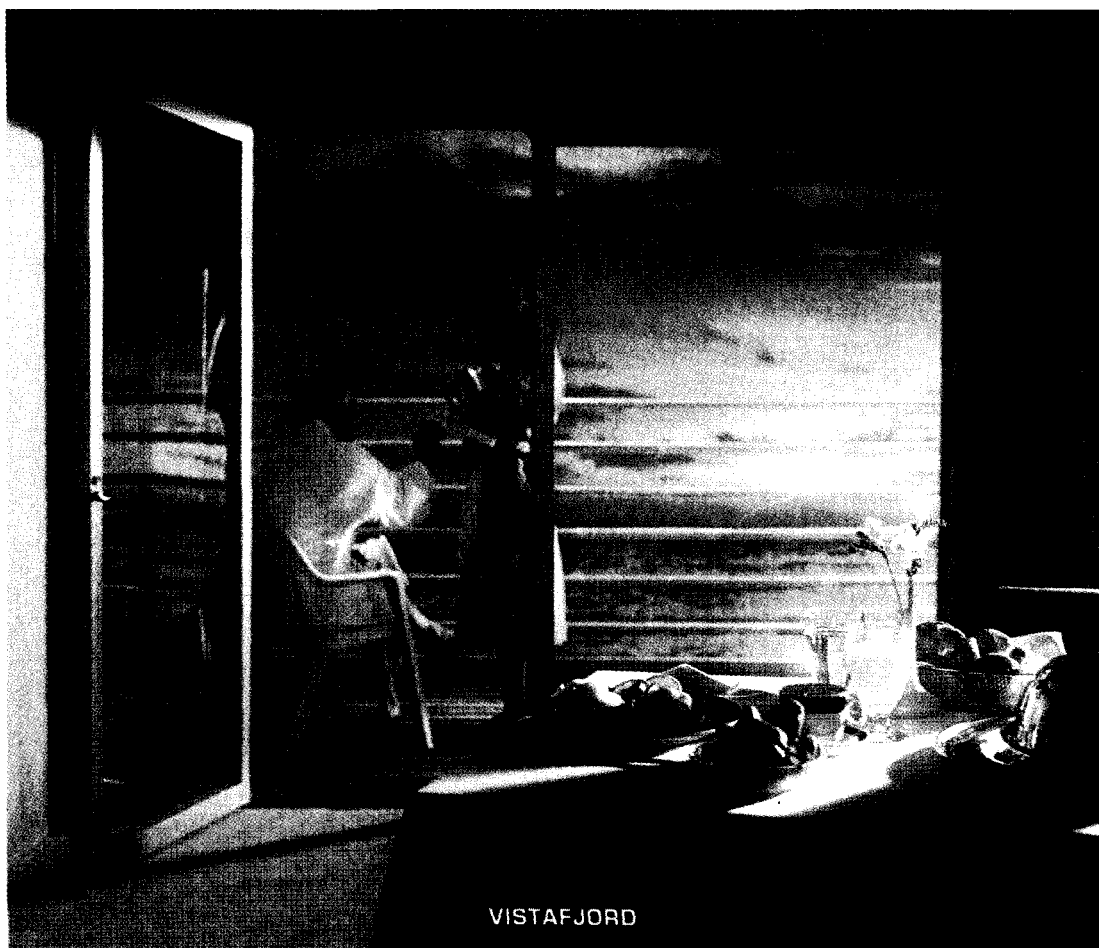
"Nothing surpasses going into the local rum bars. Any one that looks like an inviting place invariably is. When you're passing a rum bar off on some coastal road, you hear these guys whacking dominoes down on steel card tables, there's some great local song coming out of the juke box, and you just go in and kill an hour or two—or more—talking to people.

"Visit some working plantations, as farms are called. Eat some plan-

tains, or bananas, right off the tree. Pick a couple of mangoes, and leave them on a table where you're staying, to ripen. Eat the guava cheese, it's somewhere between a jam and a jelly. Eat *all* the local food. There are just so many great things down there! There's conch chowder and breadfruit in Barbados. There's a dark green fruit in Jamaica and Barbados that's used in drinks, called soursop. People feel it's an aphrodisiac. It's so sweet and delicious, it probably is; it could put you in the mood for any number of things. There's this wonderful cabbage-like, spinach-like soup called *callaloo*. If you eat the leaves uncooked it's a powerful psychedelic that could do serious damage to your mind. You wonder at what cost they learned how to cook it. How many people went out of their mind before somebody said, 'You know, maybe we should boil this?'

"You'll hear the best music, on any of these islands, during festival time. In Montserrat, it would be in Plymouth. There's the Lastlap Jump-Up, right around New Year's. A jump-up is a dance in the Caribbean. Going into towns for the festivals you will hear a lot of the best native music—calypso, steel pan, soca (soul-calypso). I prefer the rural sound-system dances in Jamaica. People go to an open field, a truck pulls up with these huge speakers, and they have a big outdoor dance. In most cases, it's recorded music; in some cases it's live. That's the nature of reggae; most of it exists on record. Some of the best sound-system dances I've gone to have been in Falmouth, near the Trelawny Beach Club. In any town, ask if there's a good sound-system dance, a local jump-up, or any fêtes [pronounced *feets*], that weekend. Ask 'Where are the sounds?' Go there, get some Red Stripe, bring your best girlfriend or boyfriend, and 'rent a tile,' as they say. Or just go into a rum bar and start pumping coins into a juke box. Wonderful, home-made music. Singles where the vinyl's probably still warm."

Interviews conducted by Liam O'Malley, Scott Stossel, and Karen Wesolowski.



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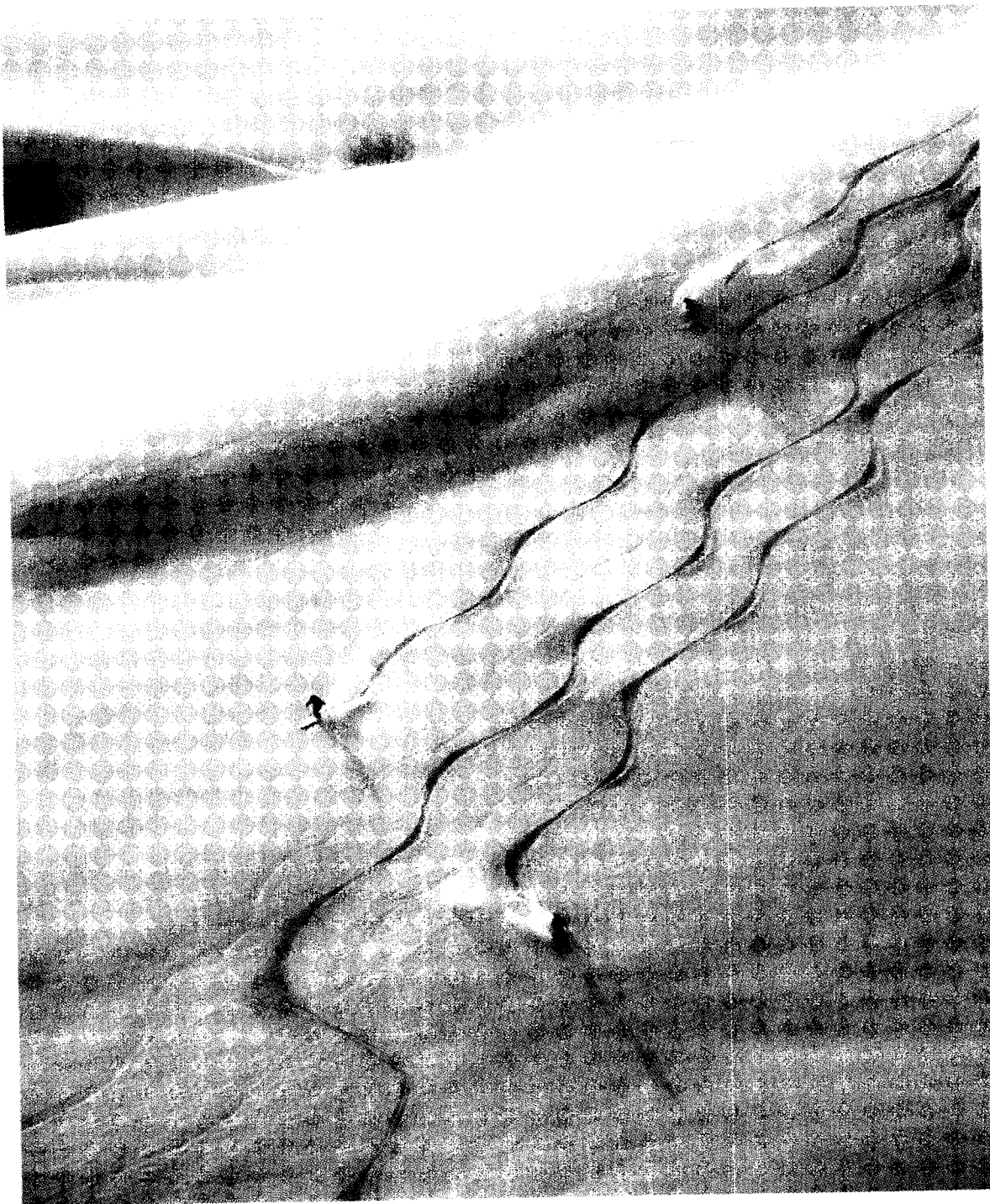
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A Short Story



Meeting the Queen

by E. S. Goldman

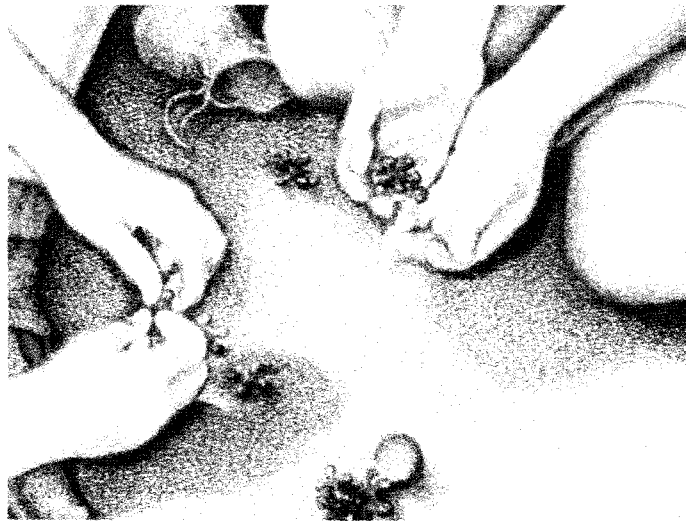
AT KNOPPER'S Bank, Steven was a nephew with a place to make where two sons and a brother-in-law had precedence. When the American was announced, he broke off dictation, clapped his hands to tell Audace to close her book, and released her. Not much had to be explained to her. In the two years she had been with Knopper's she more often cued him than the other way around.

The American was waiting in the reception hall. Audace had acquired the firm's taciturn manner, and said only, "How do you do, Mr. Rowell. Mr.

Steven Knopper is expecting you," paused, and indicated that she was to be followed. "Please?" He didn't mind at all. Her few words rang musically, *Huh do y' doooo? Mr. Rowell!!!* His ear said Irish or Scottish. How nicely she had accented *How*, as if she expected an answer.

An impression of a freckled face chimed off her loosely pinned hair. He regretted that he had so few seconds to appreciate her figure before she stepped aside for him at the office door. He looked directly into her face and saw, in the biblical phrase, that it was good—that is to say, well formed, with intelligent bronze eyes, and a thumb-like nose that gave her the look of wading in, taking things on. For her size, a formidable field-hockey player: she would have a leg or a stick or a hip in when the opposition thought it was in the clear.

He was already thinking in campaign terms: She would be congenial to talk with. She carried herself as if she could dance. He liked figures he didn't have to turn the lights on to see. If she was Scottish, the odds were good



She saw immediately, as she had suspected, that the Queen could not be relied on to remember the face of a ten-year-old playmate at St. Cyllans

that religious issues would not be a problem between them. He decided she was Scottish. He thought of introducing her around at annual gatherings of the Murdocks, his mother's side.

Calvin Rowell had been sent over to straighten out the U.K. operation—the first time the eyes of the top bosses would be on him. If he did as well here as he had in Bangkok and Sydney, the numbers would be impressive and the chairman and CEO would know. The road to manager of Fanston, Europe, was open. In Dallas they didn't know such a job existed. It was in Cal Rowell's head.

This was his first meeting with the London bankers who would introduce him around. In the course of the meeting he learned that the Englishman had been with Alexander, Auchinleck, and Montgomery in Africa. Rowell had been on destroyers in the North Atlantic. The men bonded so thoroughly that one of the introductions Cal said he would like—on second thought, not an introduction, *clearance*, he wanted *clearance* ("If it's in order, Steven. I don't want to do anything that will make anybody uncomfortable. I expect you to be candid with me") to ask the young lady to have dinner with him.

"Right. Audace, a hell of a girl. Go ahead, ask her, if that's what you're thinking of. Only don't steal her. She's been with me two years and she's priceless."

In 1954 women at Knopper's were still thought of as girls at twenty-seven, and it was understood that if they took work with the firm, they should not aspire to something different from secretary. When they were in their forties and had been passed along to their second part-

ner, they were addressed no longer as Agnes or Cynthia but as Talbott or Merlydock. Talbott, can you take care of that? Merlydock, how do we do this? This was thought of as a promotion. Steven's wife would have preferred that he have a secretary of Knopper's Bank's surname generation, but settled for the conviction that the bank was his shot at a very high place and that he had too much grit to be distracted. She was right.

Steven felt that Americans of the business class took girls out without making any kind of inquiry, and he was gratified that Rowell had foreseen complications in asking to date the secretary of a man he did business with.

Audace was neither Scottish nor Irish; she was Welsh. Her name was not Jones, Edwards, Evans, Cadwallader; it was one of those railroad-station names that looked as if the typist's fingers had shifted on the keys.

"Audace Llanrwst. Have I got it right?"

"Right. Lenrist. Let me introduce you and say a word on your behalf."

"All right. Don't make it an order."

"You will be serious with her, won't you? Think of her as my sister."

"I'll do better. I'll think of her as mine."

He took Knopper's suggestion and left up to her what to do on a May evening in London. She didn't accept "Whatever you think," nor did she nag for answers. She offered alternatives and inspected his replies. He imagined friends saying, "Cal Rowell's wife knows how to throw a party." He liked to see sights, he liked restaurants that served people from the neighborhood and whose kitchens did simple foods well.

The Thames launch made a ceremonial pass under the bridge to review the roofs and spires of Parliament. Standing beside him, she read off the cardiogram of the British heart that had, within that decade, on the word of an authority, survived in its finest hour: *the Clock Tower, Westminster, Jerusalem, St. Margaret's, Victoria Tower*.

"Love you, love," the launchman said, "you'll have me job," and reversed to head downriver. The launch bucked as it met the tide. They had to lock themselves in place. Their eyes met, amused.

"Reminds you of the North Atlantic, does it?"

"It lacks only a submarine watch."

"You got the radar from us, didn't you? That was part of our share. Between friends, it isn't well to count everything in money, is it." It was a philosophical observation, not a question.

They came back to London every year or two after they were married, and the city for him always was Audie at the rail of the launch, ringing the names of Parliament, of buildings and bridges decorated like desserts—*There now, Cal, the Tower of London, the Tower Bridge*—designed to be served by men wearing pantaloons and nutty hats fit for an English queen. Saying the names of wrecked majesties of the Industrial Revolution and Nazi air raids—docks, warehouses, iron masses of derrickage, and pow-

er plants: *Cannon Street, Oliver's Wharf, St. Katharine's, Deptford*. Of empire: *Greenwich, Royal Observatory, Naval College*.

That evening, respectful of her Thames-guide performance, he asked, "How do you know all that? You've lived here only two years."

"We were taught it was impolite not to remember." She would remember family birthdays, the names of aunts.

They exchanged biographies. Released from the habit of the office, she spoke freely, and he missed a detail here and there only because he kept falling into entrancements. He had given up thinking of her as his sister. Thinking of her as Steven's was feasible. She had been brought up at St. Cyllans, the keep of Lord and Lady Rhysden, one of the great castles on the Irish Sea coast of Wales—"But not *that* part of the castle. We had our own cottage. My mum was the cook, and my papa was an agriculturalist. Rhysden azaleas are famous. In the catalogues you see many well-known cultivars worked up by Evan Llanrwst."

He thought he understood what a cultivar was by the context. People would say, "Azaleas! If you want to see azaleas, take a look at Audie Rowell's." They would want her for president of the garden club.

"The Rhysdens and Clynnevinns are quite important families. When I was a child, the royals came often to St. Cyllans, the old Queen, and the Yorks with Elizabeth"—whose coronation had been the pageant a year ago. "She was my age." Audie showed a slyly humorous grain he had suspected. "It must be some distinction to be the same age as a Queen. You might ask your new advertising agency if it would get my name in *The Times*."

"Why don't you ask directly and save the commission?"

"It seems self-serving. If you had the distinction of being the same age as the Queen, wouldn't you want somebody else to mention it first? Ha! I'll tell you who else came to St. Cyllans when George was still York—Lord Rothschild. The Duke of York and Lord Rothschild were agriculturalists. They came especially to see Papa. They talked by the hour in the greenhouse. The French Marshal Foch was a guest at St. Cyllans." That was all past. "I clerked at Birmingham Hospital during the war, took a degree, did a bit at Radnor Charter Bank, and came to London to do better."

"And you did."

"Oh, yes. Mr. Knopper is very fine to work for, and I have met an American." She slid it in so that it took him a second to hear that she had kidded him, and she was on to something else, asking with acute interest, "Is your work going *welllll*? Mr. Knopper is set on your doing well. He spoke to Mr. Porcelli. He told him the bank is highly interested in Fanston. Do you find Porcelli a competent firm?"

Yes, the subcontractors had the facilities, and they had

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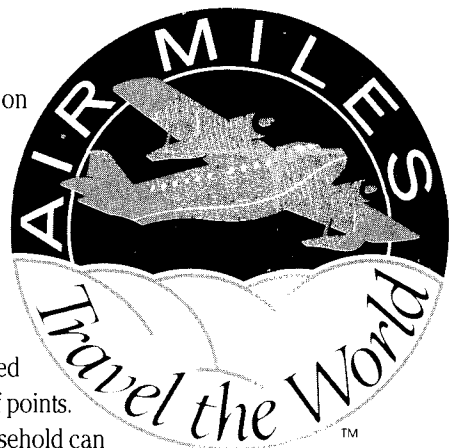
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not flinched at the proposed stocking arrangements. He was interviewing sales managers and thought he had a hire. He would probably take the accounting manager introduced by Knopper.

"You work at a ripping American speed, don't you. I like that."

He wondered how somebody as good-looking as this, who kept the ball in the man's court, had escaped marriage if she wanted it. Had so few English men survived the war? Was she a lesbian? No, she would have said as much. She knew how to make known what she wanted. Was she holding out for somebody with evidently greater gifts than his? Did she already have somebody? Being a competitor, he got off that track. He had long ago decided that there was no benefit in making cases against himself.

The light dissolved in another coronation as the sun fell behind western chimneys. May or not, it was cool on the water. He thanked her for bringing her brother's sweater. She was wrapped in a scarf the size of a hammock. Her brown felt hat bore a badge that would have bluffed a sheriff. The English sure knew hats. The evening rapidly went from cool to chilly. Her cheeks bloomed; she cuffed a handkerchief to her nose. The meaningless act, an intimacy implied, bred desire in him.

The launch pulled shoreward. She said, "Wouldn't we be pleased if a fire is lit in the dining room?"

They were let off at an iron stairway up to a street where a restaurant had a cannel-coal fire and a window side toward the river. Men with open collars and women in sweaters and skirts had supper and draft at tables around them and seemed as much at home as the more obviously affluent. The barley soup was thick and hot, the sole fresh-caught, the asparagus as edible at one end as the other. White potatoes snapped under the fork. Oil barges, hooded refuse lighters, launches, police boats, became firefly lights, while in the higher sky black bulks were profiled by the retreating sun.

The way to the taxi was narrow and cobbled, silent, dark; all commerce had fled. A single building walled in the street on the side they walked; on the other, dark façades irregularly admitted doorways and alleys. Each next light was twice as far away as his eye judged it should have been. The lamps of Europe that had gone out in the first great war had not yet come on after the latest. He supposed the area was safe. He didn't want to ask. His mood was that she trusted him. He would give a good account of himself if necessary. Enough light remained for a sign lettered beside a door to be read: NO HIRING.

"Were you ever without work?" she asked.

"No. I went from college into the Navy. When I came out, Fanston took me on as a sales trainee."

"How well you've done! I think that must be the deepest ditch, between work and no work."

"Were you ever without work?"

"I was fortunate not to be, and my mum and papa were secure on the estate, but Wales—you could cry at the willing men with families and no work in Wales. Except in the war, it's been that way since I was a child."

He told her that his father and uncle had had a small nail factory that had gone under with debt during the Depression. He had never been close to his father and hadn't been comfortable being taken for a walk around the block and talked to about choices that were made in life. He had thought his father was telling him to study harder. That night his father had shot himself. He was glad to have the cover of the dark, and clenched his jaw to keep his eyes dry. He found his arm linked with hers without intending it.

They would say, "You can talk to Audie Rowell. She understands." He thought that after waiting for it longer than others he knew, this might be a love that would last. He thought how to go about it with Steven's sister.

He came back again in August for a family wedding in the parish church attended by the Llanrwsts. He apologized to Steven Knopper for stealing her—something he had been explicitly instructed not to do. Steven said it was unforgivable, the apology unacceptable, and sent a brass desk set: a village of inkwells, salt trays, seal boxes, quill holders, dogs, cats, landscapes, and other relevant Georgian matter.

NOW, THIRTY YEARS LATER, THE CALVIN Rowells were in London for a few days, quartered in a hotel's corporate suite that when first leased, in the sixties, had been dirt cheap, and now outpriced anything in New York. Cal made a note to think this over before his audit committee raised the question. Today Audie had people to see, and the chairman of Fanston International was having lunch in Knopper's Bank's dining room with his old friend the managing partner.

Neither of them had anything to do anymore with agencies, sales managers, subcontractors; that was the business of younger men. The shop they talked, at a table set with baroque silver, carved glass, china thin as a Dixie cup, on linen of strawlike shining grain, was of acquisitions, government policies, their mutual health and the health of their wives, the adventures and progress of their children, simple gossip about mutual acquaintances who had run off the road—

"How could I have forgot!" Steven interrupted himself with the exclamation. "Would you and Audie like to meet the Queen?"

Did anyone answer no to a question like that?

"Day after tomorrow, Thursday, at four o'clock. This won't be at Buckingham, although, if you'd like it, on the next day honours are listed—"

"Let's first get past Thursday. What happens Thursday?"

"Thursday, Her Majesty will dedicate a collection at the London Small Treasures Vaults. This is an extraordinary group of sporting subjects of considerable antiquity, gold and silver and glass and so on. I have been somewhat instrumental in gathering the pieces and refurbishing the gallery. I have only to ring up the Queen's deputy secretary and have your name put on the list. Shall we do that?"

"Audie will want to know what she has to wear. I want to know for myself."

"Audie will know what to wear or whom to ask. This is an informal occasion. People will be standing about, looking at the objects." He pretended to try for a look at his friend's feet. "Come as you are, if you aren't wearing brown shoes."

"Striped shirt?"

"Quite all right. You're an American. It will be rather official for me, so I'll wear striped trousers and black sack."

"Not a striped shirt."

"Ask Audie. She'll know."

Steven had not said, "Ask Audie to ring up Constance if she has any questions," and the two men knew why. The first time Steven had them down to Usselton Hall, Lady Constance had been flawlessly courteous, if austere. The second time, they met mostly people who had business with the bank. The third time, Lady Constance had been unavoidably in Edinburgh on a family matter. Audie understood perfectly and explained it to Cal. Lady Constance could not be expected to associate in an intimate way with a woman who had been her husband's secretary and was the daughter of a cook.

"Steven and Lady Constance have had a discussion," Audie said. "Steven didn't quite lose, but he didn't quite win."

Cal said angrily, "We don't need that. It won't happen again."

"I would feel very bad if this interfered between you and Steven," Audie said. "It doesn't bother me. It's the way she was brought up. If you look at it the right way, don't you see its comic side?"

"I see it as deliberately insulting."

"Constance thinks the opposite. She thinks she is being very good at avoiding insult. No insult has occurred if none is intended. She is the one obliged to wiggle; we're not. Think of it as a comedy."

"I don't want to be an obligation on Steven's social calendar because his firm underwrites a hundred million dollars of Fanston paper."

"You and Steven would be friends however you happened to come together. You are cut from the same cloth. Keep on playing it by ear. Just let's talk it over before you accept any invitations Steven extends for weekends in the country."

They had gracefully avoided Usselton in the years since. However, the invitation to meet the Queen on the neutral ground of the Small Treasures Vaults was certain-

ly not anything like an invitation to Usselton. It presented no issue of snobbery or sycophancy. Queens were scenic, like pyramids or cathedrals. If you were in their vicinity, you looked.

Rowell treated the invitation as a surprise package and didn't open it until they had showered and robed, folded down the silk cover, and lay flat out to nap before dinner and theater.

"How would you like to meet the Queen?" he asked the circlet of plaster roses on the ceiling.

He waited so long for the answer that he thought she might have missed the question.

"I've met the Queen."

He got up on an elbow. "You never told me that. You told me the royal family visited the castle."

"You may not have listened. When I was a child at St. Cyllans, Lillo came every year. We played together."

"You called her Lillo?"

"We were eight, nine, ten."

"I thought she was Lilibet."

"Not at St. Cyllans."

"You played with her? What do you play with royalty? Hopscotch? Dolls?"

Audie locked her hands together to hold the memory. "We had a playhouse at St. Cyllans, like a real house, except that the ceilings were too low for grown-ups. The door openings cut off grown-ups at the chin. It was our house, for the children of the estate. After the Yorks arrived, Lillo would rush for it as soon as her nanny let her. We played Receiving Queue. Like all children, we played Doctor. We played Cook. The people of Wales had a house made exactly like it and sent it to Windsor. *Y Bwthyn Bach*—" She inched back to the scene. "The Little House. Ours at St. Cyllans and Lillo's at Windsor had the same name. I contributed my shilling at church. Lillo was quick at jacks."

"Jacques?"

"Jacks. Throw and pick up. You know? We said rhymes with the tosses. *Maudy Bominam . . .*" She set herself to recall the rhymes. "I guess that was 'Birmingham.' Children just say sounds—

'Maudy Bominam

Throws down

Picks up

Throws down / Picks up

This way / counts two

Maudy Bominam / takes one / that's done

Takes two / don't rue

Takes three / chase a bee

Try again / Not in vain'

"The others shout,

'In vain! In vain!

Maudy, Maudy / Try again!'"

Audie could not contain her joy. She swung out of bed with an agility maintained by trowel gardening and two miles a day on the nearest park path or treadmill. She

poised to curtsy, saying with the act, "Extend left leg, point toe, dip right knee, back straight, eyes down." She held out her hand limply. Imagination dripped off her fingertips.

"Wouldn't miss seeing Lillo! She never came back to St. Cyllans after Edward took off with Mrs. Simpson. She was suddenly the daughter of a King and being made ready to reign. Do you think Queens are extraordinarily happy people? I don't."

The next day Audie had shopping to do. She especially needed a little off-the-face hat, something she seldom wore and hadn't had any reason to pack.

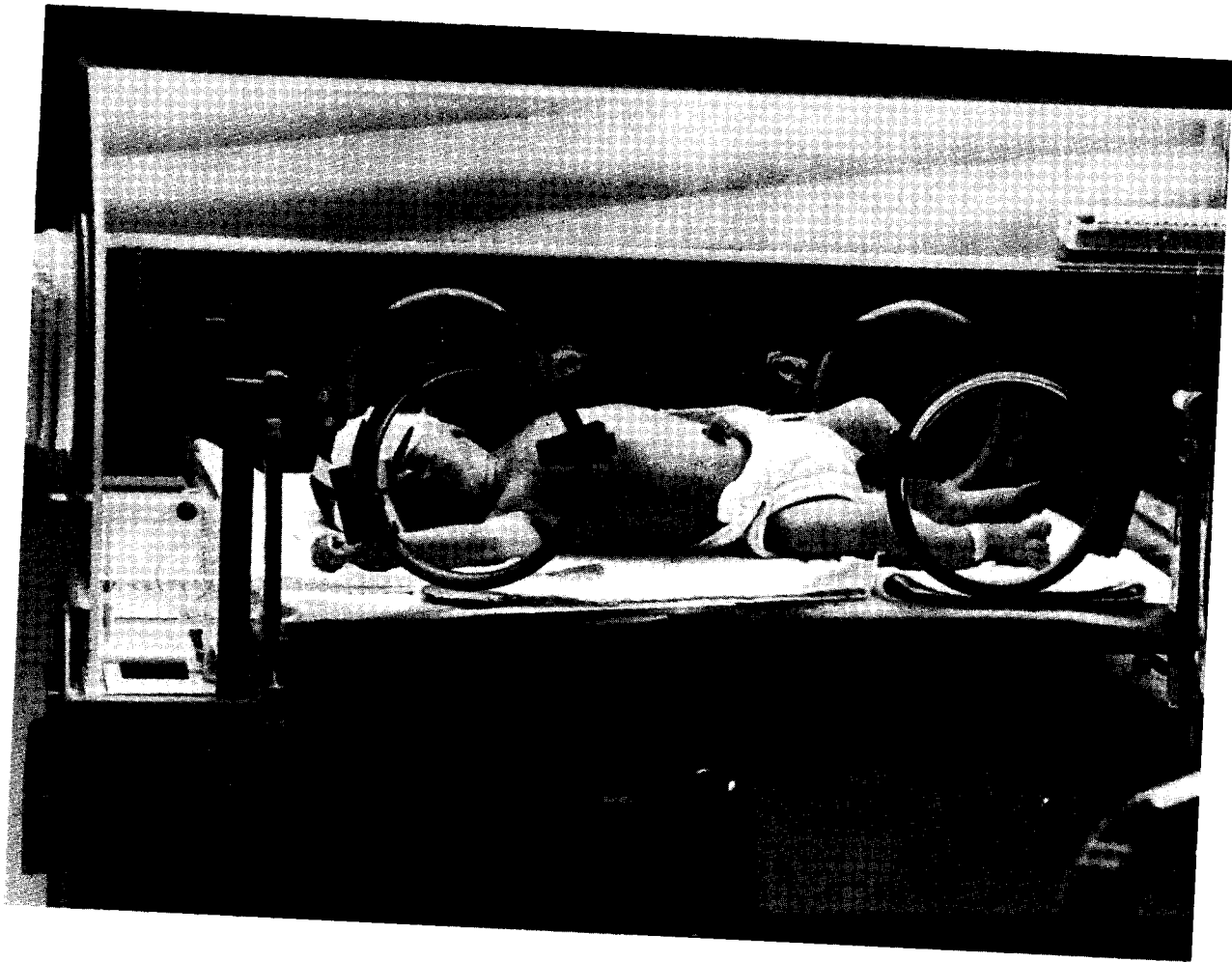
AS INSTRUCTED, THE PARTY OF MORE OR LESS forty guests assembled in the gallery a half hour ahead of the appointed time. The treasures were displayed in cases and on tables, so conversation among strangers was easy, for if it failed to take fire from the runners carved in rock crystal (*Egypt, 11th century*), another strike could be tried at a hunting scene enameled on silver gilt (*France, 16th century*). Lady Constance, who came right up to the mark of kindness without crossing it, and Sir Steven introduced the Rowells to guests who were charmed (glad, pleased, delighted) to meet them, and others who may or may not have said something complimentary; their views could not be determined through immobile lips and eyes that regarded the Rowells as if they might be sheltering a communicable disease. Offense could not be taken, as it was the way they looked at their wives and husbands.

"All now, please," said Sir William Hessley, the deputy, a feisty gentleman who gave the impression that he would be more at home on a less cultural assignment. They should refer to the list and queue over there in sequence, as they would then match his list. He spoke to them as if he were making it up as he went along.

"That is to say, Tommy's list. He will have it. He will prompt me. You know, I can't know everybody. Often I don't even know the people I know. I get stagestruck. That doesn't sound right. Stage fright. That's better. The sponsors will be astute enough, I'm sure, to stand in the area of the presentation to catch up Tommy if he has a problem with a name. Her Majesty and party, including Sir Seymour Teagle, Governor of the Vaults, will enter through that door in fifteen minutes and be announced. The guests will come forward behind Tommy. I will present. Everything will be quite informal, you know. The curtsy is not—*not*—necessary. An indication of a bow would be nice, don't you think? Like so. Well, if you laugh, that will only encourage me to play the fool. If Her Majesty offers her hand or a word or two of conversation, why of course respond. You all have common sense. You need not go on and on. If you require an audience, that's quite another matter; write to me at Buckingham. Her Majesty will speak briefly, and then proceed to view the







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treasures, guided by Sir Seymour and Sir Steven Knopper and Lord Cunningly. As Her Majesty has already viewed them privately, that should go quickly. We shall follow at a discreet distance, not to hurry those ahead of us. The royal party will proceed to the Governor's suite, where we shall all have a cup of something and a protein. Now, if you will assemble . . . Loosely is well enough."

The Queen and party entered.

"I should say ten minutes for the presentations, Your Majesty."

Scholars, dealers, donors, spouses, began to move toward the Queen behind Tommy's lead. Without exception, they would have been annoyed if pressed to say exactly why they had cleared their schedules, refreshed their wardrobes, rehearsed their manners, for the privilege of having their names uttered to a woman whose achievements did not surpass theirs, certainly did not surpass their spouses'—whose position was not of her own making, for whom not even the League of Empire Loyalists claimed a power to heal the sick. Some things do not want to be looked at too closely: it was unnecessary (even undesirable, considering that it led in one direction to hilarity and in another to whatever civil arrangement the Brits would devise to replace revolution) to go beyond the fact that the Queen of England, Scotland, etc., was the foremost person in any room in the world she chose to enter, save in Italy, Iran, and China. Of course one wanted to meet her.

This was far from a unique occasion for Sir Steven and Lady Constance, and when they arrived before the Queen, she gave her hands at once to both and was forward in saying their names unprompted. They inclined their heads and said, "Your Majesty."

"This collection is certainly splendid. You should feel gratified, Sir Steven."

"It has been a privilege and a pleasure to be part of it, Majesty."

"How did you get the two Hedwig glasses? Our German friends must have bid for them."

His bone-lean face creased to show he would very much enjoy telling the story, but there was Hessley's queue to keep in mind. He stripped it to essentials—

When he had been with Alexander in Cairo, an Egyptian boy had made himself useful, especially turning up with condiments and sweets not in the ration. The boy had a large wen on the lid of his left eye. Knopper had asked a medico if he could whisk it off. Two years ago Knopper had been in Cairo. He had looked up a dealer, Aboufari, he had heard great things about. They had been chatting for a few minutes when the fellow said, "You were in General Alexander's army, were you not?"

Yes, he had been with Alexander.

Aboufari put a finger on his eye. And of course—

"If Your Majesty will allow me to reserve the rest of the story until later—secretary wants to move the queue."

"Later, then."

"Your Majesty, may I present our American friends, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Rowell. Mrs. Rowell is our own, born in Wales. Mr. Rowell's name you will recognize; he is a foremost industrialist, chairman of Fanston International."

"Oh, yes," said the Queen. "How nice that you are with us, Mrs. Rowell, Mr. Rowell," and extended her hand to a woman as aging as herself, whose head, wearing a clever rainbow-ribboned toque, lifted from a slight, concealing kowtow. The woman's hand advanced to take the royal hand.

Her Majesty saw dozens of vaguely familiar faces every day. When she was onstage, any face in the United Kingdom caught by her eye was rewarded with the greeting that the always-known—film stars, politicians, royalty—have for the abstractly known. Audace Rowell received such an acknowledgment and saw immediately, as she had suspected, that Lillo could not be relied on to remember the face of a ten-year-old playmate at St. Cyllans.

Nor did Audie plan to pile on words of recollection while the Queen struggled with the message, pretended she had it, and the deputy secretary chafed at somebody's going on and on, giving the rest of the queue a bad lead. Knopper's Egyptian inning had already been unsuitably long.

Audie relied on the handshake, in which she transferred a spiky object from her hand to Lillo's, and said, "From St. Cyllans, Your Majesty."

The Queen's hand involuntarily snapped back an inch until caught by the firm thumb and forefinger of the American's wife.

Seeing the Queen startle, the deputy secretary stepped forward to give his life. He flashed on the idea of a poisoned Borgia ring, which had impressed him, when he'd read of it in his youth, as a hell of a topping idea. Anytime an Italian was in the queue, Hessley looked at hands carefully. But Knopper had said this person was one of the U.K.'s own—

Coming alive in the background were two men the American industrialist had already classified under *Queen's Security*. Restraining himself from making an unseemly fuss, Calvin Rowell nevertheless leaned to interpose his body between them and his wife. In Dallas two or three bystanders would have been within a second of being blown away. Audie would escape with a scratch from the bullet that first went through him. For a month the spokesman for the department would maintain that the first shots had come from the Rowells.

The historical reflection of the deputy secretary on the crimes of the Borgias, the alert of security and the counteralert of the American industrialist, the arousal of the Queen's physician, who daydreamed through these things, all occurred in the same instant Queen Elizabeth needed to hear "*St. Cyllans*" and identify tactilely the shape in her hand.

She showed the jack to the deputy secretary to disarm him while she tried to compel the presence of a St. Cyllans name to go with the tomboy face and the clever hat. She had not been brought up to lose names from where they were supposed to keep. They sometimes lingered on her tongue. She opened her mouth and one popped out:

"Audace!" Probably the first authentic delight she had experienced all year. Her upper lip rose to the gum, exposing strong and perfect teeth. A mask of laugh wrinkles sprang across the bridge of her nose, squinching her eyes.

"Audace!"

"The very, Your Majesty."

"It's a joy to see you."

Astonished at its own sudden unsteadiness, the ship of state began at once to right itself. Her Majesty tamped her emotion. She had to consider the queue, the Queen's day, with another dedication and a diplomatic dinner before it ended. This event was rather fun but had run its course.

"My dear Audace, it is so very thoughtful of you, and amusing. I shall keep this treasure very near my hand."

"I thought it might give Your Majesty a pleasant memory."

The Queen nodded assent. Sir Steven Knopper moved his party ahead. Behind them the deputy secretary said, "Your Majesty, may I present Dr. Estrella Martin, the well-known Egyptologist."

The Queen must have had a sense of unfulfillment in the episode, for after the queue cleared and she made her dedicatory remarks and moved on to see the collection in its installed splendor, she said something aside to Sir Steven Knopper that brought him back to the guests, who now idled in the wake of the royal party.

"Audace, the Queen requests that you join her. Not you, Calvin"—he put a restraining hand on his friend's arm. "Not at the moment. As we move along, however, drift forward. We'll fall together."

NOT UNTIL THEY WERE ALONE ON THE leather cushions of the hired car, being driven back to their hotel, did they have a chance really to talk to each other. She apologized.

"I didn't tell you ahead because I thought you might try to talk me out of it. I was determined to hand her that jack."

"I wouldn't have said anything. You're a better judge than I am of anything like that. But you overlooked a detail. I'm surprised. You're usually more thorough."

"Oh?"

He told her about the security men, and his guess that if anything like that happened in Dallas, "it would be the

last scene in *Hamlet*. The Queen would be the first to go."

She thought that was comic. "But not as comic as Lady Constance's face. It was like a purse something had been stuffed in and she couldn't snap shut. The Queen was going on about St. Cyllans and how I liked it in America and how you and I met—and yes, mind you, our children. I thought Her Majesty was going to show me family snapshots. All the while Constance was trying to make her face stay closed and it wouldn't. I did enjoy that. You must be sure to tell Steven again how much we appreciated the invitation."

"Steven said something about getting us invited to the next honours announcements. Would you like that?"

She thought about whether she would like it or not.

"Oh, I don't think so, Cal. I wouldn't want to have to come back to England again for anything like that. I don't want it to get to be one of those things where I have to entertain her if she comes to America." And more: "I don't want to start exchanging Christmas cards and wonder if I should wait to get hers first, so she won't feel forced to reply to mine, or if she will feel I didn't intend to send her a card until I got hers. I'm trying to simplify my life. If it's all right with you, I think Lillo and I have done it."

Cal chuckled at the absurd string ball Audie was picking at.

"Up to you. There's nothing going between Her Majesty and me."

THE MOST ENVIABLE LIVES HAVE MORE than a fair share of loss, hardship, and monumental disasters, and it was something to be married to a woman who was a curator of life's small treasures as well: gardens, the names of distant aunts, memories waiting to be drawn out of others to their delight. He knew he was going to hear that monologue again as a star turn at one of Audie's famous dinner parties. He closed his hand on hers to express his satisfaction.

"When you think of it," she went on, "she hasn't had an easy life. Her dear cousin Mountbatten was assassinated, and his grandson and Lady Brabourne. They were family. They were people who telephoned on rainy days to say, 'We're coming over.' Slaughtered. Every blessed moment must be planned so nothing like that happens to Lillo and hers. Her papa died when she was only twenty-five. You would expect your grandpapa, not your papa, to die when you're that young. And then she had to be Queen. It isn't as though she looked forward to it. Going around to these dedications, meeting strangers all the time, being called 'Your Majesty.' I'll tell you something, Cal. I don't doubt that I am as good a friend as Lillo has. That's the truth." □

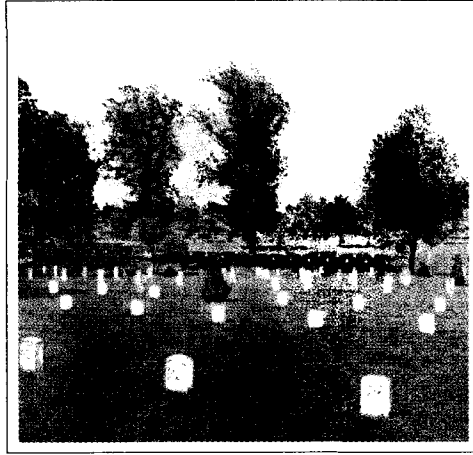


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WAR CHANTS



.....

a poetry anthology

HEIRLOOMS

We're down to an anvil and conch,
seashell and useless steel,
not much from four hard years
of war. Mother's grandmother

blew this shell like a horn,
one steady roar to warn
of soldiers scouring Alabama pines,
two blasts to bring him back.

Feel the smooth, curved shell,
taste the dust of the mouth hole.
Touch the knobs like knuckles,
the wavy edges chipped

before we were born. Feel the nicked,
smooth steel of the anvil.
Grandfather felt the blacksmith's blast,
watched his father pound red iron

until the muscles bulged,
about to burst. Love, it was real,
he touched those fists.
Feel the pink bowl of the shell,

slide your hand through the spiral
back to the days of Lincoln,
imagine owning ten burned acres
and a leg a Minié ball took off.

Sniff the Alabama pine,
a thousand miles of powder.
Hold it close and hear an ocean
roll near Mobile, blow it long,

now rapid puffs like a hoot owl—
listen to the pounded anvil, the ringing
of steel on steel, the clang
of muskets beaten into plows.

—Walter McDonald

BIVOUAC NEAR TRENTON

Good thing my life contains more than one story
And I won't be able to see it whole on my deathbed
With any more certainty than I can now.

Good it's not a war that hinges on a final battle
After years of skirmishes, fitful and inconclusive.
So what if today the armies of General Washington
Had to stage a retreat, Harlem Heights abandoned.
The soldiers who take each day as it comes
Can be happy they didn't panic.
Now they're falling asleep by the river
In tents or in open air, where I'm ready to join them
As soon as I make my devotions to Night,
The goddess who'll protect this day from invasion,
From any plot hatched by tomorrow.
And now as the tent flap rustles in the wind
I'll finish this letter to you by the fitful candle.
It's cold crossing the Delaware in the grip of winter
And at night it's scary, what with the ice floes.
It's warm inside this letter. No need for mittens.
You were out the day I called to make my declaration
Of independence from the tyrant ambivalence
Who blocked my pursuit of happiness, so I'm writing.
Night has pulled my phrases beyond revision
Up to the safety of the starry sky
Where Jefferson's silvery words twinkle untarnished,
Untouched by the story that he dies in debt,
Monticello lost to his family,
The slaves he'd hoped to free still slaves.

—Carl Dennis

TO THE WALL

To the wall that holds up night
come these chained, myopic figures:
the faded nominees, envoys
without portfolios, past presidents
and shunted candidates . . .

Heroes with guttering torches,
ill-starred drummers
in the thickets of policy.

They stand, hollow and waking,
trying to see through
the coarse fabric of illusion;
and fall, as another volley
echoes in the reddening
canyons of our dawn planet.

And the wall advances,
trailing its broken ivy,
hour by hour,
with the sound of wind
through a slot.

May all the laboring captains,
junkmen, raiders, and dumpers
—life-wreckers
whose seared lips blow
on the forges of sunset,

stand before that wall.

—John Haines

BUZZARD

Circuit rider, the Methodist
of carrion. Undertaker
of fate, the day's data. Black soul
hungering for a body. God
wobbling above, missing nothing.

—Michael McFee

Feminist



"A Violation of Civil Rights"



"Brian De Palma's
Magnum Opus"

Mother Of Two

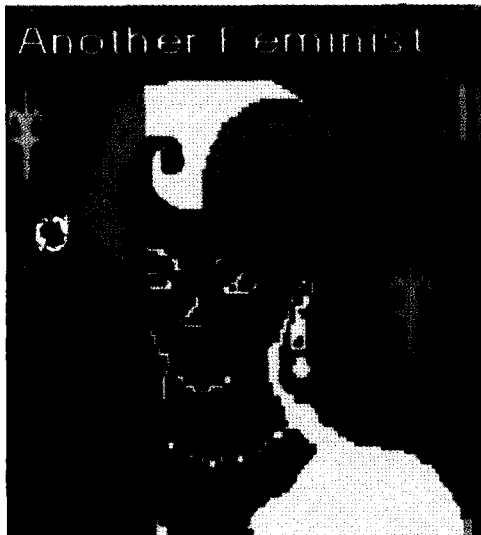


"Yet another example of
gratuitous sex and violence"

? WHAT ?
IS ?
THIS ?

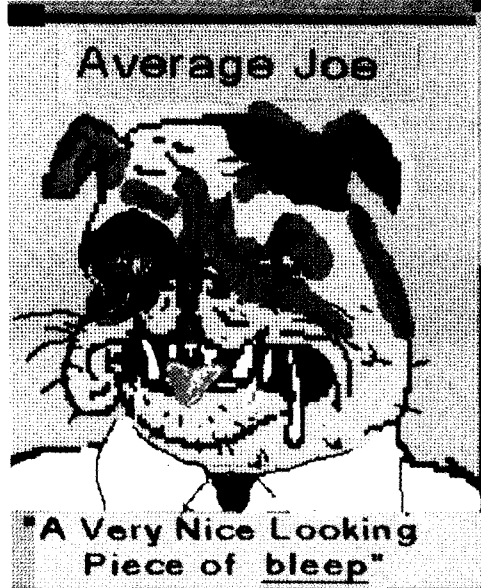


THE GAME WHERE EVERY-
BODY HAS AN ANSWER!



Another Feminist

"Freedom of Expression"



Average Joe

"A Very Nice Looking Piece of bleep"



12 YEAR OLD

"A Perfume Ad?"

A critique of a movement that is winning new recruits among politicians and on college campuses—a movement that appeals to the widespread loathing of pornography, that promotes a view of men as lubricious brutes, and that has united authoritarians on the left and the right in an assault on free speech

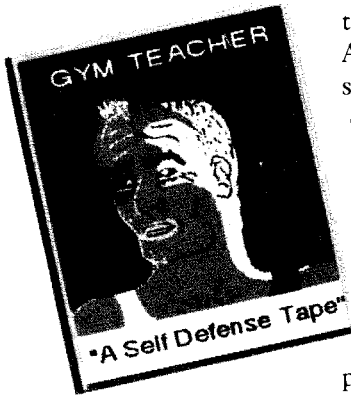
FEMINISTS AGAINST THE FIRST AMENDMENT

BY WENDY KAMINER

DESPITE EFFORTS TO REDEVELOP it, New York's Forty-second Street retains its underground appeal, especially for consumers of pornography. What city officials call "sex-related uses"—triple-X video (formerly book) stores, peep shows, and topless bars—have declined in number since their heyday in the 1970s, and much of the block between Seventh and Eighth avenues is boarded up, a hostage to development. New sex businesses—yuppie topless bars and downscale lap-dancing joints (don't ask)—are prospering elsewhere in Manhattan. But Peepland (MULTI-VIDEO BOOTHS! NUDE DANCING GIRLS!) still reigns, and Show World, a glitzy sex emporium, still anchors the west end of the block, right around the corner from *The New York Times*.

In the late 1970s I led groups of suburban women on tours through Show World and other Forty-second Street hot spots, exposing them, in the interests of consciousness-raising, to pornography's various genres: Nazi porn, nurse porn, lesbian porn, bondage porn—none of it terribly imaginative. The women didn't exactly hold hands as they ventured down the street with me, but they did stick close together; traveling en masse, they were not so conspicuous as individuals. With only a little less discomfort than resolve, they dutifully viewed the pornography.

This was in the early days of the feminist anti-porn movement, when legislative strategies against pornography were mere gleams in



The legislation adopted in Indianapolis offered a novel approach to prohibiting pornography: pornography was not simply speech, Catharine MacKinnon suggested, but active sex discrimination, and was therefore not protected by the First Amendment.

subordinate, degrading poses for the sexual, exploitative, and even sadistic and violent pleasures of men." Just like a feminist, Schlafly worried about how pornography might "affect a man who is already prone to violence against women." President Ronald Reagan deplored the link between pornography and violence against women.

Pornography as Sex Discrimination

OF COURSE, WHILE FEMINISTS BLAMED PATRIARCHY for pornography, moral majoritarians blamed feminism and other humanist rebellions. The alliance between feminists and the far right was not ideological but political. In 1984 anti-porn legislation devised by Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon, defining pornography as a violation of women's civil rights, was introduced in the Indianapolis city council by an anti-ERA activist, passed with the sup-

port of the feminist writer Andrea Dworkin, when it seemed possible to raise consciousness about pornography without arousing demands for censorship. That period of innocence did not last long. By 1981 the New Right had mounted a nationwide censorship campaign to purge schools and public libraries of sex education and other secular-humanist forms of "pornography." Sex education was "filth and perversion," Jerry Falwell announced in a fund-raising letter that included, under the label "Adults Only. Sexually Explicit Material," excerpts from a college health text. By the mid-1980s right-wing advocates of traditional family values had co-opted feminist anti-porn protests—or, at least, they'd co-opted feminist rhetoric. The feminist attorney and law professor Catharine MacKinnon characterized pornography as the active subordination of women, and Phyllis Schlafly wrote, "Pornography really should be defined as the degradation of women. Nearly all porn involves the use of women in

port of the right, and signed into law by the Republican mayor, William Hudnut.

With the introduction of this bill, a new legislative front opened in the war against pornography, alienating civil-libertarian feminists from their more censorious sisters, while appealing to populist concerns about declining moral values. By calling for the censorship of pornography, some radical feminists found their way into the cultural mainstream—and onto the margins of First Amendment law.

The legislation adopted in Indianapolis offered a novel approach to prohibiting pornography which had all the force of a semantic distinction: pornography was not simply speech, Catharine MacKinnon suggested, but active sex discrimination, and was therefore not protected by the First Amendment. (In her 1989 book *Toward a Feminist Theory of the State*, MacKinnon characterized pornography as "a form of forced sex.") Regarding pornography as action, defining it broadly as any verbal or visually explicit material (violent or not) that subordinates women, presuming that the mere existence of pornography oppresses women, the Indianapolis ordinance gave any woman offended by any arguably pornographic material the right to seek an order prohibiting it, along with damages for the harm it presumably caused. In other words, any woman customer browsing in a bookstore or patrolling one, glancing at a newsstand or a triple-X video store, was a potential plaintiff in a sex-discrimination suit. Given all the literature, films, and videos on the mass market that could be said to subordinate women, this ordinance would have created lots of new business for lawyers—but it did not stand. Within a year of its enactment the Dworkin-MacKinnon law was declared unconstitutional by a federal appeals court, in a decision affirmed by the U.S. Supreme Court.

The feminist anti-porn movement retreated from the legislative arena and passed out of public view in the late 1980s, only to re-emerge with renewed strength on college campuses. College professors following fashions in poststructuralism asserted that legal principles, like those protecting speech, were mere rhetorical power plays: without any objective, universal merit, prevailing legal ideals were simply those privileged by the mostly white male ruling class. The dominant poststructural dogma of the late 1980s denied the First Amendment the transcendent value that the liberal belief in a marketplace of ideas has always awarded it.

Massachusetts Mischief

THIS UNLIKELY CONVERGENCE OF FIRST AMENDMENT critiques from multiculturalists, poststructuralists, and advocates of traditional family values, recently combined with high-profile rape and harassment cases and women's abiding concern with sexual violence, buoyed the feminist anti-porn

Why All Americans Should Support A Moratorium on Immigration

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FACT: Immigration is a major source of U.S. population growth, now adding the equivalent of a New York City to our population every five years! The stress on our urban landscape is unmistakable.

FACT: Globally, human numbers are increasing at 10,000 per hour, 250,000 a day, a new Michigan every month, a new United States every two-and-a-half years. It is inconceivable that hundreds of millions will be able to move — and we're adding one hundred million to our numbers each year. In reality, only a favored few, perhaps a million or two each year, will be able to emigrate.

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movement. This year it re-emerged on the national and local scene with renewed legislative clout. The presumption that pornography oppresses women and is a direct cause of sexual violence is the basis for bills introduced in the U.S. Senate and the Massachusetts legislature. Last June the Senate Judiciary Committee passed the Pornography Victims' Compensation Act, which would make producers, distributors, exhibitors, and retailers convicted of disseminating material adjudged obscene liable for damages to victims of crimes who could claim that the material caused their victimization. The Massachusetts legislature held hearings on a much broader anti-porn bill, closely modeled on the Indianapolis ordinance. Disarmingly titled "An Act to Protect the Civil Rights of Women and Children," the Massachusetts bill would not only make purveyors of pornography liable for crimes committed by their customers; it would also allow any woman, whether or not she has been the victim of a crime, to sue the producers, distributors, exhibitors, or retailers of any sexually explicit visual material that subordinates women. (The exclusion of verbal "pornography" from the anti-trafficking provision would protect the likes of Norman Mailer, whom many feminists consider a pornographer, so long as his works are not adapted for the screen.) What this bill envisions is that the First Amendment would protect only that speech considered sexually correct.

The feminist case against pornography is based on the presumption that the link between pornography and sexual violence is clear, simple, and inexorable. The argument is familiar: censorship campaigns always blame unwanted speech for unwanted behavior: Jerry Falwell once claimed that sex education causes teenage pregnancy, just as feminists claim that pornography causes rape. One objection to this assertion is that it gives rapists and batterers an excuse for their crimes, and perhaps even a "pornography made me do it" defense.

The claim that pornography causes rape greatly oversimplifies the problem of sexual violence. We can hardly say that were it not for pornography, there would be no rape or battering. As feminists opposed to anti-porn legislation have pointed out, countries in which commercial pornography is illegal—Saudi Arabia, for example—are hardly safe havens for women.

This is not to deny that there probably is some link between violence in the media and violence in real life, but it is complicated, variable, and difficult to measure. Not all hate speech is an incantation; not all men are held spellbound by pornography. Poststructural feminists who celebrate subjectivism should be among the first to admit that different people respond to the same images differently. All we can confidently claim is that the way women are imagined is likely to have a cumulative effect on the way they're treated, but that does not mean any single image is the clear and simple cause of any single act.

The Dworkin-MacKinnon bill, however, did more than assume that pornography causes sex discrimination and other crimes against women. It said that pornography *is* violence and discrimination: the active subordination of women (and it assumed that we can all agree on what constitutes subordination). MacKinnon and her followers deny that prohibiting pornography is censorship, because they effectively deny that pornography is speech—and that is simply Orwellian. The line between speech and behavior is sometimes blurred: dancing nude down a public street is one way of expressing yourself which may also be a form of disorderly conduct. But if pornography is sex discrimination, then an editorial criticizing the President is treason.

Most feminists concerned about pornography are probably not intent on suppressing political speech, but the legislation they support, like the Massachusetts anti-porn bill, is so broad, and its definition of pornography so subjective, that it would be likely to jeopardize sex educators and artists more than it would hard-core pornographers, who are used to operating outside the law. Feminist legislation makes no exception for "pornography" in which some might find redeeming social value; it could, for example, apply in the case of a woman disfigured by a man who had seen too many paintings by Willem de Kooning. "If a woman is subjected," Catharine MacKinnon writes, "why should it matter that the work has other value?"

With this exclusive focus on prohibiting material that reflects incorrect attitudes toward women, anti-porn feminists don't deny the chilling effect of censorship; they embrace it. Any speech that subordinates women—any pornography—is yelling "Fire!" in a crowded theater, they say, falling back on a legal canard. But that's true only if, just as all crowds are deemed potential mobs, all men are deemed potential abusers whose violent impulses are bound to be sparked by pornography. It needs to be said, by feminists, that efforts to censor pornography reflect a profound disdain for men. Catharine MacKinnon has written that "pornography works as a behavioral conditioner, reinforcer and stimulus, not as idea or advocacy. It is more like saying 'kill' to a trained guard dog—and also the training process itself." That's more a theory of sexuality than of speech: pornography is action because all men are dogs on short leashes.

This bleak view of male sexuality condemns heterosexuality for women as an exercise in wish fulfillment (if only men weren't all dogs) or false consciousness (such as male-identified thinking). True feminism, according to MacKinnon, unlike liberal feminism, "sees sexuality as a social sphere of male power of which forced sex is paradigmatic." With varying degrees of clarity, MacKinnon and Dworkin suggest that in a context of pervasive, institutionalized inequality, there can be no consensual sex between men and women: we can never honestly distinguish rape from intercourse.

An Esoteric Debate

A MODIFIED VERSION OF THIS MESSAGE MAY WELL have particular appeal to some college women today, who make up an important constituency for the anti-porn movement. In their late teens and early twenties, these women are still learning to cope with sexuality, in a violent and unquestionably misogynistic world. Feminism on campus tends to focus on issues of sexuality, not of economic equity. Anxiety about date rape is intense, along with anxiety about harassment and hate speech. Understanding and appreciation of the First Amendment is a lot less evident, and concern about employment discrimination seems somewhat remote. It's not hard to understand why: college women, in general, haven't experienced overt repression of opinions and ideas, or many problems in the workplace, but from childhood they've known what it is to fear rape. In the age of AIDS, the fear can be crippling.

Off campus the anti-porn feminist critique of male sexuality and heterosexuality for women has little appeal, but it is not widely known. MacKinnon's theoretical writings are impenetrable to readers who lack familiarity with poststructural jargon and the patience to decode sentences like this: "If objectivity is the epistemological stance of which women's sexual objectification is the social process, its imposition the paradigm of power in the male form, then the state will appear most relentless in imposing the male point of view when it comes closest to achieving its highest formal criterion of distanced aperiodicity." Dworkin is a much more accessible polemicist, but she is also much less visible outside feminist circles. Tailored, with an air of middle-class respectability and the authority of a law professor, MacKinnon looks far less scary to mainstream Americans than her theories about sexuality, which drive the anti-porn movement, might sound.

If anti-pornography crusades on the right reflect grassroots concern about changing sexual mores and the decline of the traditional family, anti-pornography crusades on the feminist left reflect the concerns and perceptions of an educated elite. In the battle for the moral high ground, anti-porn feminists claim to represent the interests of a racially diverse mixture of poor and working-class women who work in the pornography industry—and they probably do represent a few. But many sex-industry workers actively oppose anti-porn legislation (some feminists would say they've been brainwashed by patriarchy or actually coerced), and it's not at all clear that women who are abused in the making of pornography would be helped by forcing it deeper underground; working conditions in an illegal business are virtually impossible to police. It's hard to know how many other alleged victims of pornography feel represented by the anti-porn movement, and I know of no demographic study of the movement's active members.

Leaders of the feminist anti-porn movement, however, do seem more likely to emerge from academia and the professions than from the streets or battered-women's shelters. Debra Robbin, a former director of the New Bedford Women's Center, one of the first shelters in Massachusetts, doesn't believe that "women on the front lines," working with victims of sexual violence, will "put much energy into a fight against pornography." Activists don't have time: "They can barely leave their communities to go to the statehouses to fight for more funding." The poor and working-class women they serve would say, "Yeah, pornography is terrible, but I don't have food on my table." Carolin Ramsey, the executive director of the Massachusetts Coalition of Battered Women Service Groups, says that the pornography debate "doesn't have a lot to do with everyday life for me and the women I'm serving." She explains, "Violence in the home and the streets that directly threatens our lives and our families is more pressing than a movie. Keeping my kids away from drugs is more important than keeping them away from literature."

Ramsey is sympathetic to anti-porn feminists ("there's room in the movement for all of us"), and she believes that "violence in the media contributes to violence in real life." Still, she considers the pornography debate "esoteric" and "intellectual" and feels under no particular pressure from her constituents to take a stand against pornography.

If censoring pornography is the central feminist issue for Catharine MacKinnon, it is a peripheral issue for activists like Robbin and Ramsey. Robbin in particular does not believe that eliminating pornography would appreciably lessen the incidence of sexual abuse. David Adams, a co-founder and the executive director of Emerge, a Boston counseling center for male batterers, believes that only a minority of his clients (perhaps 10 to 20 percent) use hard-core pornography. He estimates that half may have substance-abuse problems, and adds that alcohol seems more directly involved in abuse than pornography. Adams agrees with feminists that pornography is degrading to women but does not support legislation regulating it, because "the legislation couldn't work and would only open the door to censorship."

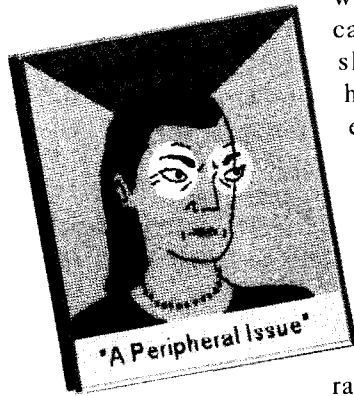
What might work instead? Emerge conducts programs in Boston and Cambridge public schools on violence, aimed at both victims and perpetrators. "There's a lot of violence in teen relationships," Adams observes. Debra Robbin wishes that women in the anti-porn movement would "channel their energies into funding battered women's shelters and rape-crisis centers."

Reforming the criminal-justice system is also a priority for many women concerned about sexual violence. Anti-stalking laws could protect many more women than raids on pornographic video stores are ever likely to; so could the efficient processing of cases against men who abuse women.

Sensationalism as an Organizing Tool

WHY DO SOME WOMEN CHANNEL THEIR ENERGIES into a fight against pornography? Anti-porn legislation has the appeal of a quick fix, as Robbin notes. And, she adds, "there's notoriety to be gained from protesting pornography." The "harder work"—promoting awareness and understanding of sexual violence, changing the way children are socialized, and helping women victims of violence—is less sensationalist and less visible.

Sensationalism, however, is an organizing tool for anti-porn feminists. If questions about the effects of pornography seem intellectual to some women involved in social-service work, the popular campaign against pornography is aggressively anti-intellectual. Although advocates of First Amendment freedoms are stuck with intellectual defenses of the marketplace of ideas, anti-porn feminists



The feminist case against pornography is based on the presumption that the link between pornography and sexual violence is clear, simple, and inexorable. The argument is familiar: censorship campaigns always blame unwanted speech for unwanted behavior.

whip up support for their cause with pornographic slide shows comprising hard-core pictures of women being tortured, raped, and generally degraded. Many feminists are equally critical of the soft-core porn movies available at local video stores and on cable TV, arguing that the violence in pornography is often covert (and they include mainstream advertising images in their slide shows). But hard-core violence is what works on the crowd. Feminist rhetoric often plays on women's worst fears about men: "Pornography tells us that there but for the grace of God go us," Gail Dines, a sociology professor at Wheelock College, exclaimed during her recent slide show at Harvard, as she presented photographs of women being brutalized.

Dines's porn show was SRO, its audience some three hundred undergraduates who winced and gasped at the awful slides and cheered when Dines pointed to a pornographic picture of a woman and said, "When I walk down the street, what

they know about me is what they know about her!" She warned her mostly female audience that pornographers have "aggressively targeted college men." She seemed preoccupied with masturbation. Part of the problem of pornography, she suggested, is that men use it to masturbate, and "women weren't put on this world to facilitate masturbation." She advised a student concerned about the presence of *Playboy* in the college library that library collections of pornography aren't particularly worrisome, because men are not likely to masturbate in libraries.

In addition to condemnations of male sexuality, Dines offered questionable horror stories about pornography's atrocities, like this: Rape vans are roaming the streets of New York. Women are dragged into the vans and raped on camera; when their attackers sell the rape videos in commercial outlets, the women have no legal recourse.

A story like this is impossible to disprove (how do you prove a negative?), but it should probably not be taken at face value, as many students in Dines's audience seemed to take it. William Daly, the director of New York City's Office of Midtown Enforcement, which is responsible for monitoring the sex industry in New York, has never heard of rape vans; almost anything is possible on Forty-second Street, but he is skeptical that rape vans are a problem. Part of Dines's story, however, is simply untrue: under New York State privacy law, says Nan Hunter, a professor of law at Brooklyn Law School, women could seek damages for the sale of the rape videos, and also an injunction against their distribution.

It would be difficult even to raise questions about the accuracy of the rape-van story, however, in the highly emotional atmosphere of a slide show; you'd be accused of "not believing the women." Just as slides of bloody fetuses pre-empt rational debate about abortion, pornographic slide shows pre-empt argumentative questions and rational consideration of First Amendment freedoms, the probable effect of efforts to censor pornography, and the actual relationship between pornography and violence.

A Pornographic Culture?

DOES PORNOGRAPHY CAUSE VIOLENCE AGAINST women, as some feminists claim? Maybe, in some cases, under some circumstances involving explicitly violent material. Readers interested in the social-science debate should see both the report of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, which found a link between pornography and violence against women, and the feminist writer Marcia Pally's "Sense and Censorship," published by Americans for Constitutional Freedom and the Freedom to Read Foundation. In addition to the equivocal social-science data, however, we have the testimony of women who claim to have been brutalized by male consumers of pornography. Anti-porn feminists generally characterize pornography as a "how to" literature on abusing women, which men are

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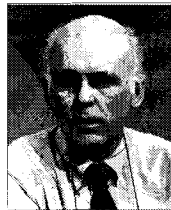
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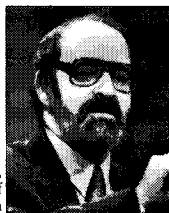
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apparently helpless to resist. But evidence of this is mainly anecdotal: At a hearing last March on the anti-porn bill in the Massachusetts legislature, several women told awful, lurid tales of sexual abuse, said to have been inspired by pornography. Like a TV talk show, the Attorney General's commission presented testimony from pornography's alleged victims, which may or may not have been true. It's difficult to cross-examine a sobbing self-proclaimed victim; you either take her testimony at face value or you don't.

Still, many people don't need reliable, empirical evidence about a link between pornography and behavior to believe that one exists. When feminists talk about pornography, after all, they mean a wide range of mainstream media images—Calvin Klein ads, Brian De Palma films, and the endless stream of TV shows about serial rapist stranglers and housewives who moonlight as hookers. How could we not be affected by the routine barrage of images linking sex and violence and lingerie? The more broadly pornography is defined, the more compelling are assertions about its inevitable effect on behavior, but the harder it is to control. How do we isolate the effects of any particular piece of pornography if we live in a pornographic culture?

Narrowly drawn anti-porn legislation, which legislators are most likely to pass and judges most likely to uphold, would not begin to address the larger cultural problem of pornography. Feminists themselves usually claim publicly that they're intent on prohibiting only hard-core pornography, although on its face their legislation applies to a much broader range of material. But if you accept the feminist critique of sexism in the media, hard-core porn plays a relatively minor role in shaping attitudes and behavior. If feminists are right about pornography, it is a broad social problem, not a discrete legal one—that is, pornography is not a problem the law can readily solve, unless perhaps we suspend the First Amendment entirely and give feminists the power to police the mainstream media, the workplace, and the schools.

The likelihood that feminists would not be the ones to police Forty-second Street should anti-porn legislation pass is one reason that many feminists oppose the anti-porn campaign. If society is as sexist as Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon claim, it is not about to adopt a feminist agenda when it sets out to censor pornography. The history of anti-porn campaigns in this country is partly a history of campaigns against reproductive choice and changing roles for men and women. The first federal obscenity legislation, known as the Comstock Law, passed in 1873, prohibited the mailing of not only dirty pictures but also contraceptives and information about abortion. Early in this century Margaret Sanger and the sex educator Mary Ware Dennett were prosecuted for obscenity violations. Recently the New Right campaign against socially undesirable literature has focused on sex education in public schools. Anti-porn activists on the right consider feminism and homosexuality (which they link) to be threats to tradi-

tional family life (which, in fact, they are). In Canada a landmark Supreme Court ruling this year which adopted a feminist argument against pornography was first used to prohibit distribution of a small lesbian magazine, which a politically correct feminist would be careful to label erotica.

Gay and lesbian groups, as well as advocates of sex education and the usual array of feminist and nonfeminist civil libertarians, actively oppose anti-pornography legislation. Some state chapters of the National Organization for Women—New York, California, and Vermont—have taken strong anti-censorship stands, but at the national level NOW has not taken a position in the pornography debate. Its president, Patricia Ireland, would like to see pornography become socially unacceptable, "like smoking," but is wary of taking legal action against it, partly because she's wary of "giving people like Jesse Helms the power to decide what we read and see." But for major, national feminist organizations, like NOW and the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund, the pornography debate is a minefield to be carefully avoided. Pornography is probably the most divisive issue feminists have faced since the first advocates of the ERA, in the 1920s, squared off against advocates of protective labor legislation for women. Feminists for and against anti-porn legislation are almost as bitterly divided as pro-choice activists and members of Operation Rescue.

Renewed concern about abortion rights may drain energy from the anti-porn movement. Feminists may awaken to the danger that anti-pornography laws will be used against sex educators and advocates of choice. (The imposition of a gag rule on family-planning clinics may have made some feminists more protective of the First Amendment.) Politicians courting women voters may find that anti-porn legislation alienates more feminists than it pleases. Still, censorship campaigns will always have considerable appeal. Like campaigns to reinstate the death penalty, they promise panaceas for profound social pathologies. They make their case by exploiting the wrenching anecdotal testimony of victims: politicians pushing the death penalty hold press conferences flanked by mothers of murdered children, just as feminists against pornography spotlight raped and battered women.

Rational argument is no match for highly emotional testimony. But it may be wishful thinking to believe that penalizing the production and distribution of hard-core pornography would have much effect on sexual violence. It would probably have little effect even on pornography, given the black market. It would, however, complicate campaigns to distribute information about AIDS, let alone condoms, in the public schools. It would distract us from the harder, less popular work of reforming sexual stereotypes and roles, and addressing actual instead of metaphorical instruments of violence. The promise of the anti-porn movement is the promise of a world in which almost no one can buy pornography and almost anyone can buy a gun. □

The elementary and junior high schools of East Harlem have been held up by many educators and politicians as models, and as proof that allowing parents to choose their children's schools is the key to improved performance. Many of the achievements in East Harlem are real, the author finds, but the reasons for them are not always apparent—and not always faced up to by educators

WHAT SCHOOL CHOICE REALLY MEANS

BY DAVID L. KIRP



ON STANDARD-ISSUE MAPS OF MANHATTAN, Ninety-sixth Street on the Upper East Side is shown slightly thicker than the lines representing neighboring streets, to signify that traffic on it runs both east and west. There is no hint of a border on these maps, no intimation that Ninety-sixth Street marks a division between two dramatically different worlds.

South of Ninety-sixth Street lie some of New York City's most fashionable addresses. The continuing collapse of the city's economy has touched even these streets, of course, and now there are empty stores,

unsellable condominiums. But nannies still push strollers along Fifth Avenue and in Central Park, and adolescents still stream forth from private schools. Lawyers and investment bankers still look as if they had stepped straight out of the display windows at Talbot's or Brooks Brothers. Almost the only nonwhite faces to be seen belong to the help.

To the north of Ninety-sixth Street lies East Harlem. On its two hundred square blocks many of the brownstones are empty, boarded up, covered with barbed wire and jagged bits of glass to keep out the vagrants and drug addicts. Half of East Harlem's population of 120,000 is Hispanic, and almost all the rest is

GRADUATION DAY, CENTRAL PARK EAST
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, MANHATTAN

African-American. New arrivals come mostly from dirt-poor Caribbean and Central American countries. By all the standard social measures, East Harlem is among the worst-off neighborhoods in the city.

Yet every school-day morning brings a remarkable sight, as a thousand or so children from elsewhere in the city, many of them from families that could easily afford private academies, negotiate the buses and subways with practiced cool to join the 14,000 Hispanic and black children who attend East Harlem's elementary and junior high schools. These students come to East Harlem not because some official issued an integration order or redrew a school-district boundary but because their families have chosen to send them here. Remarkably, in some of the battered school buildings of this neighborhood, where these children attend classes with the children of the barrio, an exemplary education can be had. East Harlem's schools have, in fact, become famous, at least among educators, for their quality—relative to that of other inner-city schools, anyway—and the story of the transformation of these schools has by now acquired the status of an oft-told legend.

In 1970, when each of New York City's elementary and junior high schools was assigned to one of thirty-two community school districts, with powerful elected school boards that had the right to pick the local superintendent, East Harlem's schools, which make up District Four, were widely regarded as the city's worst. In 1974 the children scored thirty-second—dead last—on standardized reading tests. Absenteeism was chronic among teachers as well as students. Gangs had turned junior high corridors into battlegrounds, school bathrooms into drug bazaars. And yet scarcely a decade later this prototypical blackboard jungle had come to be hailed as something of a model for urban education. The most widely cited measure of its accomplishment is the reported improvement in reading achievement: by the mid-1980s East Harlem's scores had risen from the very worst citywide to a level approximating the citywide average.

Behind this change, East Harlem's boosters say, lies the simple but revolutionary fact that parents in East Harlem are now allowed to choose their children's schools—thereby introducing the salutary effects of competition into institutions dispirited by inertia, red tape, and the chaos of the surrounding community. These changes are not unique to East Harlem. Across the country, public school

choice has been one of the most widely adopted reforms of the past decade, and enthusiasts for one or another version of school choice span the political spectrum. But what does make East Harlem special, and so worth paying attention to, is that it came first—and that New York has just decided to make a school-choice program citywide. In District Four choice has been sustained as a guiding philosophy for nearly two decades—a geological epoch in the faddish world of education policy. Moreover, the system of choice has been implemented in a city where the difficulties of making *anything* happen are well known, and in a neighborhood characterized by deep social pathology. And it is undeniable that much of the education in East

Harlem is better than what was available twenty years ago. But did choice make the difference? And how much difference has actually been made?

These are important questions, the answers to which have implications for schools around the country—because even as legions of defenders hold up East Harlem as a national model, critics assail some of what has happened there as a triumph of public relations. Yes, they say, many East Harlem mini-schools may get a silk-stocking trade, and may offer instruction that is as good as in the better private schools, but just a few corridors away are classrooms with no middle-class students and all the familiar woes of inner-city education. And, they say, the way the system labeled “choice” works in practice makes such disparities inevitable.



THE CHILDREN'S WORKSHOP

*East Harlem's schools
have become
famous for their qual-
ity. Did choice
make the difference?
And how much
difference has actually
been made?*

The Revolution Begins

DURING THE MID-1950S THE novelist Dan Wakefield, then a young reporter, lived in Spanish Harlem for six months and delivered a savage indictment of official neglect, especially in

the public schools. “[The schools] have been of little help to the children of Spanish Harlem in escaping the realities of its streets, or . . . changing those realities to something like the promise of the posters that smile from the classrooms,” Wakefield wrote in *Island in the City*. “The schools, in fact, have blocked out the possibilities of the world beyond even more profoundly than the tenement buildings around them.” The situation only deteriorated in 1968, when black and radical white parents and teachers throughout the city fought the teachers’ union and the education bureaucracy for greater local control over schools. They got it in 1970, after several bitter teachers’ strikes, but the aftermath brought infighting

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of every kind among the board members of the thirty-two newly created school districts.

Things began to improve in District Four in 1973, when an insurgent slate was elected to the school board. Robert Rodriguez, an East Harlem native who headed the slate and directed the East Harlem Neighborhood Manpower Service Center, was only twenty-one at the time. The new board chairman was committed to running a clean enterprise, in which educational priorities didn't get confused with personal agendas and board members didn't push pet programs or hand out patronage jobs to friends. Keeping fellow board members and local leaders from meddling in the details of personnel and programs didn't prove easy, however, and tensions ran so high that police officers were sometimes present at board meetings to assure order.

When Rodriguez came to power, the district superintendent was seen by many in the community as symbolizing the old, unresponsive regime. The superintendent was quickly forced out, and the board chose as his successor Anthony Alvarado, a charismatic thirty-year-old Puerto Rican from East Harlem. His fast-track career had taken him from Fordham University to half a dozen jobs in education, including running an experimental preschool and heading up a bilingual elementary school.

As the District Four superintendent, Alvarado brought in new black and Hispanic principals—a good idea in itself, and certainly also a way of fending off potential local critics. He also pushed an agenda that included alternative schools, bilingual schools (which now enroll 2,000 of the district's students), a district-wide reading program, and major infusions of federal and state dollars.

The alternative schools have gotten the most attention, yet they began almost accidentally. In 1974 Alvarado approached Deborah Meier, a longtime teacher on Manhattan's Upper West Side and a pedagogical reformer committed to bringing open classrooms to city schools, and asked if she would be interested in running her own elementary school. Meier jumped at the chance. In the school she had in mind, classrooms would have places to build things, quiet spaces for reading, and corners for painting. Teachers would move around, offering individual help. Classes would be small by city standards, and teachers would come to know their students well, because they would spend two years with the same children. The new school would depend for its survival on parents' willingness to accept the risks of an unfamiliar kind of education for their children, and also on teachers' willingness to surrender their lunch hours to students and their after-school hours to meetings that ran as long as in socialist heaven. The school had to start small, Meier argued, one grade at a time, with no set curriculum—"If the teacher cared a lot [about a topic] and the kids cared a lot, that was a good topic"—and no guaranteed results.

Although classes like this have been routine for half a

century in the best progressive private academies, the school Meier and Alvarado proposed to create was a deviant institution in New York City public schools, where teachers typically stood at the front of the classroom talking at rows of nodding heads and covering a prescribed curriculum. Central Park East, as Meier's elementary school was called, started out in the fall of 1974 on two floors of P.S. 171, a run-down elementary school with which it would be competing for students and resources. Many of the Puerto Rican parents living in the neighborhood, whose memories of their own education led them to equate quality with order, were suspicious of a white Jewish woman and her permissive ideas. Some community activists wanted a school rooted more in the language and struggles of the barrio than in the theories of John Dewey and Jean Piaget. But the school attracted students, and after a troubled first few years its reputation as a good place to learn began to spread. Soon there were more applicants than spaces, with many of the applications coming from outside East Harlem.

The same year that Central Park East opened its doors, two other alternative schools opened, to serve grades five through nine: the East Harlem Performing Arts School and the BETA ("better education through alternatives") School, which took rejects from other schools, where they had made teachers' lives hell (the BETA School would close in 1990).

In 1976 Alvarado hired Seymour Fliegel, who had been a teacher and administrator in Harlem for two decades, to oversee the existing alternative schools and help create many new ones. By 1982 two new primary schools, Central Park East II and River East, were launched to meet a rising demand for open classrooms. Though they began as spinoffs of Central Park East, and took students from a common pool of applicants, the new academies gradually developed their own identities. From the outset, places in these schools were much sought-after, and soon educators with other dreams appeared at Fliegel's doorstep. Alan Sofferman, who had taught fifth and sixth grades at P.S. 96, and who eventually became its assistant principal, imagined a School of Science and Humanities, as tradition-oriented as any parochial school. Students would wear uniforms, and silence would be observed as orderly ranks of pupils passed by one another in the corridors. Leonard Bernstein, a science teacher, designed the Isaac Newton School with the intention of exposing the brightest youngsters from the ghetto to state-of-the-art instruction in science and math. Beryl Epton, who had taught at the BETA School, wanted a chance to work with younger children who had troubled histories. She started the Children's Workshop, the smallest of East Harlem's alternative schools, a one-room second-through-fourth-grade class for children who had been or were likely to be held back because of behavioral problems. New schools opened almost every year, each one trying to find its special niche. Their names reveal the range of aspirations:

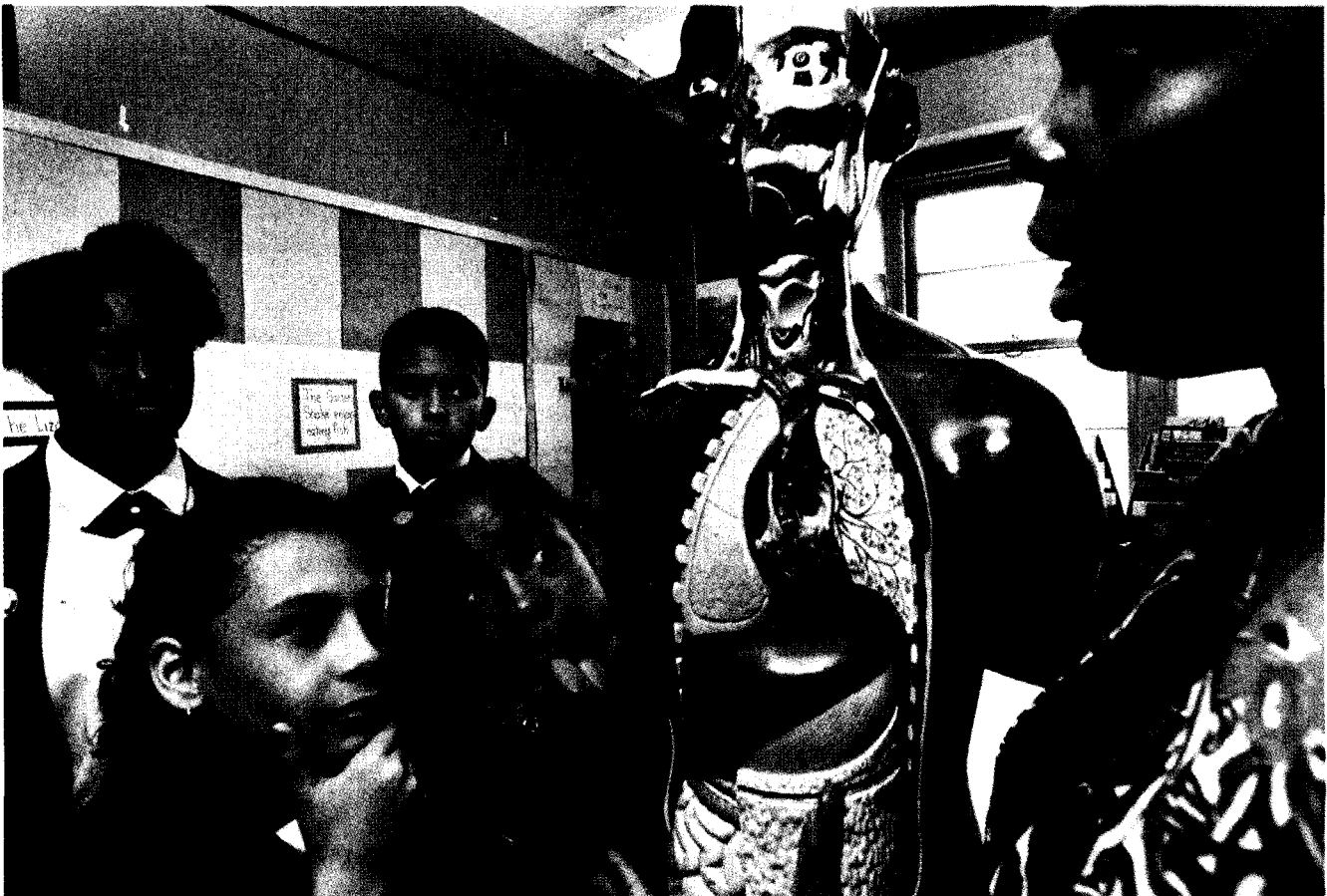
the Academy of Environmental Science, the Maritime School, the East Harlem Career Academy, the Talented and Gifted School.

While every other district in the city was pleading poverty, East Harlem usually found the money to do what it wanted. For one thing, its administrators came to realize that because the notion of choice pushed the right buttons at Ronald Reagan's Department of Education, Washington after 1980 would be forthcoming with cash. At one point during the 1980s District Four received more federal money per student than any other school district in the country. The Republicans from Washington and the liberal Democrats from Spanish Harlem have

to slip the new teachers onto the payroll regardless of seniority.

The teachers' unions initially protested about all the rules East Harlem was breaking. But they backed off when they saw members volunteering to swap protections won through collective bargaining for the rewards of professionalism. (Today the New York City teachers' contract specifies that with a three-quarters-majority vote the teachers at any school can waive rules about class size and teachers' schedules.)

"I could say, 'We had a long-range plan: we envisioned a choice program ten years down the line,'" Fliegel says. "But things don't work that way. It developed organi-



made strange bedfellows, and there are those who say that the district was manipulated. Yet in the cutthroat world of New York City school politics, Washington's support bought East Harlem a measure of protection.

District Four was also prepared to fend for itself. For years it engaged heavily in the risky business of deficit financing, and it outmaneuvered the dozing downtown bureaucrats. The alternative schools, with their tiny staffs, could not live with the seniority system that reigned in every other city district. So the principals (called directors) of the alternative schools recruited teachers mainly by word of mouth, and turned to Fliegel

cally." Slowly, if haphazardly, with a sizable dose of what Fliegel calls "creative noncompliance" with the rules, an alternative system parallel to the regular schools emerged, with a handful of alternative elementary schools and a somewhat larger number of junior highs—twenty-two alternative schools in all by 1982, offering a wide range of options. By then there were enough options to enable every sixth-grade student in East Harlem to have at least *some* choice, although competition for places at the most popular schools was sufficiently intense that the schools, not the parents and students, ended up doing most of the picking. Still, by

ANATOMY LESSON AT THE SCHOOL OF
SCIENCE AND HUMANITIES

1982 half of East Harlem's junior high students were attending one of the alternative schools, and by that year East Harlem had moved from thirty-second to fifteenth in the city in reading scores. District Four began getting national attention.

The Numbers Game

EAST HARLEM OFFICIALS FOCUS ON DISTRICT Four's dramatically improved test scores when trumpeting their success. In 1974, they note, only 15.3 percent of the district's students could read at or above grade level; by 1988 the proportion had quadrupled, to 62.5 percent.

This fact is always seized on by those who would commend the East Harlem experience to other school systems. Yet those statistics, while technically correct, are somewhat misleading, and a close look at them begins to reveal some other realities of the East Harlem experience. The biggest improvements in reading scores occurred in 1975 (13 percentage points), when the choice program was just getting started, and in 1986 (9.5 percentage points), when New York City switched to a different test. In those two years reading levels improved substantially all across the city.

Moreover, in 1988 the city was using a test whose norms—the criteria for what should be expected by way of performance—had been set a decade earlier. But in the interim there had been a marked increase in basic-skills levels, and so the norms were out-of-date. It's as if a high-jump bar had remained at a certain height even as the jumpers had grown taller. After new national norms were established, in 1989, the proportion of youngsters performing at grade level dropped to 42 percent in East Harlem (as against 48 percent citywide). This doesn't mean that things weren't getting better in East Harlem, but it does mean that the statistical gain is not as fantastically large as is commonly claimed. Nor have matters changed much since then. Last year 43 percent of students in East Harlem (as compared with 49 percent of students citywide) were doing grade-level work.

Comparisons with other districts do show that from 1978, when norms were previously established, to 1989 District Four's reading scores rose by 14.2 percent, as compared with 2.3 percent for the city as a whole. That was the second-biggest improvement recorded in all of the city's districts. (The biggest improvement, 14.5 percent, occurred in Bedford-Stuyvesant, a Brooklyn district that is 98 percent black and Hispanic, whose school system combines choice at the junior high level with a

OWL PELLET

I was crossing the field—that is all—
longing for nothing more than a color,
when I found the owl's pellet
coiled in the grass.

Beneath the glistening veil of mucus,
a mass of conflicting ingredients:
squirrel fur, rabbit hip,
feather of flicker and jay.

Farther in, I came upon crow quills
splintered and wrapped into balls,
tidy parcels of polished bone,
a frog's spotted fingers.

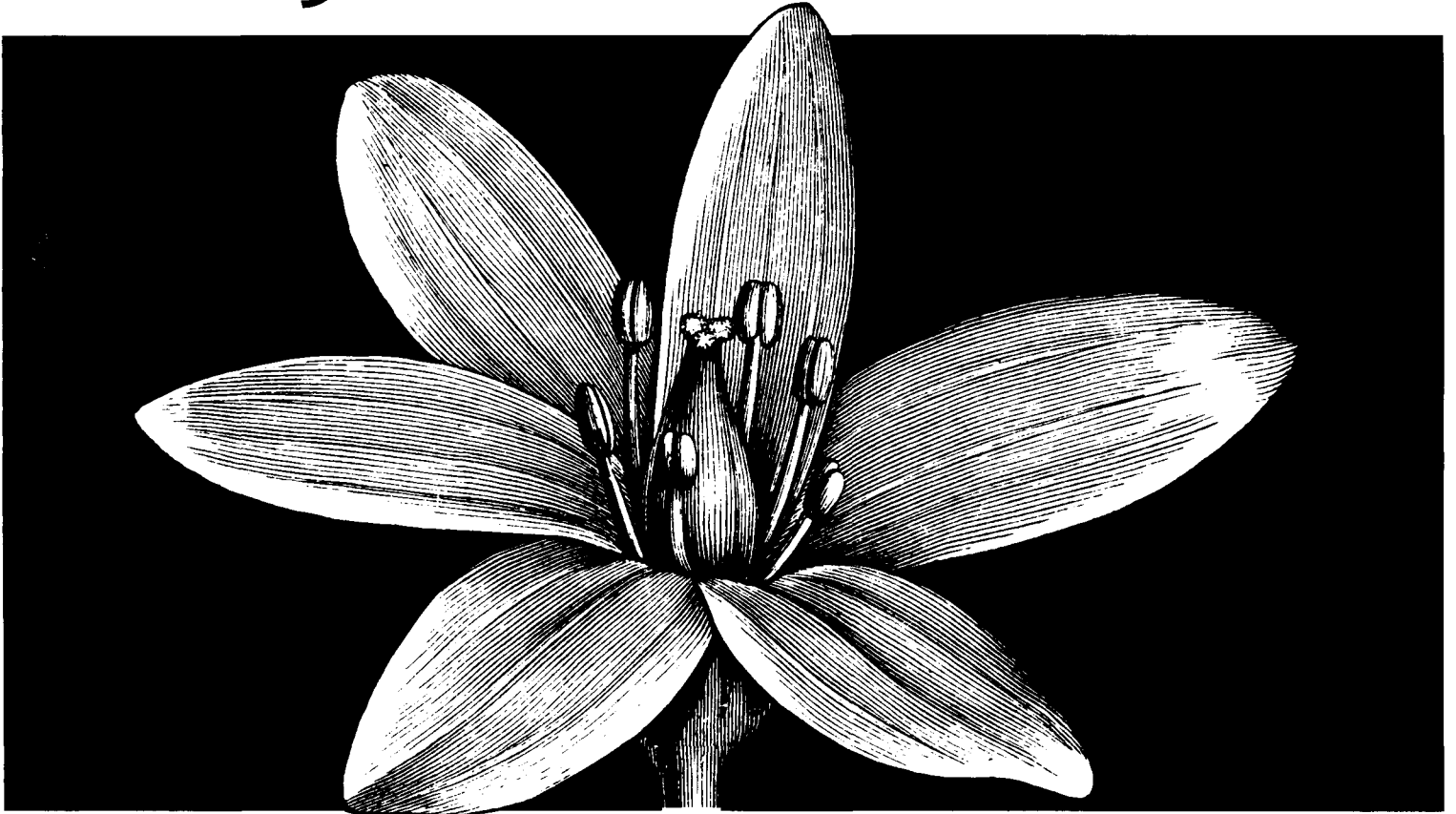
It would almost be better to be young again,
the multiple longings
obscuring any need for detail,
but the ripening pellet
demands exploration:
pelt and stuffing enough to knit nothing,
remnant of mole-tail, extruded ear,
the skull not yet skilled
at dodging or distance,
a pulsating grub embedded in beak.

It is never too late for rhapsody.
A kiss says nothing compared to this.
Joined hands? Sweat on the belly?
Lips, genitals—all of them edible.
Where inside does the owl assemble
these bundles of bone and fur?
How wide must she open her throat
to disgorge them?

Anyone can capture the fur standing on end
as small claws slip away from the glassy earth.
Anyone can feed on the instant of pleasure
that makes an animal sweet and defenseless.
No one but the owl makes use of every scrap,
licking beauty back into the coarse remains
before delivering them here so openly
at the feet of anyone crossing.

—Erica Funkhouser

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strong emphasis on scholastic drills and testing.) Performance on the mathematics test has been far weaker. Since 1986, when the current citywide test for mathematics was adopted, District Four has fallen from twentieth to twenty-seventh place.

It is hard to know how much of the improvement in reading scores to attribute to choice. For one thing, much of the gain has been recorded in neighborhood elementary schools, where choice has not been as widely available as in the junior highs. For another, the district-wide data conceal variations as great as can be found among public schools anywhere in America. In 1991 at least 75 percent of the students at the most elite East Harlem schools, including the Talented and Gifted School (TAG) for elementary students and Manhattan East and Isaac Newton for junior high students, scored at or above grade level. At Central Park East Secondary School, with a more diverse student body, more than half of the junior high school students read at grade level. Until recently these schools received special funding from the federal magnet-schools program, and they have attracted most of the students who come from outside East Harlem. TAG, for example, is 40 percent white.

The question of who is attending which East Harlem schools goes to the heart of the system of choice. In its publicity brochures District Four describes its schools as "Schools That Dare to Compete," but the fact is that in many cases it is not the schools but the students that are competing—competing for the schools. A mother visiting New York Prep while I was there was eager to persuade its director at the time, Brian Spears, that her daughter, who was shyly tagging along, should be admitted.

"Why do you want to send your daughter here?" Spears asked.

"You've got computers and a good reading program," the mother said. "It's a safe school. I've got a younger daughter downstairs in the elementary school, and the principal there says it's good."

"There are two hundred and fifty applicants for seventy places," Spears replied, and then added, "The fact that you've come down, shown an interest, that's very important."

Sometimes parents treat the selection process as casually as if they were selecting a brand of cereal. Other parents—ones considering elementary schools in particular—base their decisions on factors like proximity and the safety of the neighborhood, which are important but only

indirectly related to the quality of the education their children will receive. And for the many youngsters who are characterized by district officials as "at risk"—including children with young mothers strung out on crack, children who have worn thin the patience of their grandmothers, children living in group homes or on the streets—there is no responsible adult to make a choice.

Choice is a tool wielded less decisively by parents than by the school directors, the most adept of whom, like Spears, seek out students they think will succeed in their schools. Five alternative junior highs recruit many of their best students from elementary schools located in the same building that they themselves occupy. Until the

past few years others ran their own early-admissions programs, effectively picking students before most parents had a chance to apply. It is largely because of this hidden selection process—which screens both for levels of skill and for traits of character—that some very good schools have been created in East Harlem.

A hierarchy has emerged, reflecting the extent to which schools can be selective. At the top are the so-called elite schools, which the ablest East Harlem children and most of the youngsters from outside neighborhoods attend. The highly selective sixth-through-eighth-grade school Manhattan East, which offers what it calls "a rigorous classical academic program," attracts as many as eighty of its 215 students from the world outside District Four; this integration would be less likely to occur if the school had less say over who gets in from the world *inside* District Four. The junior high school New York Prep, in the middle of the academic pecking order but with four applicants for every place, can also fill up with good children and reject all likely troublemak-

ers. At the bottom of the heap are schools that virtually none of each year's 1,400 prospective seventh-graders in District Four would choose. These get the hundreds of children who are left over after the more successful schools have made their picks.

In theory, unsuccessful schools in a competitive system would be shut down and replaced with more-popular alternatives. That can be hard to arrange, though, when one reason that a school is unsuccessful is that it has been saddled with the least-promising and most-disruptive students—a change of name, director, and educational philosophy can accomplish only so much. It's also hard to arrange in the real world, where a teachers'-union con-



CENTRAL PARK EAST ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

*Choice is a tool
wielded less decisively
by parents than
by school directors, the
most adept of whom
seek out students
they think will succeed
in their schools.*

tract guarantees job security and where many among the poor are possessive even of terrible schools, because these happen to be *their* schools. In nearly two decades only three alternative schools have been shut down in East Harlem. For all these reasons, a substantial proportion of elementary and junior high students wind up in schools that remain largely unaffected by the improvements in District Four.

An East Harlem Sampler

DIVERSITY IS JUST AN ABSTRACTION UNTIL YOU walk into the East 109th Street building that a decade ago was a conventional junior high for 1,300 students. At that time it was a school with a reputation for student violence and dead-end teaching. Now the building houses four alternative elementary and junior high schools: the Harbor Performing Arts School, the Talented and Gifted School, the East Harlem Career Academy, and the Key School. Pedagogically these places are worlds apart, though they are separated physically by no more than a staircase or a fire door.

A visitor must sign in at a guard's desk before entering—a reminder that trouble is always possible from the crack dealers or the bullying high schoolers who hang around. When I visited the building, the guard was a young woman from the neighborhood, a recent high school graduate who returned to a book of word puzzles when no visitors were in sight. She carried no weapon and would have scared no one, but she offered at least the illusion of protection.

The Talented and Gifted School's name is no mere euphemism. Prospective TAG students take a battery of intelligence and psychological tests, and submit to interviews. The school rejects six children for every one it accepts. In one classroom I saw, pre-kindergartners age four were already beginning to write. A first-grade classroom was filled with stuffed dolls, likenesses of themselves that the children had crafted. "I'm Leslie," the writing on one doll proclaimed. "My puppy sleeps in my bed." "I'm Jenna," said the words on another. "I went to Florida." There was an "Artists' Touch" corner and an "Our Pets" corner. On the wall were cartoon figures demonstrating "angry," "afraid," and "frustrated." I asked the teacher's aide whether "frustrated" wasn't too sophisticated a concept for these six-year-olds, but she assured me that they get it. One of the kids volunteered, "It's the feeling I have when I can't do what I want."

Two floors away, at the Harbor Performing Arts School, with 210 seventh- through ninth-graders, a dance teacher led a dozen girls through a routine. The girls stood poised at the bar. "First position and stop and step back and step forward—don't use your arm, use your entire body . . . first position three, down on four . . . Please stop fidgeting. Don't give me third, *Ebony*—we're in fifth." A sign hanging in the room read, IF YOU'RE NOT WORKING ON YOUR-

SELF, YOU'RE NOT WORKING, and intensity was sketched on the girls' straining faces. From down the hall came the sounds of a choir practicing a medley of songs. In a month the Harbor School's singers and dancers would begin rehearsing their major school production, a Broadway musical. The director at the time, Leslie Moore, told me that these classes build self-esteem. "If teenagers who are having trouble in math or English can succeed in singing or dancing," she said, "with all the discipline that that demands, they don't walk away defeated; they'll stay in school, maybe catch on to academic work. There's also some direct carry-over, since students in music or drama have to make sense of words."

Four hundred students apply for the seventy openings in the seventh grade at Harbor. Some will go on to La Guardia High School of Music and Art and Performing Arts—in 1990 ten of the twelve who applied there were admitted—and more will attend prep schools or the city's selective high schools. A handful of alumni are celebrated, among them Amani A. W.-Murray, who has released a saxophone album to bravo reviews, and Carlos Guity, a boy from the slums of the southeast Bronx who became an acrobat with the Big Apple Circus.

A typical junior high teacher with 150 students to teach over five periods can't be expected to remember all the students' names, let alone know very much about them. The intimate scale of some of the East Harlem junior high schools invites teachers to invest themselves, much like coaches, in their students' futures. On my initial visit to New York Prep, which occupies the fifth floor of an old elementary school, a boy whom I will call Jaime Morelia, home on vacation after his first term at a Connecticut prep school, came in to check up on his former teachers and see his friends. Jaime's natural ease made him seem more like a college freshman than a fifteen-year-old. He appeared to have made the transition from Harlem to an elite private academy without difficulty. His grades were decent and his confidence was intact. "It's different there," he said. "The work isn't so easy. And it's quiet. I'm used to noise. But we had good preparation for it, and the school is small enough so you can become close to everybody."

Christina Giammalva, who until recently divided her time between teaching history at New York Prep and placing her students at prep schools, believed that Jaime would make it at prep school. Although there were students with stronger academic records and better test scores, Jaime was clear-headed, a survivor. When his father disappeared from the family picture, Jaime, then thirteen, became the man of the house. All during his time at New York Prep he had to juggle the heavy and sometimes conflicting demands of home and school.

In terms of overall reading scores, New York Prep isn't impressive: in 1991 only 35 percent of the students there were reading at or above grade level. But typically eight or nine of the seventy ninth-graders at New York Prep,

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many of whom have lived lives at least as hard as Jaime's, will go on to private schools. Student programs involving Scarsdale High and Princeton University, and field trips to places like Boston and Washington, D.C., show New York Prep's students something of the world beyond the ghetto. One or two afternoons after school every week, 120 of the 210 students spend nearly an hour getting to Columbia University, where they are tutored by law-school and business-school students. Those accepted by private schools take an intensive summer course to hone their academic skills and prepare them psychologically for what's ahead. Almost all will go on to college. Don't pay too much attention to the test scores, the teachers at

Perry, whose journey from Harlem to Phillips Exeter Academy ended in robbery and death. Jaime's story is not so tragic, only shadowed and human. During his first year at prep school he was caught cheating—in Spanish, of all subjects—and placed on probation. This past spring, at the end of his junior year, he used a teacher's telephone calling card to phone his mother and his friends in East Harlem. He was found out—how could it have been otherwise?—and expelled. Now he is enrolled in a New York City public high school.

What Jaime Morelia did was plainly wrong, and his moral compass was calibrated finely enough for him to know that. The deeper puzzle is why he behaved as he



New York Prep write in their recommendation letters, because we know this student. We won't hide the weaknesses, but we will tell you why they're manageable. In ordinary junior highs in inner cities this degree of involvement in the lives of students is largely unheard of.

The teachers' predictions cannot be infallible, of course, because few among us live perfectly mapped-out and predictable lives. Certainly not most fifteen-year-olds—they believe in their own immortality, and their eyes are on many prizes all at once.

We know how treacherous the passage from ghetto to private school can be from stories like that of Edmund

did. Christina Giammalva speculates that for Jaime the psychological distance may have been too great, the demands to conform to prep-school mores too imposing. Perhaps, Giammalva says, he made those phone calls to invite rejection, rather than be forced to do the rejecting.

Jaime's failure cannot be chalked up entirely to adolescent acting-out, because the school's insensitivity is pertinent too. When Jaime first got into trouble, his prep-school mentors never called his mother to enlist her support, and the first she heard of her son's expulsion was after the fact. Nor is the school's attitude unusual—and this makes the success stories even

===== ○ =====
DANCE CLASS, THE EAST HARLEM
PERFORMING ARTS SCHOOL

more special. Another graduate of New York Prep, a boy I'll call Jamail Robinson, was almost kept from returning to a private school where he had spent two years because his mother, a security guard raising two children, owed the school \$1,000. School officials were ready to bounce Jamail without even talking to his mother; it took several anxious phone calls from Giammalva to get him reinstated. This past June, when Jamail graduated from a private school (one of half a dozen or so New York Prep alumni to do so), he was picked by both the faculty and the students as the senior who best embodied their school's ideals.

THE KEY SCHOOL, WHICH OCCUPIES THE BASEMENT of the same building that houses the Talented and Gifted School and the Harbor School for the Performing Arts, is a school that reflects the underside of reform in East Harlem. None of the Key School's 120 seventh- through ninth-graders chose to be there. The places in this school are filled by youngsters who can't make it elsewhere, and enrollment at Key keeps climbing. Desperate administrators of other alternative schools plead with its director, Iris Novak, to take one more hard-to-handle adolescent, one more kid that nobody else wants. The last arrival had stolen \$600 collected for a school dinner from a teacher's handbag at his old school. Since the BETA School closed, there are almost no other schools in the district for problem students. Those who can't make it here may be sent to special-education classes for the emotionally disabled, where about one East Harlem child in fifteen winds up.

The Key School is a dark place, out of sight, with none of the amenities of the more elite schools. Its ceilings vibrate whenever students from the Harbor School are playing basketball or practicing their ballet movements in the gym upstairs. Its name could be a metaphor for opening up new opportunities or, perhaps more fittingly, for locking a jail cell.

As I talked with Novak, students came and went, pleading for the key to the bathroom, a privilege granted at the absolute discretion of the director. It's an emergency, each of them insisted. A burly ninth-grader stormed in, demanding the return of his hat, which Novak had confiscated earlier in the day. "Gimme back my fuckin' hat," he screamed at Novak. "You think I'm a nice kid but I'm not. I'm mean." Novak wrote it all down, and then silenced the kid with a look and a rumbling voice that comes from having trained for the stage. "I'm not your mother or sister or girlfriend or grandmother. I'm the director of this school. I demand to be treated with respect. There will be no 'fuck, fuck' here. You are suspended." The day before, after one student had held up another at gunpoint on the sidewalk, security guards were called in; they put the suspect up against the wall and frisked him.

Only nine percent of the students at the Key School are reading at grade level. This isn't surprising, given the

composition of the school. Even among East Harlem schools that are not designated as repositories for problem children, more than a few have only one youngster in five—if that—making the grade, and have experienced a decline in performance levels during the past decade. The worst of these schools was Music 13, which until June of 1990 (when it was shut down) coped with seventh- through ninth-graders.

"If you're interested in music, a strong academic background, and high standards," the brochure given to parents bravely announced, "Music 13 is the place to be." The name of Music 13 was intended to reveal its special focus, and there was an able music teacher, Luis Rosa, on the premises. But nobody really chose to attend Music 13, and by the end few at the school cared much about music anymore. The "13" in its name turned out to be more significant than the "Music."

The building that housed it was formerly Junior High School 13, and when two of Deborah Meier's schools were moved there in 1985, some neighborhood parents rebelled. We want to keep our *own* school, they insisted—even though the junior high had been such a misery that most parents had stopped sending their children there years before. A number of teachers also wanted to stay on, and a grandfather clause in the union contract entitled them to do so. Some of the half dozen who remained—"the grandfathers"—epitomized much of what has gone wrong with many big-city schools. During my visit to the school one teacher read *The New York Times* while students chattered, another shouted desperately for order, and a third delivered a by-the-book lesson to a class of uninterested ninth-graders. Often the teachers didn't bother to show up, or else let the director know a day ahead of time that they felt "a sickness coming on." Music 13 had become a school in name but not intention, a place of last resort.

Students like an eighth-grader I'll call Kevin Jones were stuck. "Kevin is intelligent and articulate, with a real talent for science and basketball," Ira Lyons, the third director Music 13 had had in five years, told me. "He has more brains than I do." Kevin first attended Isaac Newton, but was kicked out after being accused of smashing the headlights of the director's car. He has had fights with other students at Music 13. Family conferences came to nothing when the boy's elderly and deeply religious grandmother insisted that he was no trouble at home. "High-ability kickouts don't mesh with low-ability kids," Lyons said. "He belongs in a school that would challenge him." But no other school was interested.

Every urban school district has its Kevin Joneses, and they're probably no worse off at a place like Music 13 than at some run-down junior high in the Bronx. That reality points to the expedient bargain that has in effect been struck in East Harlem among those who have worked for reform. The deal is essentially this: Through the mechanism called choice—a mechanism that gives

some options to parents and students but at the same time is rigged to give even more options to school directors—we can greatly improve the situation for about a third of our students, offering them a far better education than they could otherwise have had in one of the most battered neighborhoods in America. Perhaps we can even offer something useful to another third of our students. But the bottom third will be virtually abandoned—as they would have been anyway.

School by School by School

CONFRONTED WITH CRUMBLING BUILDINGS AND daily episodes of violence, with splintered families and refractory bureaucrats—problems that elsewhere might in themselves suck up all the energy of school leaders—East Harlem has transformed a number of its schools. Elsewhere, initiatives are frequently abandoned when their champions leave, but the alternative schools in East Harlem have survived the departure of Alvarado and Fliegel, the entrepreneurs who launched the plan. They have survived a procession of chancellors at 110 Livingston Street, most of whom have been cool to what the district is doing. They weathered a 1988 financial scandal that brought down Alvarado's successor, cast suspicion on Fliegel's successor as director of alternative schools (who was later exonerated), and for a while left East Harlem's schools in the hands of an acting superintendent who made no secret of her dislike for the alternative-schools program. Whether any further progress is possible in District Four—and whether other New York City districts will be able to proceed with plans for similar restructuring—depends on the impact of the continuing fiscal crisis in the New York City schools.

East Harlem, with all its problems, has built a far better school system than I have seen in any comparable neighborhood. For all the hype about reading-test scores, what's more impressive is the students' generally clearer writing and focused thinking, their greater self-confidence and understanding, and their willingness and ability to enter the world beyond the ghetto in high school and afterward. Graduates from junior highs in East Harlem *are* making it out of the barrio. In the intensely competitive environment of New York City's elite high schools, sorting is nearly as rigid as it was under the old British eleven-plus exam system. The four examination schools—Bronx High School of Science, Stuyvesant High, La Guardia High School, and Brooklyn Technical High School—are among the very best high schools in the nation. Another handful, including Aviation High and East Harlem's Manhattan Center for Science and Mathematics, enroll the next tier of students. The nonselective schools get the leftovers. In the mid-1970s fewer than ten of East Harlem's junior high graduates were accepted by the examination high schools. By 1987 things had radically changed. East Harlem sent 139 youngsters, or ten per-

cent of the district's graduating class that year, to those elite high schools—double the citywide average. An additional 13 percent enrolled at four other high schools that also screen their students—a rate four times as high as the city average. That same year at least thirty-six students from East Harlem received scholarships to private schools, including some of the best ones in the country.

Some of the students who travel to East Harlem from other parts of the city volunteered to me that for the first time in their lives they are being treated with respect by teachers. Teachers reported that the smallness and autonomy of the alternative schools enable them to identify a distinctive voice in each of their children and to respond in kind. In the corridors and directors' offices where teachers congregate, the talk is mainly about what works in the classroom and what doesn't, not about Macy's sales and last night's Knicks game. Not all the schools are as innovative as those that Deborah Meier founded, for there are, after all, only a handful of such educators. But as the history of good urban parochial schools suggests, educational innovation isn't essential to success. What *is* essential is that the school take the time to shape an identity that seems right to those who inhabit the premises, and that this effort be sustained by teachers and administrators who have a measure of independence, a feeling of being driven, and a capacity to know each of their charges. If the idea of intimate enclaves in factory-like city schools is going to take hold, it must happen not by treating East Harlem as a model to be mechanically applied, and certainly not by taking literally the misleading metaphor of the schools as a marketplace. Instead, it must happen as an approach adapted to the particularities of place.

Schools like those in East Harlem are being asked to accomplish the impossible—to challenge the highly achieving and rescue those who otherwise would drop out, to ease racial separation and reduce inequity in schooling, and all the while to function as the cutting edge of educational innovation. In truth, there are no easy paths even to modest progress. What's needed can be as time-consuming and undramatic as meticulous planning, into-the-wee-hours sessions with anxious school-board members, months of meetings with teachers and school directors to give content to the dreams, and then endless reassurances to parents troubled by what is new and untried. And even then, as District Four shows, there may well remain a large portion of the student population for whom reform might just as well never have occurred.

It is essential to risk the mistakes that so often accompany newness and to resist overpromising. Each school will have to find its own way, because everywhere the talents and the possibilities are different, but out of the process something of real value can emerge. This much, at least, East Harlem has to teach the rest of America, as the nation quietly but unmistakably embarks on the great experiment of remaking its schools, one by one. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

LOTTE LENYA AND KURT WEILL

IN THE FREEWHEELING Berlin of the 1920s, the unconventional was the norm, the bizarre commonplace. There a solemn, bespectacled cantor's son might very well be attracted by a Viennese Catholic of lower-class parentage and dubious past. A serious young composer-intellectual might even meet and marry—twice—a redheaded, husky-voiced café dancer.

Lenya always made light of their initial contact: she was on stage auditioning; Weill was playing the piano in the pit; she heard his voice but never saw him. Their meeting in the summer of 1924 was another matter. With postwar inflation running high, a hungry Lenya gratefully accepted an invitation from the playwright Georg Kaiser to live with his family at their villa outside Berlin. One Sunday, Weill, who was working with Kaiser on an opera, came out by train. He was told to get off at the station by the lake, and Lenya was sent across to get him. Of course she would recognize him, Kaiser said, all composers look alike, and indeed there

he was—thick glasses, receding hairline, typical round musician's hat. Later she would remember the sun on the waves, and how he kept staring at her as she rowed. Lenya was not beautiful, but she was vibrant and interesting, and behind his mocking smile Weill was a romantic. Before the opera was staged, they married.

They were faithful to each other—Berlin style. He was her dear *Weillchen*. When, in collaboration with Bertolt Brecht, Weill wrote the music for *Mahagonny* and *The Threepenny Opera*, there were parts for Lenya—brassy woman-of-the-streets roles for which her warm but abrasive voice was superb. If she, seeking variety, went off from time to time with a lover, and if he took comfort in a mistress—if they even divorced—well, all that passed. So for them did Berlin, owing to Hitler. America was the haven, the place where her fame grew with his—which was only fair since, as Weill once told a friend, “my melodies always come to my inner ear in Lenya’s voice.”

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel



How Portland Does It

A city that protects its thriving, civil core

by Philip Langdon

ON TWO VISITS this year I walked, rode, and interviewed people all over Portland, Oregon, trying to figure out how this courteous, well-kept city of 453,000, and especially its downtown, has become a paragon of healthy urban development at a time when most American cities find themselves mired in seemingly intractable problems.

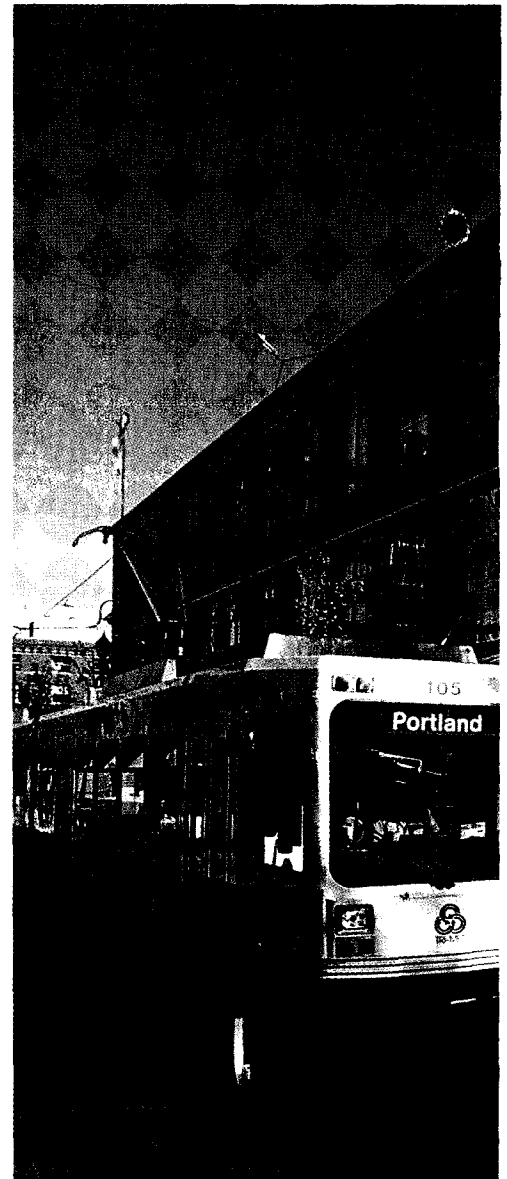
Portland, sixty miles from the Pacific Ocean, is by no means immune to the suburbanization that has sapped the vitality from many cities. Its suburbs now contain about two thirds of the area's 1.4 million residents and about half of the area's jobs. Yet as the suburbs have grown, the downtown has become more attractive and popular than ever.

Downtown Portland has distinct edges. Its eastern border is the deep, navigable Willamette River, lined for more than a mile by Tom McCall Waterfront Park, a grassy, mostly level expanse suited to events that draw thousands, such as the Rose Festival (Portland calls itself the "City of Roses"), a blues festival, and a summer symphony series. Its western border is the steep West Hills, which contain Washington Park, home of the International Rose Test Gardens, where more than 400 varieties of roses are cultivat-

ed, and Forest Park, whose 4,800 acres of Douglas fir, alder, and maple constitute one of the largest nature preserves and hiking areas in any American city.

People driving through the West Hills toward downtown used to come out of a tunnel on the Sunset Highway—a major commuter route from the western suburbs—and suddenly see the snowy peak of Mount Hood, fifty miles to the east. In 1984 a Canadian developer blocked the view with a new thirty-story downtown office building. That kind of act is anathema to Portlanders. "Portland has an outward orientation, unlike cities back east," says Ethan Seltzer, the director of the Institute of Portland Metropolitan Studies, at Portland State University. "Having a downtown skyline is less important than being able to see Mount Hood, the flat-topped remains of Mount Saint Helens, fifty miles to the north, and the hills to the west." The office tower's imposition prompted the city to strengthen municipal regulations that protect "view corridors" through the downtown. Such regulations have become increasingly comprehensive since 1972, when the city first required that buildings step down as they approach the Willamette. "We want a sense of scale and proportion, and we don't want the waterfront walled in by a row of tall buildings," says Robert Stacey, Portland's planning director.

It is characteristic of Portland that the centerpiece of downtown is not a



building but, rather, an outdoor gathering place: Pioneer Courthouse Square, a one-block plaza in the center of the shopping district, seven blocks from the river. The square, designed by the late Willard K. Martin in an architectural competition in 1980, is much loved. Its center is carved out like an amphitheater, with terraces of brick seating that make it a favorite site for rallies, music, and other outdoor events.

My walks around Portland took me past Pioneer Courthouse Square beginning at eight in the morning and as late as ten at night. Each time I went by, I saw activity. At the end of a mild afternoon in February a group of gays and lesbians massed in one corner, celebrating their successful defense of a Portland ordinance protecting homosexuals

A MAX train, part of the light-rail system that helped revive Portland's downtown, stops near Pioneer Courthouse Square



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE FORSTER

from discrimination in housing and employment, TV cameras capturing the cheers and speeches for the evening news. (Even if Portland has been liberal to gays, this month the Oregon electorate will vote on a proposed amendment to the state's constitution that would be the country's most repressive to gay rights and would in effect legalize discrimination.) On a sunny Sunday in May a rock musician named Silicone Jones played to an audience mainly in their teens and twenties—a counterpart to the summer lunchtime concerts that entertain brown-bagging downtown workers every Tuesday and Thursday. I always saw scatterings of couples and small groups carrying on conversations that seemed elevated by taking place in the heart of the city, amid old build-

ings of gleaming white-glazed terracotta.

Through the large windows of a café on the plaza's top level, customers sipping robust Starbucks coffee can keep an eye on what's happening outside. Beneath the café is that rarest of American urban necessities—clean and safe public bathrooms, next to the glassy lobby of a public-transit-system information office. Half submerged in another corner of the square is a travel bookstore run by the local Powell's chain, whose flagship store is elsewhere in downtown Portland. On a Sunday morning I watched an employee of Powell's cross the plaza with a young retarded man in a wheelchair to make sure that he could get into the men's room. Portlanders tend to have

an almost small-town sense of responsibility for what goes on around them. That attitude, almost as much as the design, ensures that the square—potentially vulnerable, like public spaces everywhere—remains civilized.

BEFORE VISITING Portland, I had heard that the square is paved with 65,000 bricks imprinted with the names of people who each gave \$15 to \$30 to help build it, on the site of a demolished parking garage. What surprised me, in exploring Portland, is how much of the rest of the downtown is paved in brick. Brick sidewalks in hues from orange to maroon continue for block after block. At intersections the brickwork extends into and across the streets, as if to ad-

monish motorists, "Drive carefully—this city cares about pedestrians." Portland may have the most richly surfaced downtown in the United States.

Up from grates in the sidewalks grow hundreds of trees, mature enough that when the sun is low on the horizon, their leaves cast shade on the second and third stories of the buildings. The trees soften the downtown. Another softening influence is water, flowing constantly. Brass drinking fountains are

warehouses into loft apartments—one element in Portland's strategy for increasing the number of downtown residents, currently about 9,500.

During urban renewal in the 1960s, Portland added more downtown parks, two of them including dramatic waterfalls designed by the firm of the San Francisco landscape architect Lawrence Halprin. The most ambitious development, initiated by Governor Tom McCall in the early 1970s, required the re-

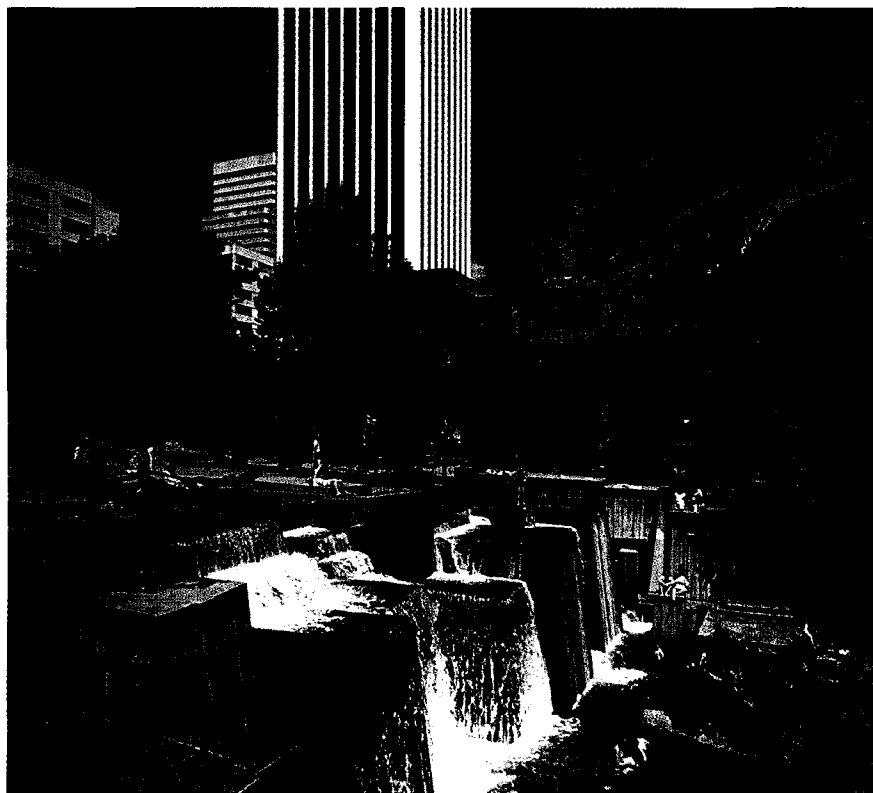
has acquired a reputation as the region's center for high-fashion retailing. In all, 1,100 stores, mostly small, operate downtown—a much greater number than in other cities of Portland's size.

Portland has been able to devote its energy to burnishing its downtown and its civic design partly because the city has not been overburdened by poverty and racial division and their accompanying problems. Although high unemployment and gang violence afflict some parts of the city, particularly neighborhoods in the run-down Albina district, on the city's north side, Portland as a whole is safer and economically better off than many cities.

Middle-class neighborhoods have remained intact both on the flat land east of the Willamette, where most of the city's residents live, and in the West Hills, which have been home since the 1920s to much of Portland's social and economic leadership. "The movers and shakers can go out on their verandas and look downtown," says Carl Abbott, a professor of urban studies and planning at Portland State University. "It's easy to enlist those people on behalf of good downtown planning, because they see they can benefit from it."

THIS MAY SEEM to suggest that Portland's accomplishments in downtown development were inevitable. The fact is, twenty years ago the city had an undistinguished downtown. In the 1960s and early 1970s Portland went through difficulties like those of other cities. The privately owned bus systems went bankrupt. The downtown emptied out daily at five. Retailing was in decline; stores were going out of business or considering moving to the suburbs.

One study in the early 1970s claimed that the downtown needed 10,000 more parking spaces to reinforce its economy. Portland's leadership, however, instead focused on making mass transit efficient and the downtown convenient and pleasurable for people on foot. Neil Goldschmidt, Portland's mayor from 1972 to 1979 and later Jimmy Carter's Secretary of Transportation, led Portland to develop an attractive bus mall in the core of the office district. This speeded bus service, which was reorganized under a new three-county transit authority known as Tri-Met. Rather than go all out to pro-



The Ira Keller Fountain, one of many business-district fountains

all over the downtown, each with a quartet of spigots that gurgle day and night. (During last summer's drought most of the fountains were shut off.) The fountains, donated early in the century by Simon Benson, a local philanthropist, reflect Portland's considerate attitude toward the public's needs.

The downtown is amply supplied with parks. In 1852, seven years after founders from New England named the city in honor of Portland, Maine, land was set aside for the "North Park Blocks" and the "South Park Blocks"—two linear parks, cut by cross streets, that run a total of seventeen blocks. Many of the city's cultural institutions line the South Park Blocks. The North Park Blocks are being refurbished to encourage the conversion of nearby old

removal of a riverfront expressway, and the result was the park bearing his name. Removing the highway reconnected the downtown to the Willamette, gave people a strong incentive to go downtown on weekends, and stimulated downtown housing and commercial development.

In twenty years the number of people working downtown has grown from 59,000 to 94,000. The amount of office space has increased from 5.3 million to 14 million square feet. More than half a million square feet of retail space has been built, including Pioneer Place, an elegant glass-roofed, four-level shopping center developed two years ago by the Rouse Company. Stores such as Nordstrom's and Saks Fifth Avenue have opened in the downtown, which

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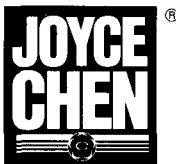


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vide parking, Portland imposed a limit on the number of parking spaces in the downtown core and insisted that new buildings, including parking garages, have stores or other pedestrian-attracting uses at street level. Blank walls at ground level were banned. Even the Justice Center, containing police headquarters, courtrooms, and jail cells, has a delicatessen, a camera store, a hair stylist, and a sandwich shop at street level.

A key asset for urban designers has been the decision by nineteenth-century Portlanders to lay out the downtown in small square blocks, just 200 feet on a side. The short blocks help make the downtown inviting to pedestrians—there are more ways to get from one place to another, and no dull streets that go on and on without a break. Architects like small blocks, because a single new building can fill an entire block and be seen from every direction. In return for the greater prominence this gives their buildings, architects are obliged to make the buildings completely hospitable at ground level. "No building can have a backside," says Gregory Baldwin, a partner in Zimmer Gunsul Frasca, Portland's best-known architectural firm. "You always put the dumpsters *inside* the buildings. The trucks pull into the buildings."

During Goldschmidt's tenure as mayor, officials began planning a light-rail system called MAX, which loops through the shopping district, passes Pioneer Courthouse Square, crosses the Willamette, and proceeds twelve miles east to the suburb of Gresham. Because of limited funds, the initial plans called for MAX to travel on streets with asphalt pavement, concrete sidewalks, and no new trees. "A number of us thought that was not appropriate," says Robert Packard, a managing partner in Zimmer Gunsul Frasca, which designed the light-rail facilities. "The local business community along the line stepped forward, raised additional funds, and improved the quality." Today the entire route through downtown is paved with cobblestonelike Belgian blocks, often complemented by brick pavement and trees (the effect can be less charming for women in high heels). Such comprehensive planning has enhanced the downtown's attractiveness and boosted MAX's ridership beyond what had been forecast. Nearly 40 percent of downtown employees travel to

work on light rail or buses—one of the highest rates of public transit use in the United States.

Portlanders' willingness to work for a common purpose has played a pivotal role in the city's achievements. Downtown property owners contribute the largest share of the \$4 million annual budget of the Association for Portland Progress, a thirteen-year-old organization aimed at keeping the city center healthy. Some of the money goes to clean the sidewalks daily and wash the faces of buildings. Sixteen previously homeless people make up the cleaning crew, which last year erased 700 patches of graffiti, helping to maintain Portland's pristine appearance.

The Portland attitude of "we're all in this together" implies a right—and even a responsibility—to intervene when individuals threaten to tear at the carefully woven fabric of public life. Panhandling and obvious mental illness do not go unaddressed. Eighteen green-jacketed Portland Guides employed by the association help tourists and watch for "street disorder"—public behavior that makes people uncomfortable. "We try to get help for the chronically mentally ill," says Ruth E. Scott, the association's chief executive officer. "With panhandlers, we'll ask if we can get them food, housing, or other assistance." A persistent panhandler may be discouraged by guides who stand on both sides of him or her, doing paperwork. But there are still street people and panhandlers in Portland's parks and squares, and occasionally they are threatening. Also among the hundred people on the association's payroll are twelve armed patrol officers, who do not make arrests but who can get to the scene of trouble in an average of three minutes.

The political scientist Daniel Elazar has identified Oregon, along with Maine, Vermont, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and a few other states, as having "a moralistic political culture," in which politics is expected to lead toward "the betterment of the commonwealth," as opposed to more strictly individualistic ends. Elazar traces this moralism to the Puritan legacy brought westward by many of Oregon's settlers. When citizen responsibility and devotion to the well-being of the community are widespread, as they are in Portland, a fine city—though a rather restrained one—can arise.

THE MAIN challenge now is to keep the city healthy and the region manageable as metropolitan Portland undergoes a population boom. Companies from California, Japan, and elsewhere are expanding into Portland, and from 1990 to 2010 the metropolitan area's population is expected to jump by 485,000. In many places in the Sunbelt growth of such wealth-generating magnitude would be welcomed, but not in Portland. Already people worry about office employment dispersing to the suburbs. In 1970 the central city contained 90 percent of the region's first-class office space; the figure is down to about 50 percent today. Current patterns of suburban development are generating highway traffic that, if it continues to mount, will make the downtown harder to reach and life throughout the region less relaxed.

Portlanders have a tradition of opposing sprawl. "We don't want to be like Los Angeles" is practically the region's motto. Recently Portlanders' consciousness of the problems of metropolitan development has been heightened by the example of Seattle, which once had the same motto. In the 1980s the Seattle-Tacoma area added 466,000 residents—primarily through suburban development, which many blame for tying up traffic and rupturing the region's comfortable scale.

Institutionally, Portland is better equipped than probably any other metropolitan area in the country to deal with these challenges. The Metropolitan Service District, or "Metro," brings urban and suburban interests together in a unique popularly elected government covering parts of three counties. Almost twenty years ago, under Tom McCall, the state began requiring that urban areas establish "growth boundaries" to prevent productive farm and forest land from being consumed by what the governor called the "ravenous rampage of suburbia." (An alliterative moralist, McCall also denounced "coastal condomania.") The Portland area's growth boundary, drawn up by Metro in 1980, takes in 362 square miles. Inside the boundary, where much open land remains, building is encouraged; outside the boundary, governments discourage building through policies such as refusing to allow certain road improvements or sewer service.

The growth boundary and other regulations have already tightened resi-

dential development. The average size of a single-family lot has dropped from 13,200 to 8,700 square feet. All communities in the Portland area have been required to enact plans that allow half their new housing to consist of apartments or other multi-family construction—generating affordable housing while conserving land. By raising residential density the region has obtained the capacity to build as many as 310,000 houses and apartments inside its growth boundary—nearly double the number that could have been accommodated under previous planning and zoning.

Still, the growth boundary has not changed the basic pattern of development. Housing, stores, and employment have developed mostly in separate zones. As they have, people have been driving more; total miles driven in the Portland area jumped 55 percent during the 1980s. A regional air-pollution problem attributable to motor-vehicle exhaust is in the making.

Potential solutions are being debated and also enacted. Many planners believe that if a number of sizable mixed-use centers, incorporating offices, stores, housing, and parks, are built—dense, walkable, and connected to public transit—people will have more choices of how to get around and the region can remain compact. Construction will start next spring on a second segment of light-rail transit, a twelve-mile line from downtown Portland to the western suburb of Beaverton. Whether and how to organize development more densely along the current and future MAX routes is now the subject of much talk.

The high public costs that result from a conventional, dispersed style of development may become crucial to the unfolding debate. Many states, counties, and municipalities can no longer afford an ever more extensive network of roads, bridges, utilities. Tom Walsh, the general manager of Tri-Met, estimates that it would cost \$100,000 per household to build all the infrastructure that has been proposed to continue the Portland area's current somewhat disconnected form of development. If a more tight-knit form of metropolitan development would cut the cost substantially and offer quality-of-life benefits as well, the Portland area might move toward it.

But persuasion will be required.

THE RASCAL KING

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
JAMES MICHAEL CURLEY (1874-1958)



Photo courtesy of The College of Holy Cross, Worcester, MA

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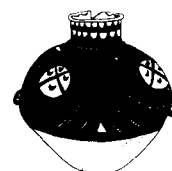
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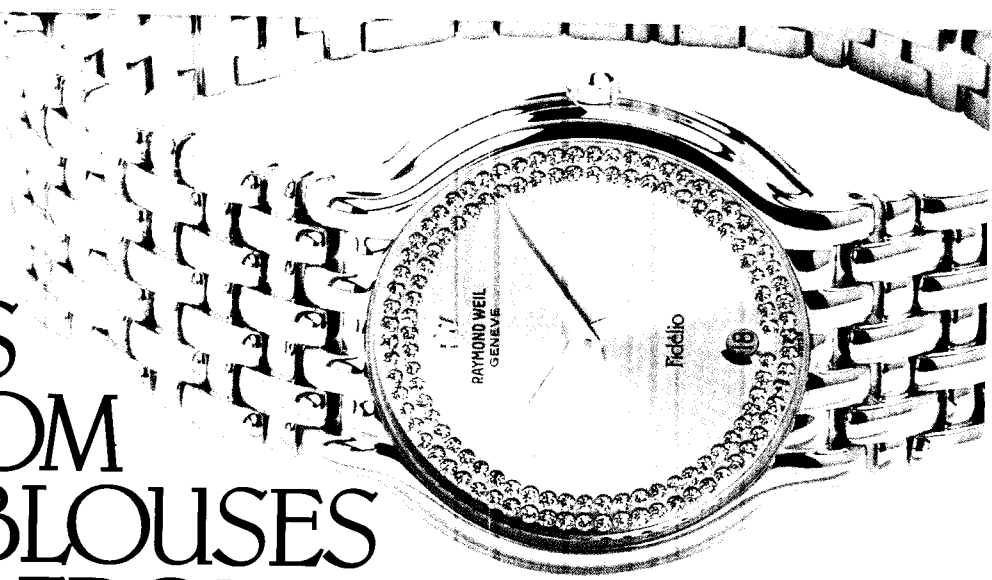
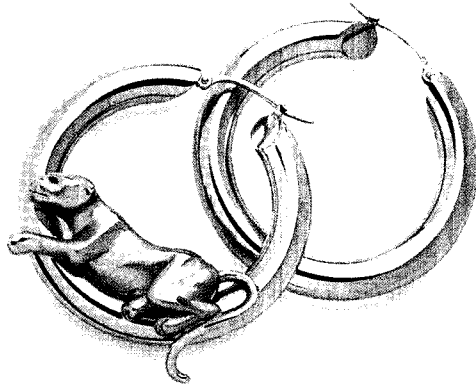
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Charles Hales, who was the governmental-affairs director of the Home Builders Association of Metropolitan Portland before he resigned to run for Portland city commissioner, says, "The power base of a suburb is single-family homeowners." These people typically want to live in homogeneous, entirely residential neighborhoods even if they "have to drive everywhere to do everything." Much suburban development continues to take the form of sprawling office parks, which are at odds with the notion of a compact region.

The stakes for the downtown and the city are high. When metropolitan areas grow in a conventional manner, the cities typically become burdened with extensive blighted areas, sometimes including the central business district, sometimes not. Portland officials believe that if the downtown and the city are to thrive, 20 percent of the region's job and population growth must take place in the city.

Portland may well depart from the American norm in metropolitan growth. The sense of common purpose, the easy communication among the area's leaders, and the longstanding conviction that Oregonians should conserve the good life, even at the sacrifice of some self-interest, point toward an outcome at variance with that in Los Angeles and most other American cities. In his wooded office park near an interchange of the Sunset Highway, Richard Porn, a local developer, told me that a large number of complicated issues will have to be worked out, but concluded with a judgment that nearly everyone in this soft, green region appears to share: "If any place has a chance to do things differently and get it right, Portland is it." □

TRAVEL NOTES

by Corby Kummer

THE HIGH value that Portland puts on its architectural past is apparent in its hotels. Several old hotels in the middle of town have recently been restored to their previous splendor; the standout among them is the Heathman, the most central of all and done with exceptional style. Its lobby, elevators, and halls are paneled in eucalyptus, rosewood, and gumwood, and nothing in my room

was displeasing to the eye. By the desk was an elegant mahogany Biedermeyer-style armchair; the mirrored closet doors were teak, in the style of shoji screens; the armoire was Ming-style mahogany, and even the minibar had a handsome mahogany case.

That minibar was the best-stocked I have ever seen. It included the makings of a quick and good meal: a can of Oregon hazelnuts; packets of alderwood-smoked Oregon salmon and Oregon

tels, the Vintage Plaza is popular for its cozy feel, with a lobby where wine is served every evening by a fireplace. The inviting rooms are all decorated differently; some have skylights, and some are suites on two levels (\$135-\$195). The Governor has just reopened, and should be visited for its spectacular lobby, built in 1909 in a Wild West Arts and Crafts style with enormous sepia-toned murals showing scenes of the Lewis and Clark expedition. With its burly iron-



The Rose Test Gardens, in Washington Park, overlooking downtown Portland

Tillamook sharp cheddar, with boxed flatbread to go with them; a plate of soft Oregon dried fruits, and homemade chocolate-covered hazelnut toffee. There was also a box of animal crackers. The drinks were similarly imaginative and local: Henry Weinhard's beer, brewed in Portland; Thomas Kemper's root beer, in an old-fashioned brown bottle, honey-sweetened and brewed in Poulsbo, Washington; several kinds of mineral water; and good fruit drinks and sodas. The staff was eager to please, and always available. I was impressed by a handwritten list of all the nearby health clubs, with evaluations of their exercise teachers, compiled by the concierge. Rooms are priced from \$135 to \$205, with lower weekend rates.

Of the other downtown renovated ho-

work chandeliers and fat, squat club chairs, it looks like a Yosemite lodge. The rooms, which cost the same as or more than those in the Heathman, are no match for the lobby. I would stay at the Heathman and have drinks at the Governor.

Luckily, there is competition downtown not only among luxury hotels but also among inexpensive ones. Portlanders send their relatives to the Mallory, an old-fashioned family hotel with an ornate but not overbearing lobby. Families and local business people gather for breakfast in the big, comfortable dining room, where the waitresses all know you even if they've never laid eyes on you. The rooms are small, plain, furnished in 1950s style, and cheap: \$50-\$85 for rooms with queen-

size beds, and \$85 for suites or rooms with king-size beds. Unfortunately, many smell of cigarette smoke.

On a budget, I would stay instead at the Mark Spencer, where each room has a kitchenette and a dining table, whether a "studio" (\$39 or \$52) or a "one-bedroom" (\$69, many with fold-out sofas in the living-dining room). The rooms are bigger and more inviting than those at the Mallory, as well as being cheaper, and a number are reserved for nonsmokers. The only drawbacks are that there is no restaurant and the surrounding blocks are not as safe for children as those near the Mallory. The hotel is, however, very near Powell's City of Books, which covers a square block and itself draws many visitors to Portland.

PORTLAND'S revitalization has not resulted in the kind of restaurant culture that has taken hold in Seattle. Only one restaurant, Zefiro, would be a strong competitor anywhere in the country, and I initially resisted going there because it sounded like a pastiche of popular restaurants in other cities. In fact, two of Zefiro's three partners worked at respected San Francisco restaurants (Square One and Zuni Cafe) and clearly have been influenced by their Mediterranean-style rustic menus—today's restaurant cliché. The décor, with mustard stucco walls and a custom-built copper-topped bar, is sleek and good-looking and would be at home in San Francisco or Los Angeles. So would the crowd in the Nob Hill neighborhood (an appropriate place for former San Franciscans), which has a wide variety of boutiques and a thriving pedestrian scene.

But if the restaurant reads like a trend, the food doesn't taste like one. Christopher Israel, the chef, has learned from his San Francisco mentors how to take fresh food and get the most flavor from it. I had a soothing bowl of polenta, made of cornmeal stone-ground at a local mill, with so much flavor and texture that I was sure Israel had incorporated creamed corn (a common trick); Bruce Carey, another of the partners, who runs the dining room with notable polish, assured me that he had not. Israel successfully pairs local ingredients with Mediterranean flavors, as in, for example, grilled silver salmon wrapped in grape leaves, with a Catalan sauce of raisins, pine nuts, citrus, and mint. Ze-

firo makes its own bread with stone-ground wheat, and I believe the Portlanders who told me that it's the best in the city. The uncloying desserts are made by Monique Siu, the third partner. A grapefruit and Campari ice, served with superior homemade amaretto, is as refreshing as snow. A three-course meal with wine from a long, well-chosen list is about \$35 per person.

Two strictly Italian restaurants have recently been enthusiastically received: Perlina, where the chef is Giuliano Hazan, son of Marcella and Victor, and the menu is as classic as any fan of his parents' books would expect; and Pazzo, an attractive but formulaic restaurant at the Vintage Plaza hotel.

I had high hopes for the Westmoreland Bistro, a storefront restaurant and wine shop in a neighborhood near Reed College, a fifteen-minute drive from downtown. Caprial Pence, a young chef who won great acclaim at Fuller's, a stifflingly plush restaurant at the Seattle Sheraton, returned to her home town earlier this year with her husband, John, to open a much more modest place with a limited blackboard menu and Formica-topped tables. Unfortunately, when I visited, the service was slow and the food unmemorable. But I liked the concept: you scan shelves that line the walls for the wine you'll drink, and because the restaurant is also licensed as a wine shop, you can buy other bottles or take home what you don't drink at dinner. And I've had very good food cooked by Pence. Despite my meal, I would recommend the Westmoreland Bistro, for its low prices (\$20–\$25 per person) and because it is the only neighborhood restaurant in Portland owned by a nationally known chef.

Most visitors to a port city want a fish house. The usual stop is Jake's Famous Crawfish, a rambling century-old place near Powell's. Similarly wood-paneled and tradition-steeped is Dan & Louis Oyster Bar, where the specialty is tiny and flavorful farmed Yaquina Bay oysters. A better choice for a full meal is McCormick & Schmick's, smaller than Jake's but owned by the same people. A list of the day's varieties of fresh fish leads off the menu; always there is salmon lightly smoked over alderwood, a particularly good choice.

For more casual meals Portlanders meet after work and before movies at B. Moloch, usually called the Heathman Pub, which serves sandwiches on the

various house breads and new-style thin-crust pizzas. In fine weather people eat at sidewalk tables. Although the restaurant is affiliated with the Heathman, it is two blocks from the hotel and much looser. The Heathman has its own formal, pricey, and good restaurant, with superb service and an excellent list of Oregon pinot noirs; the menu focuses on Northwest fish and game. The prices at the Heathman Pub are \$10–\$15 and in the hotel's dining room \$35–\$40. The bustling pub is high-ceilinged and bright, with exposed-brick walls, a big wood-fired oven, and, down a few steps, a bar with a microbrewery visible behind windows.

Or, if the weather allows, you can buy the makings of a picnic at City Market, in Nob Hill, where the groceries and prepared foods are excellent. There you can sample the home-cured prosciutto of Fred Carlo, a local sausage-maker with a devoted following, who trained in San Daniele, above Venice, and whose prosciutto is the best I've had outside Italy.

THE MOST important meal of not just the day but any trip to Portland is breakfast at the Original Pancake House. Although there are franchises in several other cities, this is the true original, owned by one family since 1953. It is thronged by locals, who pass the time waiting to be seated by reading the paper on Windsor chairs in the vestibule of the pine-paneled Cape Cod house, which looks unchanged since the fifties (and is spick-and-span). The restaurant is open Wednesdays through Sundays from seven until three. On weekends it's best to go later in the day to avoid a long wait.

I ate at a communal table, where my tablemates and a very friendly waitress guided me through the menu. I kept having to taste one more kind of pancake, since I'd never had better ones. My favorites were the buckwheat, nutty and only slightly sweet, and the Swedish, cooked like very thin crepes and served with lingonberry jam. Both doughs contain yeast, which imparts a slight tang and gives an airy texture. The ripe, freshly cut fruit, the constantly brewed coffee, the fried-to-order eggs, all looked just as they should as waitresses sped by lofting them. If I could, I would start every day with an order of Swedish pancakes. You can hold the lingonberries. □

Why We Need A Smaller U.S. Population And How We Can Achieve It

We need a smaller population in order to halt the destruction of our environment, and to create an economy that will be **sustainable** over the very long term.

We are trying to address our steadily worsening environmental problems without coming to grips with their root cause -- overpopulation.

If present immigration and fertility rates continue, our population, now over 254 million, will pass 400 million by the year 2050 -- and still be growing rapidly!

All efforts to save our environment will ultimately be futile unless we not only halt U.S. population growth, but reverse it, so that our population can eventually be stabilized at a **sustainable** level -- far lower than it is today.

The Optimum U.S. Population Size

The central issue is surely this: **At what size should we seek to stabilize U.S. population?** Unless we know in what direction we should be headed, how can we possibly devise sensible policies to get us there?

The size at which our population is eventually stabilized is supremely important because of the effect of sheer numbers of people on such vitally important national goals as a healthy environment, and a sustainable economy.

We believe these goals can best be achieved with a U.S. population in the range of 125 to 150 million, or about its size in the 1940s. This optimum size could be reached in about three to four generations if we do two things now that are well within our grasp.

How To Get There

1. **Reduce annual immigration to about 200,000** so that it is in rough balance with emigration (out-migration). Then, immigration will no longer contribute significantly to our population growth, as it does now.

2. **Lower our fertility rate** (the average number of children per woman) from the present 2.1 to around 1.5 and maintain it at that level for several decades. We believe that non-coercive financial incentives will be necessary in order to reach that goal.

If almost all women had no more than two children, our fertility rate would drop to around 1.5, because many women remain childless by choice, or choose to have not more than one child. **We promote the ideal of the two-child maximum family as the social norm, because that is the key to lowering our fertility.**

Incentives to Lower Fertility

NPG proposes these incentives to motivate parents to have no more than two children:

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- Give a Federal income tax credit **only** to those parents who have not more than two children. Those with three or more would lose the credit entirely.
- Give an annual cash grant to low income parents who pay little or no income tax, and who have no more than two children. Those with three or more would lose the cash grant entirely.

Two Vastly Different Paths Lie Before Us

With the reductions in immigration and fertility we advocate, our nation could start **now** on the path toward a sustainable, and prosperous, population of 125 to 150 million.

Without such a program, we are almost certain to continue our mindless, headlong rush down our current path. That path is leading us straight toward catastrophic population levels that can only devastate our environment, and produce universal poverty in a crowded, polluted nation.

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Vocal Violin

Remembering Joseph Szigeti and an expressive approach we have lost

by William H. Youngren

ONE EVENING in the mid-1960s a friend and I got together to listen to Joseph Szigeti's 1933 recording of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto. Neither of us had heard it for years, and just then it was not available on LP. I had taped another friend's copy of the original 78-rpm album.

The experience was overwhelming. Szigeti was by turns elegant, impassioned, noble, touchingly vulnerable, heroically self-assertive, exuberantly virtuosic—whatever the music demanded, precisely when it so demanded. He spoke so directly to us, everything fell so naturally into place, the

whole performance seemed so consistently and inevitably right, that for the moment any other performance was inconceivable.

In order to gain some perspective, my friend put on Isaac Stern's 1959 recording, the performance of choice during the 1960s. It was indeed very impressive, and afterward I said so. "Yes," my friend replied, "but after Szigeti, Stern sounds a bit too much like General Motors."

I can think of no better way of suggesting the difference between the most highly acclaimed concert violin-playing of recent years—the playing of Stern, Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zukerman, and a host of others, right down to the ubiquitous Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—and the playing of Szigeti, the centenary of whose birth we celebrate this year. Fine as these modern players are, their performances have a certain oppressive monotony. Almost every phrase, regardless of content or context, is delivered in the same big, luscious, vibrato-ridden tone. Too often the point seems to be the relentless beauty and intensity of the violin sound rather than the expressive content of the music. There is indeed something impersonal—corporate—about such playing, despite its unfailing technical excellence.

With Szigeti the music came first. It is often said that his tone was not "sensuously beautiful," but this is untrue—or, rather, it is misleading. Unlike most violinists today, Szigeti had not just one tone but as many as the music demanded. He could play a Brahms *Hungarian Dance* as suavely and sensuously as anyone, but he could also make his tone wiry and acerbic to catch Prokofiev's ironies, or rough and gutsy for the folk-based passages in Bartók. He constantly varied not only his tone but also his bowing, the pacing of his phrases, his "touch." To turn from a performance by Stern or Perlman to one of Szigeti's finest is like turning from an excellent color reproduction of a great painting to the painting itself: everything is more vivid and more richly detailed, all the implications are fully realized.

Louis Armstrong once explained why he preferred Bobby Hackett's trumpet-playing to Billy Butterfield's by saying that Hackett had "more ingredients." The great violinists of the interwar years—Szigeti, Jascha Heifetz,

Fritz Kreisler, Carl Flesch, Jacques Thibaud, Mischa Elman, Bronislaw Huberman, Toscha Seidel, the young Menuhin—all were more complex and more sharply defined individuals, all had more ingredients, than those we hear today. Szigeti had more than any of them.

BORN IN Budapest on September 5, 1892, Szigeti lost his mother while still a baby, and lived for some years in the country with his grandparents. It soon became clear that he was enormously gifted, and so his father, a café bandleader, formed what Szigeti, in his charming memoir *With Strings Attached*, wryly called a "master plan" for transforming him into a marketable prodigy.

He was sent first to a private conservatory in Budapest and then to the Royal Academy of Music (since 1925 the Franz Liszt Academy). He made his Berlin debut in 1905, and his London debut followed in 1907. While in Berlin he had met the mercurial Ferruccio Busoni, and in England he renewed the acquaintance. One of the outstanding piano virtuosos of his time and an ambitious, controversial composer, Busoni was also a great talker and a born teacher. He at once took charge of Szigeti's education, broadening the boy's musical and cultural horizons and freeing him from the mixture of flashy display pieces and trashy salon melodies that made up a violin prodigy's stock-in-trade in those days. Busoni also encouraged Szigeti to initiate what was to be a lifelong interest in the work of contemporary composers, who began to write pieces for him before he was out of his teens.

The other important influence of these years was the great Belgian violinist Eugène Ysaye. Until Ysaye burst upon the scene in the 1880s, the two most prominent violinists were Joseph Joachim and Pablo de Sarasate, who were polar opposites. As Carl Flesch explains in his *Memoirs* (an essential book for anyone interested in how violin-playing has changed over the past century), the public "yearned for a synthesis" of Joachim's "intensity of expression" and Sarasate's "technical perfection." This Ysaye provided, and he did it, according to Flesch, by making vibrato, which before that time had been only an incidental ornament reserved for especially expressive pas-

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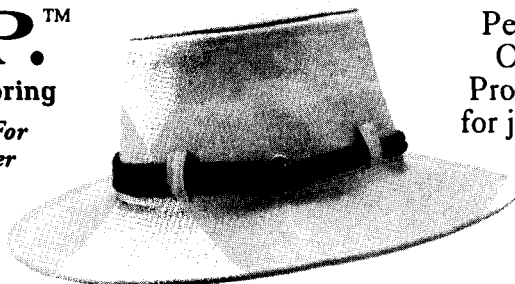
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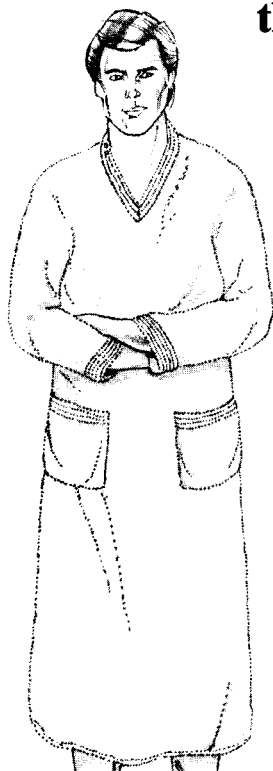
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sages, an essential component of his style—"the spontaneous expression of his feeling, a whole world away from what had been customary until then." A few years later Kreisler personalized vibrato still further by almost continuously employing, even in fast passage-work, a still broader vibrato than Ysaye's. In *With Strings Attached*, Szigeti tells us that hearing Ysaye and Kreisler in Berlin in 1905 revealed to him "a fire, an elegance, a rhythmic incisiveness which I had never even imagined." He decided then and there that "a new ideal of beauty in violin-playing was being formulated."

In time Szigeti would evolve his own, highly personal version of this new style, but his career did not take off immediately, as did those of other prodigies such as Elman and (a little later) Heifetz. Szigeti made several recordings in England from 1908 to 1913 (all of which are now conveniently collected on Biddulph compact disc LAB 043), and he gave many concerts. But his debuts had not been sensational, and during this period he was forced to work briefly with a German circus and a Hungarian summer-theater troupe—experiences he enjoyed immensely and from which he learned a great deal. Then, in 1913, Szigeti was stricken with tuberculosis and had to spend three years in Switzerland taking the cure.

In 1917, needing a more reliable income than he could earn from concerts, Szigeti accepted a professorship at the Geneva Conservatory. But he continued to perform, and a year later quit his Geneva post. It was not until 1925, however, when Leopold Stokowski invited him to make his American debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra, that Szigeti's international concert career finally took off.

The unusual lack of continuity between his prodigy and adult careers—symbolized by the fact that, unlike the various Jaschas, Mischas, and Saschas, he never as an adult appeared under his prodigy name of Joska but always as Joseph Szigeti—had important consequences for the kind of violinist he became. His years of reading, teaching, and consorting with modern composers had bred a strong discontent with the standard solo-violin repertoire. So he explored endlessly. He went back to the eighteenth century for little-known works by Corelli, Tartini, and Veracini, and he worked constantly at the Bach

solo sonatas and partitas, to which Busoni had introduced him and which were seldom heard in those days. And works kept coming from modern composers: Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Ravel, Milhaud, Ernest Bloch, Frank Martin, Karol Szymanowski, Henry Cowell, Albert Roussel, and, of course, Szigeti's great countryman Béla Bartók, with whom he worked closely until Bartók's death, in 1945.

Though Szigeti's unorthodox programs kept him from ever attaining the popularity of Kreisler or Heifetz, he thus carved out a special place for himself in the concert world. During the 1930s and 1940s he became known as a musician's musician, the thinking man's violinist, the artist as intellectual. This was misleading. Szigeti was indeed an intellectual, the master of several languages, in which he apparently read widely and with taste. Yet the source of his greatness as a violinist was not his intellect but rather his extraordinarily wide emotional range, sympathetic imagination, and bold readiness of response. He could intuitively penetrate to the heart of a piece or passage or phrase as no other violinist could do, and his supreme technical knowledge of his instrument, coupled with a willingness to experiment and improvise, gained from his theater and circus experience, enabled him to translate his insights into communicative sound.

Besides, Szigeti did not always confine himself to the music approved by intellectual critics. In 1941 he recorded a 78-rpm album titled *Gypsy Melodies* that included charming, spirited, idiomatic performances of short pieces by Brahms, Dvořák, Kodály, and his old teacher Jenő Hubay. Three years later he recorded equally fine (and touching) performances of Hubay's *Zephyr*, which he had recorded twice as a boy, and Tchaikovsky's *Valse sentimentale*.

THESE RECORDS are unfortunately not available at the moment. Sony Classical, which owns the rights to American Columbia, for which Szigeti recorded from 1937 to 1956, has not seen fit to mount a Szigeti reissue project of any sort. Considering the riches it owns, this is nothing short of shameful. But Biddulph has already issued one disc of Szigeti's American Columbias, containing a Mozart divertimento and concertos by Bach and Tartini (LAB 064), and another, con-

taining some of the selections just mentioned, is scheduled for release. Less serious is the failure of Philips, which owns the rights to the Mercury records that Szigeti made at the end of his career, to observe his centenary. By that time his technique had slipped badly, though even among those late recordings there are masterpieces—for example, the 1959 Brahms Trio, Op. 40, with the pianist Mieczysław Horszowski and the hornist John Barrows. Still, those who want to get to know Szigeti's work will find that much is available.

His classic early concerto performances are now all on the Pearl label. These include the 1928 Brahms and 1932 Beethoven concertos (GEMM CD 9345), the 1933 Mendelssohn, 1934 Mozart K. 218, and 1935 Prokofiev First concertos, all conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (GEMM CD 9377), and the 1937 Bach Double Concerto, with Carl Flesch, and the 1939 Bloch Concerto, conducted by Charles Munch (GEMM CD 9938).

A far better performance of the Bloch Concerto, a 1939 broadcast conducted by Willem Mengelberg, is on Music & Arts CD-270. Music & Arts also has Szigeti's fine 1945 broadcast performance of the Berg Concerto, along with one of Mozart K. 216, both conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos (CD-668). The K. 216 is also on an AS disc along with a superb 1948 Brahms Concerto (AS 518), and another AS disc has a less good K. 216 from 1951, conducted by Bruno Walter, along with rehearsal excerpts (AS 416). Music & Arts has just brought out a four-CD set containing the Mengelberg Bloch Concerto, the Walter K. 216, four Mozart sonatas from 1943, and concertos and sonatas by Busoni, Frank Martin, Corelli, and Tartini (CD-720).

The best of the nonorchestral recordings that Szigeti made for English Columbia from 1926 to 1937 are on two Biddulph two-CD sets (LAB 005-6 and LAB 007-8). Vanguard Classics has reissued the superb Bach solo sonatas and partitas from 1955 (OVC 8021/22), the technically shaky but still very interesting complete Mozart sonatas from the same year (OVC 8036-9), and an inspired 1940 Library of Congress recital with Bartók that includes Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*, the Debussy Sonata, and Bartók's Rhapsody No. 1 and Sonata No. 2 (OVC 8008).

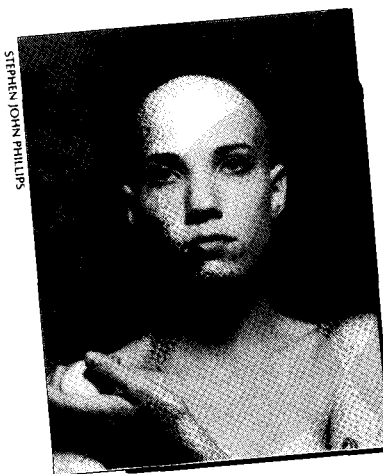
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Szigeti reissue projects to watch for. Vanguard Classics will soon bring out Szigeti's 1944 traversal, with the pianist Claudio Arrau, of the complete Beethoven sonatas. Recently ten individually packaged CDs (Seven Seas KICC 2202/11) have appeared in Japan, containing all the music on the four-CD Music & Arts set and much more, including one of the highlights of Szigeti's recording career: an April, 1948, Frick Collection concert at which he and the great pianist Artur Schnabel performed the Mozart Sonata K. 481 and the Beethoven *Spring* and Op. 96 sonatas. These ten CDs may soon be available here, on either Seven Seas or Music & Arts.

THOUGH SZIGETI stopped performing publicly in the 1960s, he continued to teach, write, and edit works for the violin almost until his death, in Lucerne, on February 19, 1973. As long ago as the 1920s—just when violinists of Stern's generation were being trained—Flesch had warned of the monotony created by the thoughtless application to all music of an exaggerated vibrato, and had spoken scathingly of “the blatantly sensuous, artificially inflated, rather than naturally matured, spirit of our times.” Szigeti, a gentle and courtly man, was more reticent, but he cited Flesch's words approvingly in *With Strings Attached*. By the time of his last book, *Szigeti on the Violin* (1969), he was ready to come somewhat more into the open.

In an early chapter, still preferring to let others speak for him, Szigeti produced a letter from the conductor George Szell in which Szell complained of most modern violinists:

Any subtle function of wrist and fingers of the right hand is practically unknown to them. . . . They have never been told that the bow has to articulate the music.

Later in the book Szigeti devoted a whole series of chapters to showing exactly how, in passage after passage, unorthodox, “against the grain” bowings (and fingerings) can heighten expression. To his own constant advocacy of “risk-taking” in bowing—so reminiscent of his old colleague Schnabel's pet motto “Safety last!”—Szigeti sharply opposed the “urbane smooth style” of younger violinists, “which has no

doubt been conditioned and moulded by respect, not to say fear, of the microphone and the monitor in the recording booth.”

It is fashionable nowadays to lament that our most famous instrumentalists and conductors are all cold, mechanical, impersonal, when compared with those who flourished in the golden age between the wars. As a general statement this seems to me nonsense—the sort of thing one always hears said about the not-too-distant past. But violinists are a special case. The terrifying accuracy of ever improving recording apparatus and the basic difficulty of extracting reliably agreeable sounds from a violin have combined to encourage a mode of teaching that emphasizes a constant and intense vibrato, dazzling left-hand finger-work, and uniformly even and powerful bowing. This is the style that wins competitions, and its main purveyors in this country, the late Ivan Galamian and his still-active sometime assistant Dorothy DeLay, taught an astonishing number of today's younger virtuosos.

At first, listening to the older violinists can be unpleasant, even something of a shock. We have grown accustomed to having that thick wall of throbbing sound come between us and the music (and also between us and the violinist). Once it is removed, the player, the instrument, and the music itself all seem curiously naked and vulnerable—even, sometimes, weak and ineffectual in comparison with the steadiness and power we are used to. Gradually we realize that this whole earlier approach to playing the violin was, unlike the present-day approach, essentially vocal. Szigeti and his contemporaries should be listened to as we listen to great lieder-singers. If you find yourself taken aback by the desperate, pleading urgency that Szigeti gives to the opening phrases of the Mendelssohn Concerto, or by the “heart-revealing intimacy” of the K. 481 slow movement in the performance with Schnabel, remember that you have no trouble accepting such emotions from Lehmann or Kipnis or Fischer-Dieskau. One of the main reasons to listen to Szigeti, Kreisler, Heifetz, and the others is to realize how much we have lost, how severely the expressive range of the violin has been curtailed by the predominance of the modern style of playing—and, in so doing, to repair that loss. □

Books



A Failed Dominion

by Nicholas Lemann

THE SPANISH FRONTIER IN
NORTH AMERICA
by David J. Weber.
Yale University Press, \$35.00.

DAVID WEBER begins this book by remarking on the amazingly low level of public awareness of the colonial history of the part of the country we now call the Sunbelt. A simple quiz will confirm his point: Do you know why Weber chose to begin his history of the Spanish frontier in

1513 and end it in 1821? Any fourth-grader could tell you why a similar history told from the British perspective would cover the period from 1607 to 1776. But whereas most Americans realize that Ponce de León landed on the coast of Florida, they probably couldn't say when, and they probably believe he came in search of the fountain of youth, when in fact he had received permission from the King "to discover and settle" the island of Bimini. The date of Mexican independence from Spain—when what is now the whole American Southwest became a Mexican possession—isn't something filed away in most people's minds either. Nor is that the first European settlement in what is now the United States was a town called San Miguel de Gualdape, established by Lucas Vázquez de

Ayllón on the coast of Georgia in 1526.

Hispanics are today inexorably on their way to becoming the country's largest minority group; the national balance of political power is shifting from the formerly British part of the country to the formerly Spanish part; and Spanish-founded cities like San Antonio, Los Angeles, and San Francisco are arriving at a position of dominance in metropolitan America. Surely the tale of the discovery, conquest, and settlement of the southern half of the country must be just as dramatic as the northeastern story we all know by heart. Its obscurity must be another example of the cultural dominance of the country by blindered residents of the East Coast.

Weber's wonderful introduction to *The Spanish Frontier in North America 1513–1821* doesn't go quite that far, but it does artfully create the expectation of a sweeping epic of wilderness-taming which, because its subject is undeservedly arcane, will feel fresher than any other story of similar dimensions about this country possibly could. Spain's North American holdings extended much farther than England's or France's: they stretched from the Florida Keys to Alaska (whose coast an explorer named Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra claimed for the King of Spain in 1775), and included areas not now thought of as formerly Spanish, such as the Deep South (Memphis was founded as San Fernando, Vicksburg as Nogales) and the lower Midwest. Also, their history is longer: the Spanish Colonial period lasted more than three centuries. Because Spain's territory here was so vast and varied, the Spanish Colonial period contains a greater wealth of material than the English or the French in such relatively new areas of historical inquiry as Native American history and eco-history.

The Spanish Frontier in North America is indispensable as a one-stop source on the subject for the general reader, but, largely because Weber is so thorough and intellectually honest, the grandeur of the introduction does not carry through the whole work. By the end, the customary slighting of Spain's role in American history may not seem justi-

fied, but it's certainly understandable: as a colonial power in what is now the United States, Spain was a complete failure. The admirable ambition of Weber's project means that he has to include a tremendous amount of detail about kings, explorers, missionaries, chiefs, governors, towns, treaties, and wars—history in the old-fashioned sense of a basic chronology of events—which cannot be arranged along a rising arc of portentousness, because Spain's substantial efforts never amounted to anything. In 1821, when Spain withdrew from North America, the biggest Hispanic settlement, Santa Fe, had a population of 6,000; the next biggest, San Antonio and St. Augustine, had just 1,500 each. Only a tiny number of Americans are direct descendants of Spanish settlers in the United States. Usually the history of an undertaking is written only if it went well. At the heart of Weber's effort, somewhat camouflaged under a glittering surface, is the history of an undertaking that went very badly, for reasons that are instructive.

PURELY AS AN adventure story, the Spanish Colonial period is fascinating—it has the essential elements of violence, heroism, and an overwhelming natural environment which fuel the Hollywood westerns that mythologized a later phase in the history of Spain's former holdings. Weber's enormous cast includes such figures as Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, who landed on the west coast of Florida with a doomed Spanish expedition in 1528 and turned up in northwestern Mexico in 1536, leading a group of Indians who thought he was a medicine man; Popé, the Ho Chi Minh of the New Mexico Indians, who in 1680 united a group of Pueblos who spoke six different languages into a fighting force that captured Santa Fe from the Spaniards and held it for thirteen years; and the Plains Indian woman, name now unknown, who, centuries before the first transcontinental journey, provided the first human link between the East and the West by virtue of being captured by Francisco Vázquez de Coronado's expedition in New Mexico, escaping in Texas, fleeing eastward, and being captured again by Hernando de Soto's expedition in Arkansas.

Part of what gives such figures their legendary quality is that they were pre-bourgeois. Not only the Indians but also

the Spaniards were nothing at all like us. By today's standards all the actors on the Spanish frontier were barbaric religious fanatics whose beliefs were a blend of the rational and the magical. Weber observes that the Spaniards accepted the Bible literally, and therefore thought that they were operating under divine instructions to "have dominion over . . . every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Non-Catholics were infidels at best and nonhuman at worst. The Spaniards not only fail every contemporary test of racial, sexual, and ecological sensitivity; they also treated their fellow European males brutally. In 1565 the explorer Pedro Menéndez de Avilés proudly reported to the King of Spain that an encounter with a group of Huguenot settlers in Florida had resulted in the deaths of 130 members of the "evil Lutheran sect."

North America was a distant, uncharted, relatively unimportant part of a large and complex empire. It was about as central to the workings of the Spanish crown as the NASA program, or the Diego Garcia naval facility in the Indian Ocean, is to the American government. In the eighteenth century Spain offered to give Florida (then a territory that encompassed most of the American Southeast) to England in exchange for Gibraltar, and the vast Louisiana territory to France for Haiti; both offers were turned down. The real-estate value of the United States seemed minor in the Spanish perspective because so many expeditions in search of silver and gold had come home empty-handed or hadn't come home at all. The only substantial treasure anyone brought back was a cache of freshwater pearls, discovered by De Soto at an Indian village in South Carolina called Cofitachequi. Given though the Spaniards were to enslavement, rape, plunder, beheading, dismemberment, and burning at the stake, their reasons for staying here were strangely uncynical: strategic military advantage, yes, but also a desire to convert the Indians to Catholicism, and what now looks like pure bravado. Though they knew North America to be inhospitable and believed it to be populated by Amazons and men who wrapped their giant-size penises around their waists, Spanish explorers kept undertaking new journeys. They would arrive carrying quantities of linen handkerchiefs and silk stockings, and upon encountering Indians would read them

a summary of Spanish theology, which would then be stamped by a notary public.

In Mexico the Spaniards, starting with Cortés himself, immediately began interbreeding with the Indians, and their priests developed a New World Catholicism that was a mestizo religion, part Indian and part European. North of the Rio Grande, Spanish culture remained pure, and uninfluential. The Spaniards' essential problem as colonialists here was that their minds were so firmly focused on military, religious, and exploratory matters that settlement—in retrospect, the key to holding the continent—seems hardly to have occurred to them. Only a few times in 300 years, for example, did Spain send any women here. Spain swiftly yielded to competitors who were on an equal linguistic, organizational, and technological footing: first the British, then the French, then the Americans. In 1670 English traders established Charleston, South Carolina; within thirty-five years pressure from the British and their Indian allies (Spain had few Indian allies in the region) brought about the collapse of Spanish Florida as a colony, even though Florida had had a 150-year head start on Carolina. When French expeditions began poking around the Gulf Coast, Spain reacted by mounting a spirited defense of Pensacola Bay, in Florida; meanwhile, the French discovered and claimed the mouth of the Mississippi River, which gave them control over, in Weber's words, "the great river system that led into the heart of the continent." It's an emblem of the—irresistible word—quixotic nature of Spanish exploration that Spanish expeditions of awe-inspiring reach and ambition repeatedly passed the greatest commercial prize on the Gulf Coast without noticing it. The Spanish explorers were valiant, but they seemed flummoxed by practical tasks: Spain mounted eleven unsuccessful expeditions to intercept La Salle, and four to stop Lewis and Clark.

A survey of Spain's holdings in North America in 1800—near the end, but well after the importance of the territory had become apparent—would have looked something like this: Florida consisted, as Weber puts it, of "little more than its military garrisons and the population that served them," with a total Hispanic population in the low thousands. Nearly all the Spanish missionaries and settlers had decamped, and the

most famous Spanish settlement, St. Augustine, founded in 1565, had been essentially abandoned. Louisiana was thriving, but was, Weber says, "Spanish more in name than in fact." When the first Spanish governor had to flee New Orleans in 1768, he left in a French vessel, "since the only available Spanish ship was not seaworthy." Spain protested the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, arguing that the territory wasn't France's to sell, but the new United States was able simply to ignore the Spaniards without ill effect. Texas, according to Weber, "lay in ruins": Los Adaes, the traditional Spanish military capital of Texas, was no longer functioning; the Hispanic population of the state was only 2,510 in 1790, and most of these people lived on military posts, for not until 1749 had Spain founded a civilian settlement, the forebear of the town of Laredo. New Mexico "also failed to fulfill its original promise," and was home to a few thousand Hispanics in a period when Mexico City, urbanized even under the Aztecs, had a population of 110,000. California consisted mainly of a string of small military posts whose purpose was to protect Spain's holdings against Russian encroachment; the few fledgling towns, like San Jose and Los Angeles, "existed almost entirely to serve nearby military bases." When Mexico became independent, in 1821, it got the entire Southwest "without firing a shot."

SPAIN MADE its greatest mistakes as a colonial power in the economic realm. It never understood that, as Weber puts it, "sovereignty depended on occupancy, and occupancy depended on economic development." The idea that a market economy—not church, crown, or sword—could be the main factor in a society's viability was foreign to the Spaniards. (Mexico, with its silver and gold mines and its vast feudal encomiendas and haciendas, must not have seemed to provide a model of colonial economic success that could be replicated here.) More particularly, colonial Spain provides a perfect example of the economic truth contained in Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations*: mercantilism doesn't work. One reason Spain was so quickly outpaced by England and France is that those countries' Indian policy was based on trade (especially what we would now call the arms trade), and Spain's was based on the vain hope

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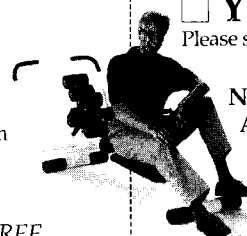
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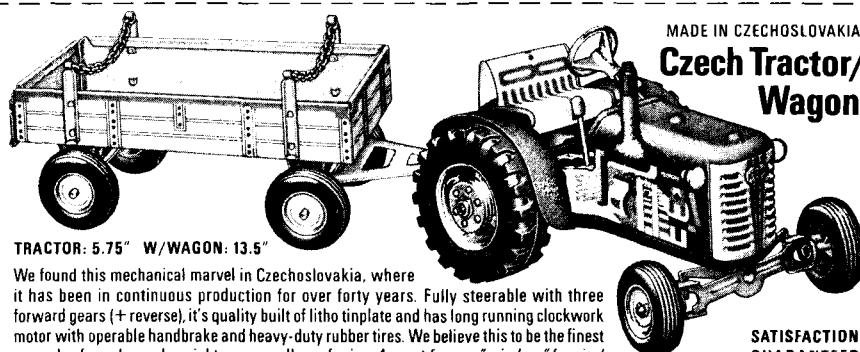
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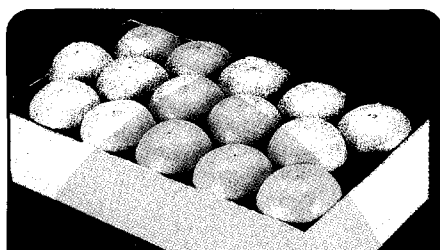
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of mass conversion to Catholicism. Even among whites in North America, Spain consistently forbade manufacturing and severely limited trade. In Texas, Spain closed the entire coast to commercial shipping; civilian settlers in San Antonio, whose number understandably remained small, were not allowed to sell goods in outlying areas or to soldiers. In New Orleans the Spaniards began their brief reign in the late 1700s by attempting to ban American riverboats on the Mississippi and all foreign trade through the port. In California the Franciscan friars, Weber says, "worked assiduously to stifle the growth of civil towns and of private ranches." Again and again, areas where Western society was, under the Spanish, the most tenuous of presences suddenly began to show rapid white population growth when some other group of Europeans occupied them. Weber's work doesn't contradict the theory that Paul Kennedy laid out about the Spanish empire in *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*—that it fell victim to "imperial overstretch"—but it creates the impression that Spain's failure to grasp the importance of capitalism was even more damaging than the expense of its excessive military commitments.

A country's influence on its former colonies is usually direct: the descendants of people it sent continue to run the place, and institutions it founded remain essential. Spain's influence on the United States has to be understood differently, since by the standard measure there has been almost no lasting influence at all, once you get past the many familiar place-names. In middle-class American culture the Spanish legacy is a fantasy that resulted from a vogue of the late nineteenth century for the romantic days of friars and conquistadores. The famous Spanish missions of California, Weber says, were "falling into ruins" until a promoter named Charles Fletcher Lummis organized their restoration in a way that was historically inaccurate but "appealed . . . to the tastes of local businessmen."

The Spaniards had a much more profound effect on this country beyond the realm of human society. What we think of as the natural state of the American West was actually a Spanish creation: before the Spaniards arrived, there were no horses, no cows, and no gun-toting marauding Indians. Much of what is now scrubby country of mesquite and dry gulches was a beautiful sea of tall

grass that was grazed away. Spaniards also introduced many deadly germs. European diseases felled Indians in pandemic proportions, and Weber calls them "Spain's most important weapon in the conquest of America." Such now familiar U.S. flora and fauna as tomatoes, chilies, Kentucky bluegrass, sheep, goats, and Arkansas razorbacks were brought in by the Spanish.

The historiography of Weber's subject has been dominated by Herbert Eugene Bolton (1870–1953), a Berkeley professor with hundreds of professional protégés who spun a romantic story of "Spain's frontiering genius." Today the new historians of the West tend to emphasize the racism, sexism, and environmental sins of the Europeans in the region. Perhaps because this work is intended to be a textbook, Weber avoids baldly stating his own thesis and instead wanly praises everyone else's ("There are many viewpoints, some of them contradictory and all of them valid. . ."). But it's difficult to read *The Spanish Frontier in North America* as anything but an overpowering indictment of Spain's incompetence as a colonial power here. What proves the point, ironically, is that this admirable book is of almost no use in enriching our understanding of present-day Hispanic America, which is made up of recent immigrants from former Spanish colonies where the mother country's culture took in a way that it didn't in the United States. □

A Perfectible Culture

by James Fallows

WHO PROSPERS?

How Cultural Values Shape
Economic and Political Success

by Lawrence E. Harrison.

Basic Books, \$22.00.

MANY DISAGREEMENTS about public policy boil down to one great disagreement between the anthropologist's and the economist's view of life. From the anthropologist's perspective, events are mainly determined by people's habits, tastes, and biases, which by their nature are ir-

rational. Serbs and Croats would both be better off if they did not hate each other; nonetheless, they do. To the economist, the world is a matrix of incentives and stimuli to which people respond in predictable ways. Why did the caste system persist in India and the Jim Crow system in the American South? The economist would say that bigotry was less important than the economic advantages the systems created for those on top. An anthropologist looks at gang violence in Chicago or Los Angeles and sees broken families as a cause: young men grow up without fathers and find a substitute sense of kinship in gangs. An economist sees the same broken families as a result—of the perverse incentives of the welfare system, of discrimination, of the loss of big-city manufacturing jobs. One approach emphasizes culture and how it shapes behavior; the other emphasizes political and economic systems and how they shape a culture.

Ideally, we would be able to think both ways all the time. Do Americans use so much gasoline because of the “I gotta be me” spirit that came from settling the frontier and now makes us want our own cars? Or is the explanation that government policies have kept gasoline so cheap for so long? Yes and yes. The effects of culture and of systemic incentives often become mixed in a chicken-and-egg way. The rules of Japanese corporate life discourage employees from changing from one company to another in mid-career. Just as the U.S. Army does not go head-hunting to hire people from the U.S. Navy, Toshiba does not take on people who decide they’ve grown tired of Mitsubishi. These rules compel employees to feel a long-term commitment to their organizations. But employees might not put up with the rules if the surrounding culture, in Japan as a whole and in the military subculture of America, did not stress the importance of loyalty.

Because there is usually some truth to both the culture and the system perspective, it’s easy and satisfying to rebut those who make excessive claims for either side. Lawrence Harrison’s previous book, *Underdevelopment Is a State of Mind: The Latin American Case*, published in 1985, illustrated the advantages of the counterpuncher’s position. When he wrote the book, Harrison had worked in Latin America for more than a dozen years, administering foreign-aid

projects for the U.S. Agency for International Development. Throughout this period he had heard the intelligentsia of Latin America harp on the theme of dependency. This was the quasi-Leninist argument that the Third World was poor *because* Europe and America were rich. A worldwide system of neocolonialism and rigged “terms of trade” forced Latin Americans to grow sugarcane and coffee beans while Europeans and Americans kept all the good jobs. Third World poverty, in this view, did not represent the failure of the world trading system—it was the inevitable and intended result. Anyone who dealt with university economics departments in those days, before dependency-style thinking had been demolished by the British economist P. T. Bauer and the French writer René Dumont, knows how much the theory was taken for granted.

Clearly, the international trading system can create problems for countries that fall behind technologically, as the United States is now discovering. But, as Harrison pointed out in his first book, dependency had become an excuse for ignoring the many problems Latin America created for itself. If neocolonialism really was the cause of world poverty, why did some Third World nations cope with it so much better than others? Why did so many Latin American governments make their country’s problems worse, by stealing or squandering money rather than investing it in factories or schools? Why were the patterns of economic failure so similar in much of Latin America, and so different from those of East Asia, which had the same neocolonialist system to contend with?

Harrison answered by examining the cultural factors that retard political and economic development throughout Latin America. For example, since the days of the Spaniards the main sources of both wealth and prestige have been landed estates and government-guaranteed monopolies in trade, such as the franchise to distribute certain imported goods. Neither is likely to create an entrepreneurial bourgeoisie.

None of the cultural factors by itself can explain the whole Latin American situation—after all, many economies, including Japan’s, were once based on landed estates, and many others, including Korea’s, still have government monopolies. But since he was in the re-



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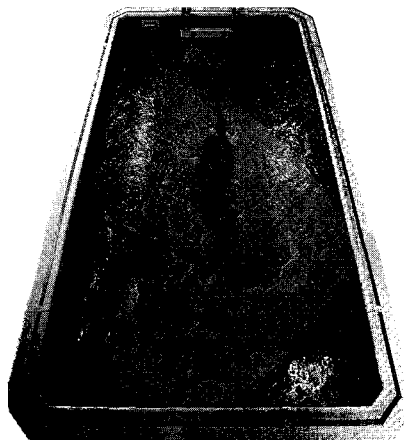
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butter's role, Harrison could gracefully allow for complications like these and still argue that the dependency theorists were wrong. He presented a subtle and convincing view of how culture affects economic and political development and how cultural patterns are themselves changed by historical events. In one memorable chapter Harrison contrasted the two societies that share the island of Hispaniola—Haiti, influenced by French colonialism and its own eighteenth- and nineteenth-century slave revolts, and the Dominican Republic, more strongly influenced by both Spain and the United States. In their racial makeup the two societies are similar, Harrison said, but in their behavior and values they vary dramatically. For instance, Harrison explained, voodoo, far from being some colorful bit of exotica, poses enormous practical problems for Haiti (it never gained even a foothold in the Dominican Republic). Voodoo teaches people that the important decisions about this world are made by spirits, often malicious, in another world. If a hospital worker has a chance to steal a jug of milk, he should not hold back: if the spirits hadn't meant it to be stolen, they would have left it in a guarded place.

In his new book Harrison has extended the argument about culture to cover much more of the world and to explain economic success as well as failure. "Climate, resource endowment, geographic location and size, policy choices, and sheer luck are among the relevant factors" in determining a society's stability and success, he says.

But it is values and attitudes—culture—that differentiate ethnic groups and are mainly responsible for such phenomena as Latin America's persistent instability and inequity, Taiwan's and Korea's economic "miracles," and the achievements of the Japanese—in Japan, in Brazil, and in America.

In broadening his discussion Harrison has taken a risk, with mixed results. His argument should matter to a broader group of American readers than did his previous book, because he has looked for similarities in cultures around the world and then applied their lessons to the United States. The book will play a part in American debates about school reform, black-Asian relations in the cities, the assimilation of Hispanic immigrants, and U.S. civic culture in gen-

eral. But Harrison has put himself on the more treacherous side of the argumentative slope. Rather than play defense and point out the flaws in someone else's sweeping theory, he advances a grand theory of his own. The result is provocative but itself inevitably flawed: this book had me saying "Yes, but . . ." on almost every page.

IN HIS FIRST book Harrison concentrated on a part of the world he had been living in and thinking about for years. Whenever he wanted to make a point, he could pull out exactly the right illustrations—from daily life, from novels he'd read, from conversations. His arguments had the unmistakable and highly desirable feeling of having come out of his experience.

Two of the case studies in this new book involve turf that is more or less familiar to Harrison—Spain and Brazil—and they are the most nuanced and convincing parts of the book. Each country, he says, has managed to change some of the self-limiting traits in its culture. To that extent both have prospered, but each still holds itself back in other ways.

The tone of the other case studies is less subtle. These discussions cover the economic "miracles" in Japan, Korea, and Taiwan; the success of Japanese, Korean, and Chinese immigrants in America; the difficulties of many Mexican- and African-Americans; and the erosion of the American productive culture, especially relative to Japan. Most are presented as clear-cut specimens of success or failure.

No one could understand all these subjects as deeply as Harrison understood Latin America. Harrison has dutifully and impressively investigated each of them, for instance making a research trip to Asia and covering the main literature in the fields of immigration and black culture. But the roles of evidence and conclusion seem reversed. This time it seems as if he figured out his theory—that culture is the crucial variable in economic success—and then went looking for illustrations.

This is different from saying that Harrison has slanted the evidence, which is not what I believe. He is an intelligent and hardworking researcher, and he always notes the facts that don't fit his scheme. The problem is one of sophistication. Very little in this book seems technically inaccurate, at least in

the areas I know about, but quite a lot seems survey-coursish or even platitudinous. ("Like many others, white and black, I am profoundly troubled by the current state of race relations and the disunity in our society." "I am particularly troubled by the political polarization and rhetorical stridency of the past few decades.") Much of the book sounds like a very competent report rather than a deeply original discussion, which he achieved before.

Because Harrison is not as masterly with evidence concerning Asia, or American blacks, as he is with that from Latin America, his reasoning often seems circular. When he was living in Latin America, he could observe exactly how a cultural force like voodoo affected daily life. But he went on his tour of East Asia after he had already concluded that the cultures there equipped them for success. The resulting syllogism seems to run this way: everyone knows that the Japanese and Koreans are successful; I have observed the Japanese and Koreans doing X and Y; therefore X and Y must be ingredients of success.

In some cases the behavior he observes does seem to be connected to economic success. For instance, many Confucian-based societies place great emphasis on training bureaucrats, today's descendants of the mandarins. Japanese, Korean, and Taiwanese civil servants are, on average, better educated and much better respected than their counterparts in the United States. This probably makes it easier for those governments to coordinate business activity. Smarter bureaucrats will come up with better plans, and because of their prestige and power businesses must listen. The same bureaucratic tradition can also lead to a kind of tyranny. The major ministries of the Japanese government are not really controlled by politicians or the courts, and are balanced only by one another.

But suppose someone had tricked Harrison. Suppose someone had given him a catalogue of Japanese or Korean behavior patterns, but with GNP figures from Mali. Then it would have been easy to identify the cultural traits that explained economic and political failure. The men tend to get drunk each night. Most fathers are physically and, it seems, emotionally distant from their children. Politicians are corrupt. Universities are weak. There is little tradi-

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Not too long ago, then Secretary of State James Baker made the astonishing comment that Israeli settlements in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") were the greatest obstacle to peace in the Middle East. This claim is constantly being repeated; many have come to accept it as truth. Could Mr. Baker possibly be right? It's a serious accusation and it deserves examination.

What are the facts?

A recap of history. Some thumbnail history may be in order. Large numbers of Jews have been living in these territories since biblical times. Most of the Arabs living there are in fact relative newcomers. "Palestine" is the entire area now covered by Israel, including Judea/Samaria (the so-called "West Bank") and what is now the Kingdom of Jordan. It originally also included the Golan Heights, which later, in an agreement between England and France, were ceded to France, and to Syria as the successor in possession.

In 1922, contrary to the Mandate of the League of Nations, the British severed the entire area east of the Jordan and gave it to the Hashemite Arabs for their assistance in World War I. Thus, fully 75% of Palestine, all of which under the Mandate and under the terms of the Balfour Declaration was meant to be a homeland for the Jewish people, was lost for that purpose. Only the area west of the Jordan was left for Jewish settlement.

How the West Bank became "Arab country". In 1947, after decades of strife between Arabs and Jews, the British decided to relinquish the Mandate. The UN stepped in and proposed a partition plan under which the country (west of the River) was to be divided into respective Arab and Jewish areas. Jerusalem was to be internationalized. The Jews accepted the plan; the Arabs refused it out of hand. In 1948, on the twice truncated territory

allotted to them by the U.N., the Jews declared their independence, and the state of Israel was born. On the same day, six Arab armies invaded the new-born state. In what can be described as an almost biblical miracle, the Jews defeated them. When an armistice was finally secured, however, TransJordan remained in possession of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem; Egypt remained in possession of the Gaza Strip. TransJordan then renamed itself Jordan.

The Six-Day War. Once in possession of the "West Bank" and East Jerusalem, the Jordanians promptly pro-

"Why should the Arab countries and the 'West Bank' be the only places in the world where Jews are not allowed to live?"

ceeded to expel all Jews and systematically to desecrate and to destroy most Jewish sacred places, cemeteries and houses of worship. No Jews, regardless of citizenship were allowed into the "West Bank" or East Jerusalem, the locale of the Western Wall, the holiest site in Judaism. In 1967, Egyptian president Abdel Nasser joined by the same array of Arab armies that had unsuccessfully tried to destroy Israel at its birth in 1948, launched another war against Israel "to drive the Jews into the sea" and into oblivion, once and for all. But the Israelis utterly defeated the combined Arab might in the 6-Day War, one of the greatest military victories in history. When the dust of war settled, the Israelis had not only retained their national territory, but had repossessed the territories of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), the eastern part of Jerusalem, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights and had occupied the vast Sinai Peninsula.

It is clear from this abbreviated history that the Israeli claim to the "West Bank" is far stronger than that of the Arabs. About 100,000 Jews now live there. And why shouldn't they? Why should the Arab countries and the "West Bank" be the only places in the whole wide world where Jews are not allowed to live? How can 100,000 Jews living among 700,000 Arabs be the "greatest threat to peace"? How can our government be concerned about a new settlement of a few mobile homes on some barren Judean hills as the "greatest threat to peace", when we seem to be oblivious and totally unconcerned about the unrelenting hostility of the Arab countries, the de facto incorporation of Lebanon by Syria, the Scuds and chemical weapons still remaining in Iraq, and the relentless and ominous build-up of Syria's missile forces?

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tion of free speech or individual rights.

Harrison doesn't really explain why these factors matter so little and the "good" East Asian traits, such as an emphasis on frugality and on study, have prevailed. Similarly, Harrison knows that America has economic problems, and he works through a list of cultural causes—bad schools, disrupted families, and so on. Anyone who lives in this country knows what he is talking about. But what are we supposed to make of the America that Mark Twain described in *The Gilded Age*, or Upton Sinclair in *The Jungle*, or Jacob Riis in his exposés of downtrodden, depraved immigrant life? Many of the traits that, according to Harrison, account for our decline also showed up then—disdain for politicians, the search for the quick buck, a higher level of violence and a larger untutored mass than in most other developed countries. But in those days the country was manifestly on the way up.

Making the case for a cultural interpretation, then, requires greater nuance than Harrison generally shows in this book. It requires answering the "Yes, but" objections at each step of the way. Yes, some Hispanic ideologues have endorsed Spanish-language separatism, which would be a catastrophe for the country. But German-American ideologues were endorsing something similar a century ago, and the economic incentive for immigrants' children to learn English seems at least as strong today. (Yes, there is a Spanish-speaking motherland right next to the United States, and the Germans were never in any comparable situation. But if you don't speak English, you can't go to college or work for a large organization, both of which opportunities matter more than they did a century ago.) Yes, various aspects of Japan's culture have been an economic advantage, especially the sense of national unity and the high savings rate. But these "cultural" traits are connected to deliberate, decades-long government campaigns to steer behavior in the right direction. In the late nineteenth century the Meiji leaders propagated the idea that all Japanese people were united by a racial bond, and people have been exhorted to save throughout the twentieth century by laws, public-relations campaigns, and business practices. The best counterpart in America's peacetime experience is the sustained twentieth-century

effort to convince Americans that they should and can own their homes. The government gave tax breaks for mortgages and created the savings-and-loans; comic strips and TV shows reinforced the idea that "normal" families lived in single-family homes. Japan was shaped into a small-home, high-savings culture, America into a culture of big houses and big loans.

Harrison's real purpose in writing this book, I suspect, is to focus Americans' attention on the parts of their culture that can be changed. The freshest and most useful theme running through his case studies is that societies can deliberately correct destructive trends—Spain by beginning to open itself to Western liberalism in the late stages of Franco's regime, Korea by climbing out of feudal stagnation after the Korean War, Japan by rousing itself to avoid colonization in the mid-nineteenth century.

Harrison ends the book with an unsurprising but sensible survey of ways to encourage civil virtues such as savings, investment in children, and fellow feeling among people of different races and classes. American readers may fear that anything written about our cultural failings will have a despairing tone. This book is meant to offer hope. □

Unions to the Rescue

by Jack Beatty

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"DIGNITY," MY father replied in his terse, impatient way when, as a boy of five or six, I asked him why he was helping to organize a union. I had no idea what the word meant, but I could tell from the way he said it that it meant a lot to him, and I knew that someday I would find out what it meant too. The day came when I was twenty. I was working as a truck driver in Boston, and in my sec-

ond or third month on the job I made a fearfully stupid mistake—I delivered a load of leather bales that were supposed to go to a firm on Second Street in Chelsea to a firm on Second Street in South Boston. I will never forget the sound of my boss's voice broadcasting my error to my fellow drivers over the truck radio. I tried to explain how innocent the error was. The only Second Street I knew was in South Boston, I told him over the radio, and I had got only that far in looking at the bill of lading . . . I was young enough to think that stupidity needed to be explained. Taking my efforts at self-exoneration as a sign of insolence, my boss cursed me and my lineage back to the time the first Beatty and the first Dowd emerged from the Ice Age bogs. When I got back to the terminal that evening, the shop steward—for it was a closed Teamsters Union shop—was waiting for me. He gruffly gestured for me to follow him. In we marched to the boss's office, me bracing myself for the inevitable firing. Instead, my boss, as if following a script, stood up from his desk, buttoned his jacket, and extended his hand to me. "I apologize for what I said to you over the radio this afternoon," he said. I shook his hand, incredulous. Outside, the steward turned to me and told me that I was the goddamnedest fool he had met in a lifetime of experience with fools, and walked away, shaking his head in disgust.

I felt awful standing there. My face and neck were wet with shame. And yet I had just discovered what dignity was and what unions had to do with it. For if my boss had not apologized to me, the Teamsters Union would have closed down the terminal. A man cannot be cursed by his boss, whom he cannot knock down for the cursing without losing his job. It is an affront to his dignity. Even careless young fools had to be treated with respect—if, that is, they were protected by the union.

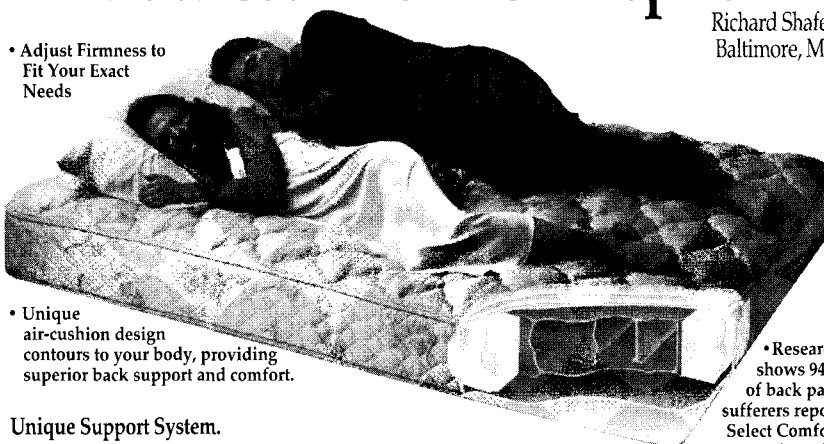
A thing like that makes an impression on you. On me it made this one: I have read in no man's book, heard in no man's talk, anything that can shake my belief in unions. They are justified to me in a way that they never could be to people without the benefit of my experience.

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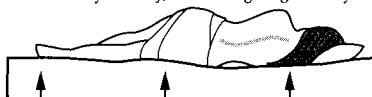
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members, that they are especially good for African-Americans, and that they are good for the economy inasmuch as union shops are often more productive than nonunion ones—this was the news of an important 1984 book, *What Do Unions Do?* by two distinguished Harvard economists. *Negotiating the Future* builds on that book to argue the man-bites-dog proposition that unions are good for business. It seems that the worse unions do in the real world—union membership in the private-sector work force fell in the 1980s and early 1990s from 17 to 11.9 percent—the better their academic press.

BARRY BLUESTONE is a professor of political economy at the University of Massachusetts at Boston and a co-author of a widely cited 1982 book, *The Deindustrialization of America*. His father, Irving Bluestone, formerly the vice-president of the United Auto Workers' Union, is a university professor of labor studies at Wayne State University, in Detroit. These credentials are not warrants of impartiality: are there conservative professors of political economy? Still, the tradition of steered data in economics writing is honorable, stretching from John Kenneth Galbraith to Robert B. Reich, and (one thinks of the editorials in *The Wall Street Journal*) robustly bipartisan.

The direction in which the Bluestones steer their data is toward a "new union movement based on the principle of a shared set of labor and management rights and responsibilities." They argue that the adversarial "workplace contract" of the postwar era must yield to a cooperative "enterprise compact." This would involve unions in matters far removed from the shop floor—pricing, advertising, product quality and innovation, and other deliberations at "the strategic level of the firm." This nightmare of meetings would make real the dream of economic democracy—the extension to the workplace of the rights we enjoy and that half of us exercise as citizens. It is a social-democratic dream, not one punctuating the sleep of corporate executives and stockholders. What's in economic democracy for them?

Before answering that question, the authors embark on an informed tour of the rise and fall of the workplace contract. This was the paradigm that governed labor-management relations from

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1945 to 1970, "the most prosperous quarter-century in American history." Under this regime labor negotiated over wages, fringe benefits, and hours of work, but left all strategic decisions to management, which operated without the threat of foreign competition for most of the period. Those were the days when a third of the work force was unionized. The good wages these workers earned helped to fuel the post-war economic boom and to make America a fairer place in which to live.

The oil shocks of the 1970s (prices jumped 50 percent in 1974 alone) and the ensuing surge of imported goods ended the glory days. The two decades since 1970 have, in the words of Paul Krugman, of MIT, seen "the worst US productivity performance of the century." As a consequence of this decline in productivity growth, "by 1990 the typical paycheck was worth 11 percent less than in 1973, near the beginning of the import surge." That statistic strongly suggests, to indulge in some data-steering of my own, that the Reagan "Morning in America" phenomenon was an exercise in denial. I recently saw a book with the title *The Rational Voter*, and did not envy the author having to argue that confutable thesis.

The oil shocks were the price the United States paid for its foreign policy, but the import surge had homegrown roots. "When people forget how to produce goods, and that appears to be the case in America," a Japanese author quoted by the Bluestones writes, "they will not be able to supply themselves even with their most basic needs." He is referring to the decline in quality of many American products and the indifference to customer preferences displayed by many American firms. General Motors, for example, did not see the need to set up a consumer market-research division until 1985. "A by no means exhaustive roster of U.S.-made products that have lost half or more of their world market share since 1950," the authors write in a singularly depressing sentence, gathering up the bitter fruit of this indifference, "now includes: automobiles, cameras, stereo equipment, medical equipment, color television sets, hand tools, electron microscopes, electric motors, food processors, microwave ovens, athletic equipment, computer chips, industrial robots, radial tires, machine tools, and optical equipment."

Behind this decline in industrial pre-eminence is the decline in productivity growth. The authors cite research showing that as much as 60 percent of it is not accounted for by the usual suspects—the hike in energy costs following the oil shocks, too little capital investment, the shift from manufacturing to services. Their prime candidate for the X factor is the damage to employer-employee relations brought on by the new competition from abroad—the firings, wage freezes, and benefit recisions that took place in dozens of industries as management tried to adapt by cutting the cost of labor. Reversing this trend, getting employer-employee relations "right in America," they believe, "will likely play a greater role in raising productivity than any other single factor." One might concede the point and still ask, Why are unions necessary to improve these relations?

HERE THE authors' argument turns on the concept of market share. In the mid-1940s Walter Reuther, the UAW leader, wrote a pamphlet laying out two strategies that industry could pursue in the postwar era. Under "low-gear" production, companies would sell at high prices, pay low wages, and aim to maximize their profit on each item sold. Under "high-gear" production, companies would sell at low prices, pay high wages, and sacrifice per-unit profits to the goal of selling more units—market share. Both these strategies can produce profits, but high-gear production is better for the nation, especially given the new international economy. Self-interest drives stockholders to demand low-gear production; the same force drives unions to advocate high-gear production. Management is in the middle, its loyalty divided between stockholders and work force. Only strong, independent unions involved in the strategic decisions of the firm can force stockholders to be patient, to take the long view, to follow the Japanese practice of sacrificing profit per unit to market share. If a failure to look beyond the short term is one of the chief ills of American business, then a new enterprise compact with unions is its cure. What's good for the UAW is good for America—that is a fair summary of the Bluestones' case.

Of course, unions have to give up something in return for taking on re-

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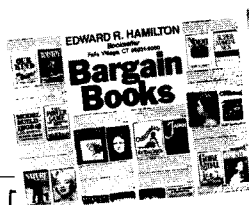
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sponsibilities formerly reserved for management. They must adjust their wage demands to productivity increases, allow greater flexibility in work rules, and help rather than hinder management in the task of securing an honest day's work from each employee. In the most controversial provision of their seven-point compact, the Bluestones even want unions to be able to strike over "quality." And why not? Their members' jobs are at stake if the public ceases to buy what they make. This provision would also save companies from their stockholders' demand to cut corners on quality for profit.

These recommendations are not just flights of political economy. The Bluestones extrapolate from farsighted real-world departures: most notably, the Saturn Project, at General Motors, which is testing how far labor and management can go in working together to meet the threat of foreign competition. Their book is lucid, vigorously argued, and on the side of the angels.

Yet there is a strain of unrealism in *Negotiating the Future*. The Bluestones almost recognize what an economist of a different stripe might call one of the "contradictions" of contemporary capitalism, but their wish to be upbeat gets in the way. That contradiction is the one between the real economy and the casino economy of Wall Street. It would take a new Thorsten Veblen to chart this phase of the old conflict between the "engineers" and the "price system," and he would be sure to cast a sardonic eye on the way the pension-fund investments of unions drive corporate actions that undermine the self-same unions. What's good for Wall Street is not necessarily good for Main Street—that would seem to be the message of the financial debauch and industrial decline of the 1980s. How to protect Main Street from mergers, takeovers, buyouts, and legal lootings instigated on Wall Street, how to protect our society from our economy while ensuring the economy's dynamism—this is the challenge of the 1990s.

That economist of a different stripe would doubt that capitalism can surmount such a challenge. But Karl Marx did not reckon with the New Deal, which saved capitalism by putting limits on how the Wall Street of the time could affect Main Street and by guaranteeing the right of collective bargaining—steps that helped to legitimate

capitalism when it was under ideological assault, as it is not now. A new New Deal is needed today, both to preserve our standard of living and to prevent exploitation abroad—for unlike the first New Deal, this one has to be international in scope. The world of free trade toward which we are heading demands nothing less. American workers, union and nonunion alike, are now competing not only against impatient stockholders (who often are themselves) but also against Third World peasants who inhabit a predatory economic world inimical to dignity. The only answer to the threat to communities and families posed by history's first truly international capitalism might well be the countervailing power of international unions that would not let capital escape social responsibility, however far it might seek. Workers of the world, unite! □

Brief Reviews



THE ENGLISH PATIENT by Michael Ondaatje. Knopf, \$21.00. The patient, burned beyond recognition, seemingly amnesiac, and too frail to be safely transported elsewhere, has been left in an abandoned villa as the Allied forces move north through Italy in the last months of the Second World War. He is cared for by a young Canadian nurse who, exhausted by dealing with death and mutilation, is glad of an excuse to drop out of the action. The two are joined by an ex-thief who has been damaged while making himself useful to Allied intelligence and by one actual fighting man—a Sikh bomb-disposal expert in charge of a sapper unit assigned to rid the area of German booby traps. All four are, in one way or another, outsiders—three finished with the war by choice or chance, one alienated by his ancestry. They gradually form a small, isolated society, exchanging reminiscences and opinions (the patient is dying, but he can still talk), supporting

one another with friendship and affection, and sometimes exasperating one another with excessive curiosity, for the patient has much to conceal and the sapper cannot speak of his lonely, risky work. Mr. Ondaatje's elegant prose sets these characters clearly before the reader and makes their every move absorbing as they stubbornly maintain private identity in a time of public chaos.

THE GREAT GAME by Peter Hopkirk. *Kodansha*, \$30.00. Mr. Hopkirk's account of "The Struggle for Empire in Central Asia" presents a curious, almost eerie, foreshadowing of more recent history. Russia, England's valued ally in the Napoleonic Wars, was quickly viewed as a covert enemy when peace set in. Russia had been expanding since the time of Peter the Great, and the move southward, if continued, would have brought the Czar's troops to India. The British East India Company had no intention of being robbed of the territory it had stolen from Hindu and Muslim princes. A cold war developed. The British apprehensions, by the way, were not paranoia. Mr. Hopkirk's research establishes that India was indeed a Russian objective. The area between Russia and India was, in the early nineteenth century, unmapped and unknown except to its inhabitants, subjects of assorted local khans with short tempers and despotic powers. Those rulers did not necessarily know where England was, or even Europe in general, but they were usually well aware of Russian encroachments to the north and of the conquest of India to the south, and played one alien power against the other with considerable skill, although only Afghanistan ultimately survived. The Anglo-Russian rivalry took the form of an ostensible pursuit of commercial agreements—both countries did need all the export trade they could get—and of camouflaged mapping expeditions. Both countries relied primarily on army officers for what the Russians called trade negotiations. The British called it shooting leave. The men who played the dangerous game were necessarily brave, quick-witted, and able linguists. Most of them died young, but their adventures and accomplishments while they lasted make a fascinating tale, which Mr. Hopkirk reports with great skill and exemplary fairness. There

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Answers to the October Puzzler

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were honest men and official boobies on both sides, and the khans, although liars to a man and sometimes hasty in summoning the executioner, were entirely correct in defending their ancestral ground by the means available to them. There are so many examples of déjà vu in this history that one wonders—is the Great Game about to be replayed?

THE CALL OF THE TOAD by Günter Grass. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$19.95. The idiosyncratic and the unpredictable are to be expected from Mr. Grass. His latest novel combines meditations on the financial and psychological difficulties inherent in the current restructuring of Eastern Europe with nostalgia for the pre-communist world, examination of the nature of "human rights," and reflections on the more outrageous aspects of capitalism. Contrary to what these topics imply, the book is a comedy—at least on the surface. The protagonists are a plump Polish widow and a lean German widower whose position as a professor of medieval art and heraldry neatly complements her profession of restoring antique gold leaf. They are people of innocent good will whose conversations about refugee relatives buried abroad lead them to the notion that internment in one's native soil is a basic human right. They set up a project, complete with land, for the burial of former refugees in the city of their birth. The affair is wildly successful and goes wildly out of control. Satirical, mischievous, dour, macabre—the novel is even touching in its portrayal of a tough old girl who refuses to be taken in by mortuary sentimentality.

DOCTOR CRIMINALE by Malcolm Bradbury. *Viking*, \$22.00. The narrator of Mr. Bradbury's novel is a young British literary journalist so down on his luck that he undertakes one of those "up close and personal" interview jobs for a shoestring television producer. His subject—if he can catch him—is Bazlo Criminale, great authority on practically everything, or, as one character puts it, "just a famous world intellectual and a hotshot thinker in the Age of Glasnost." Mr. Bradbury has malicious fun with television, borderline journalism, fashionable jargon, and those cultural gatherings at which the participants produce "avant-garde novels . . . disjunctive poems in projective verse,

atonal music compositions, studies of the defeat of the bourgeoisie, the end of humanism, the death of narrative" and, "after a good morning of postmodern literary labor or hard deconstructive thought," gather for drinks on the terrace. Criminale is a pillar, an indispensable fixture, of such affairs but also a man with an oddly murky record. He seems to have been born at different times in different places, and his academic credentials are scattershot across the map. Is he, the journalist wonders, a fraud? The reader wonders as well. The answer, when reached, is worth waiting for—particularly since Mr. Bradbury has made the journey constantly entertaining and piquantly intelligent.

O CALEDONIA by Elspeth Barker. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$19.95. Ms. Barker's juvenile heroine, born into the wrong sort of family, suffers and suffers and suffers and suffers in a decrepit castle somewhere inland from Aberdeen. She must be the most lachrymose bore since Elsie Dinsmore. The author describes Scottish weather superbly, with an unmistakable affection that seems comparable to infatuation with the neighborhood dragon.

THE VOLCANO LOVER by Susan Sontag. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, \$22.00. Ms. Sontag's novel retells the story of Sir William Hamilton, British envoy to the Kingdom of Naples, his wife, Emma, and her lover, Horatio Nelson, eventual victor at Trafalgar. These people are usually denominated by the author as "the Cavaliere," "she," and "the hero." As these terms suggest, they are treated more as archetypes than as living characters—the art collector, the beautiful woman, the fighting man—and they become tiresome, not because they are idealized (they are not) but because they remain bloodless excuses for little homilies on varieties of aesthetic experience, or the position of women, or the nature of courage, or (given the background uproar of Mount Vesuvius and Neapolitan politics) the savagery of mobs and the evils of terrorism as an instrument of the state. Ms. Sontag's opinions on these topics are unexceptionable. Their presence in a novel puts her fiction at the wrong end of a telescope.

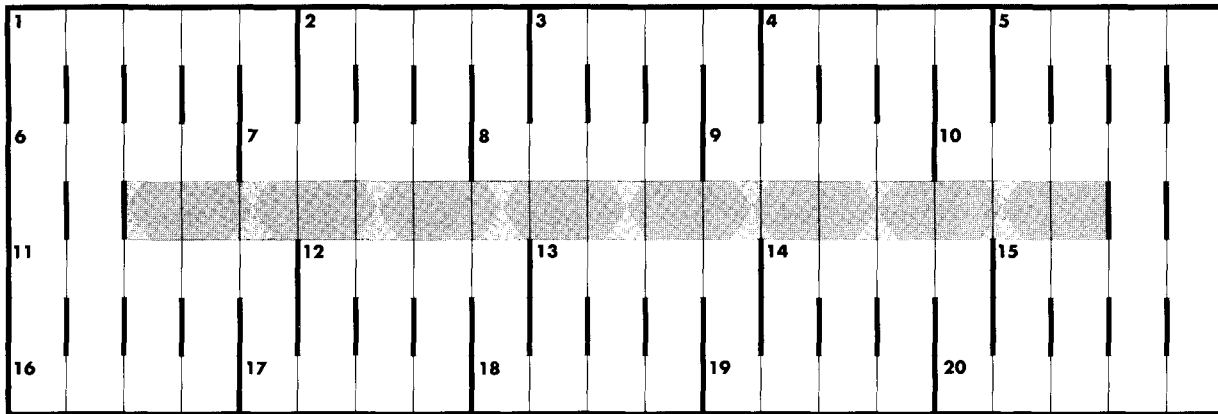
—Phoebe-Lou Adams

THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CENTERPIECE

Some of the Across answers must have their central letters removed before entry in the diagram. The letters thus removed may be placed on the blanks preceding their clues, where they will spell a course offered by some politicians. Down clues are given in the alphabetical order of their answers, leaving solvers to find their proper locations in the diagram. When this is accomplished, the letters filling the shaded centerpiece will show a different political course. Answers to clues include 12 proper nouns.



See page 157 for Puzzler contest details. The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 161.

ACROSS

1. Left-leaning part of table with one Republican star
2. Come down with cold and act strangely hot
3. Ignite Spanish boat of old
4. Mostly shoot heroin, going after average boost
5. Bumpy ride gets king annoyed
6. One captivated by increasingly wavy pattern
7. Cavities filled with new amounts of liquid
8. Ruminant, for the most part, makes bovine sounds
9. Hiss and glare furiously
10. Painter returned mid-morning
11. Missing in midwestern state is royal family member
12. Break uranium into three pounds
13. Key included in sets for fliers
14. Offered information, Cyrano initially arranged duel

15. Dance with eastern goddesses
16. Magic, for one around kindergarten, turned true
17. A dentist's tots
18. Decorate horseshoe out of compulsion
19. Henry votes for U.S. President
20. Loser ultimately winds up in tears

DOWN

- a. Get shock from temperature in a body of water
- b. Keeps almost free of players?
- c. Kid taking train to the west—cool
- d. Bums accepting a small number of rules about staying out
- e. Wearing slipshod shred—the thing fits
- f. English king embraces no queen from France
- g. Green and red lamé shifts
- h. Ship spilled fuel around California
- i. Waste time pursuing duds
- j. Buzz ran, chastened
- k. Jokes about psyche, in part, making case for tobacco
- l. Fixed oil fee, about \$100, for ocean platform (*two words*)
- m. English classic garden tool falls beneath one truck
- n. Sec. Baker boards *Iowa*, sailing for Pacific island (*two words*)
- o. Follow back to church social
- p. Drink a bit of liquor at a port in Argentina (*two words*)
- q. Agents hug and kiss, caught by snoops
- r. Asian capital controlled by thug
- s. Shot Demerol to do some homework?
- t. Restricted American firm's apples
- u. You bet in Reno's rigged game

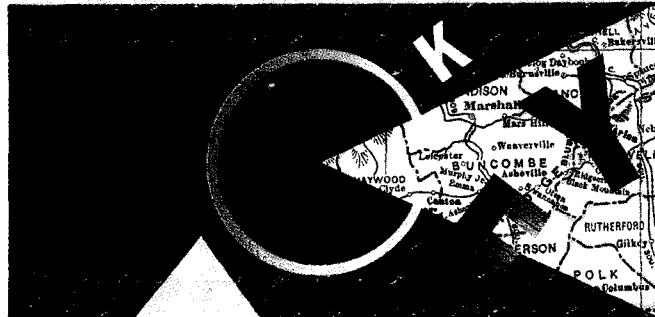
NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD HISTORIES

BY CRAIG M. CARVER

hokey

A preliminary study on ibogaine, a hallucinogenic drug touted on the street since the 1960s as a cure for drug addiction, has persuaded the National Institute on Drug Abuse to fund additional research. "This drug at first I found a little *hokey*," James Cornish, the director of pharmacotherapy at the University of Pennsylvania, recently told reporters. "But the fact that NIDA is doing a study is very important." *Hokey* (contrived, fake; sentimental) has its origins in *Hocus Pocus*, an early-seventeenth-century name for a magician or juggler ("Iniquity came in like *Hokus Pokos*, in a Juglers jerkin, with false skirts"—Ben Jonson, *The*



Staple of Newes, 1626). The name came from the "magic" words the performer intoned, either concocted from the phrase *Hoc est corpus meum* (This is my body), used in the Roman Catholic mass, or as a play on the Middle Latin *jocus* (joke, jest), or perhaps both. *Hocus-pocus* became a popular

expression meaning "conjuring or sleight of hand" and then developed its now most common sense of "trickery and deception" ("Thus this Statute became like a *Hocus Pocus*, a thing to still the people for the present, and serve the King's turn"—Nathaniel Bacon, *Historical Discourse*, 1647). Other

words for trickery derived from *hocus-pocus* include *hokey-pokey*, *hanky-panky*, *hoax*, and simply *hocus*. In the United States *hocus* was blended with *bunkum* (insincere nonsense) to produce *hokum* (sentimental speech or actions). (*Bunkum* is said to be from *Buncombe* County, North Carolina, which made up a good portion of Congressman Felix Walker's district back in the early nineteenth century. During the Sixteenth Congress [1819–1821] Walker made an unusually long and aimless speech, which, he said, he was obliged to do because the people of his district expected it.) From *hokum* came the verb *hoke* (to overplay; fake), which with the adjective suffix *-y* yielded *hokey*.



tycoon

Last summer Vice President Dan Quayle branded the on-again, off-again presidential candidate Ross Perot a "temperamental *tycoon* who has contempt for the Constitution of the United States." *Tycoon* is from the Japanese *taikun* (great lord; prince), which was coined from the Chinese words *ta*

(great) and *chun* (prince) by the third Tokugawa shogun of Japan, Iyemitsu (1623–1649), in order to impress the "barbarian" Koreans with his superiority. (*Shogun*, "general," is also a Chinese borrowing, from *chiang chun*, "leader of an army.") Several centuries later, when negotiating the 1854 treaty with Commodore Matthew Perry, the Japanese representative chose *taikun* as the title for the Emperor of Japan. The shoguns continued to use the term for their "temporal Emperors" in ensuing dealings with outsiders, though they never recognized it as a legitimate title among themselves. Diplomats brought the word, rendered *tycoon*, back to the United States, where one of its earliest uses was as an affectionate nickname for Abraham Lincoln ("Gen. Butler has sent an imploring request to the President to be allowed to bag the whole nest of traitorous Maryland Legislators. This the *Tycoon* . . . forbade"—John Hay, *Lincoln and the Civil War*, 1861). Today's most common meaning, "powerful businessman," had gained currency by the turn of the century ("Fred W. Fitch, 56, rich hair-tonic *tycoon*"—*Time*, 1926).

brouhaha

Early in his bid for the presidency, Paul Tsongas instructed his doctors to disclose medical records relating to his battle with cancer. They would have to talk anyway, Tsongas said, when the inevitable "*brouhaha*" (attention or excitement disproportionate to the importance or merit of its cause; uproar, furor) about his health arose in the press. The first appearance of *brouhaha* is in the sixteenth-century French play *Farce du Savetier*, in which a priest disguised as the devil terrorizes the other characters by shouting "*Brou, brou, brou, ha, ha, Brou, ha, ha!*" This interjection is probably an onomatopoeic alteration of the first two Hebrew words of Psalms 118:26: "*Barukh habba beshem Adonai*" ("Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord"), which are frequently used in Jewish prayers. To those who didn't speak Hebrew, *barukh habba* spoken often and rapidly could easily seem like gibberish. Altered to *brouhaha*, it came to mean "rapid and confused speech, noise or uproar." The Italian *badani*

(noise of people chattering) comes in similar fashion from the Hebrew formula *anna Adonai* (please, Lord), also found in Jewish prayers. In a parallel development in English, the common man, who knew little or no Latin, heard the words of the Lord's Prayer ("Pater noster . . .") as just so much *patter* (rapid and glib talk, chatter).



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